12 March 1983 US $1.95 (by air) 35p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 70c DenKr14.50 Fr NF10.00 Ger Dm5.00
Malaysia $2.50 Spn 225pts IR 52p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Where it's cool for cats.

TOWNSHEND HEYWARD DIVINE DRUGS 3

THE VERY CUT OF A TEEN IDOL

AMERICA'S ROCKABILLY KIDS FALL FOR THE STRAY CATS' LICKS

U.S. Report by Barney Hoskyns

Just like Eddie. . .Brian Setzer's rockabilly rebel pose. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	1	BILLIE JEAN ... Michael Jackson (Epic)	6	1
2	6	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	2	2
3	19	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) Eurythmics (RCA)	2	3
4	3	AFRICA ... Toto (CBS)	5	3
5	5	TOMORROW'S (JUST ANOTHER DAY) Madness (Stiff)	3	5
6	24	ROCK THE BOAT ... Forrest (CBS)	2	6
7	7	NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP Musical Youth (MCA)	3	7
8	9	LOVE ON YOUR SIDE Thompson Twins (Arista)	4	8
9	2	TOO SHY ... Kajagoogoo (EMI)	7	1
10	26	COMMUNICATION Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	4	10
11	22	SHE MEANS NOTHING TO ME Phil Everly/Cliff Richard (Capitol)	3	11
12	4	CHANGE ... Tears For Fears (Mercury)	5	4
13	8	TUNNEL OF LOVE ... Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	5	8
14	16	HEY LITTLE GIRL ... Ice House (Chrysalis)	2	14
15	15	BABY COME TO ME Patti Austin & James Ingram (Qwest)	2	15
16	11	UP WHERE WE BELONG Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)	7	5
17	21	NA NA HEY HEY KISS HIM GOODBYE Bananarama (London)	2	17
18	25	GET THE BALANCE RIGHT Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	18
19	(—)	WAVES ... Blancmange (London)	2	19
20	18	GENETIC ENGINEERING Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	3	18
21	13	DOWN UNDER ... Men At Work (Epic)	9	1
22	10	SIGN OF THE TIMES ... Belle Stars (Stiff)	7	2
23	28	MIDNIGHT SUMMER DREAM Stranglers (Epic)	2	23
24	(—)	NUMBERS/BARRIERS Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	1	24
25	17	SHINY SHINY ... Haysi FantayZee (Regard)	5	17
26	20	OH DIANE ... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	8	8
27	(—)	HIGH LIFE ... Modern Romance (WEA)	1	27
28	12	WHAM RAP (ENJOY WHAT YOU DO) Wham (Innervision)	5	6
29	14	CHRISTIAN ... China Crisis (Virgin)	5	9
30	27	COLD SWEAT ... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4	23

Michael Jackson dances his way to No 1

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	1	THRILLER ... Michael Jackson (Epic)	12	1
2	4	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK Thompson Twins (Arista)	2	2
3	7	TOTO IV ... Toto (CBS)	2	3
4	1	BUSINESS AS USUAL ... Men At Work (Epic)	9	1
5	26	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) Eurythmics (RCA)	4	5
6	3	ANOTHER PAGE Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	3	3
7	5	NIGHT & DAY ... Joe Jackson (A & M)	7	3
8	(—)	WAR ... U2 (Island)	1	8
9	11	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	12	4
10	16	WORKOUT ... Jane Fonda (CBS)	2	10
11	18	THE BELLE STARS ... The Belle Stars (Stiff)	5	11
12	6	HEARTBREAKER ... Dionne Warwick (Arista)	18	2
13	9	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION John Lennon (Parlophone)	15	1
14	19	RIO ... Duran Duran (EMI)	37	2
15	14	WAITING ... Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	3	7
16	(—)	THUNDER & LIGHTNING Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	16
17	8	PORCUPINE ... Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	5	2
18	10	VISIONS ... Various (K-Tel)	5	10
19	12	HELLO I MUST BE GOING ... Phil Collins (Virgin)	17	2
20	21	LIONEL RICHIE ... Lionel Richie (Motown)	11	9
21	13	FRONTIERS ... Journey (CBS)	4	9
22	28	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE ... Eddy Grant (Ice)	7	6
23	20	SHOW PEOPLE ... Mari Wilson (Compact)	2	20
24	15	MONEY & CIGARETTES ... Eric Clapton (Duck)	4	15
25	29	PEARLS II ... Elkie Brooks (A & M)	16	3
26	(—)	HOTLINE ... Various (K-Tel)	1	26
27	(—)	PYROMANIA ... Def Leppard (Vertigo)	1	27
28	17	WRECKIN' CREW ... Meteors (Identity)	2	17
29	(—)	BATTLE HYMNS FOR CHILDREN SINGING Haysi Fantayzee (Regard)	1	29
30	25	DIFFERENT SHAPES & PASSIVE RHYTHMS China Crisis (Virgin)	6	15

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (1) **Oblivious** ... Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
2 (3) **Get The Balance Right** Depeche Mode (Mute)
3 (2) **Bad Seed** ... Birthday Party (4AD)
4 (8) **Somewhere/Hide** ... Danse Society (Society)
5 (4) **Johnny Remember Me** ... Meteors (ID)
6 (5) **Fat Man** ... Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
7 (6) **New Age** ... Blitz (No Future)
8 (7) **Plain Sailing** ... Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
9 (26) **Lined Up** ... Shriekback (Y)
10 (12) **Mexican Radio** ... Wall of Voodoo (Illegal)
11 (11) **You Must Be Mad** Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
12 (17) **Alice** ... Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
13 (9) **Hit The O Deck** ... Pigbag (Y)
14 (—) **As High As You Can Go** Chameleons (Statik)
15 (10) **Fools Game 12"** Cabaret Voltaire (Disques Du Crepuscule)
16 (—) **Twist And Turn** Slaughter & The Dogs (Thrush)
17 (—) **In Nomini Patri** ... Alternative (Crass)
18 (15) **Wessex 82** ... Various (Bluurg)
19 (20) **Shoot You Down** ... APB (Oily)
20 (16) **Out On The Floor** ... Dobie Gray (Inferno)
21 (24) **Wide Screen** ... Soul On Ice (Red Rhino)
22 (—) **Feels Like Winter Again** ... Fiat Lux (Cocteau)
23 (19) **City Invasion** ... Red Alert (No Future)
24 (18) **Fool For A Valentine** The Gist (Rough Trade)
25 (14) **They've Got It All Wrong EP** Anthrax (Small Wonder)
26 (25) **Into The Abyss** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
27 (29) **Mr Nobody** ... Major Accident (Step Forward)
28 (27) **Halloween** ... Dead Kennedys (Statik)
29 (—) **Pink Headed Bug** ... 3 Johns (CNT)
30 (13) **Love's A Lonely Place To Be EP** Virginia Astley (Why Fi)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (1) **Pillows And Prayers** ... Various (Cherry Red)
2 (9) **Wreckin' Crew** ... Meteors (ID)
3 (17) **Song And Legend** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
4 (2) **Strive To Survive** Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
5 (3) **A Distant Shore** ... Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
6 (6) **Partisans** ... Partisans (No Future)
7 (5) **North Marine Drive** ... Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
8 (10) **1981-82 The Mini Album** New Order (Factory)
9 (8) **Seduction** ... Danse Society (Society)
10 (4) **The Day The Country Died** Subhumans (Spiderleg)
11 (7) **The Cull is Coming** 23 Skidoo (Operation Twilight)
12 (24) **Embrace The Herd** ... The Gist (Rough Trade)
13 (13) **Pissed And Proud** Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
14 (16) **What's Words Worth** ... Motorhead (Big Beat)
15 (—) **Lend An Ear** ... Pigbag (Y)
16 (12) **The Maverick Years** ... Wah (White Label)
17 (11) **Upstairs At Eric's** ... Yazoo (Mute)
18 (—) **Earth** ... Misty In Roots (People Unite)
19 (14) **Never Mind The Dirt** ... Dirt (Crass)
20 (18) **Call Of The West** ... Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
21 (29) **Inchpinchers** ... Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
22 (30) **The Last Supper** ... Bollock Brothers (Charly)
23 (—) **Lower Technology** ... Pink Industry (Zulu)
24 (19) **Leather Bristles Studs And Acne** ... GBH (Clay)
25 (27) **Garlands** ... Cocteau Twins (4AD)
26 (15) **Plastic Surgery Disasters** Dead Kennedys (Statik)
27 (25) **Under The Flag** ... Fad Gadget (Mute)
28 (—) **Gang Wars** Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)
29 (23) **Voice Of A Generation** ... Blitz (No Future)
30 (21) **If I Die, I Die** ... Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Trouble You A Trouble Me** ... Ina Kamoze (Taxi)
2 **Step It All Over** Freddie McGregor & Jah Berry (Joe Gibbs)
3 **Know The Truth** ... Anthony Johnson (Black Zodiac)
4 **The Conqueror** ... Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
5 **Big Iron** ... Nigger Kojak (Joe Gibbs)
6 **Trenchtown 12"** ... Bob Marley (56 Hope Rd)
7 **Rub A Dub Party** ... Johnny Osbourne (Studio 1)
8 **Come We Je Mash** ... Tony Tuff (Volcano)
9 **Come In A Dance** ... Tristan Palmer (Music Ison)
10 **Nutron Bomb** ... Eek A Mouse (Gorgon)
11 **Horseman** ... D J Buru (G.O.G.)
12 **Mr Wong** ... Ringo (Black & White)
13 **King Of The Minstrels** ... Augustus Pablo (Rockers)
14 **Oh Yes** ... Slaughter & Tipper (Afro Eagle)
15 **Creamy Corner** ... Ranking Toyan (Volcano)

REGGAE ALBUMS

1 **For Your Eyes Only** ... Yellowman (Jah Guidance)
2 **I Am Ready** ... Freddie McGregor (Studio 1)
3 **Interviews** ... Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
4 **Check It** ... Mutubaruka (Alligator)
5 **Earth** ... Misty (People Unite)
6 **Why You So Craven** ... Israel Vibration (Arrwall)
7 **Brethren & Sistren** ... Viceroys (CSA)
8 **African Queen** ... Vivian Jackson (Yabby U) (Clappers)
9 **Turbo Charge** ... Sly & Robbie (Taxi)
10 **Live At Skateland** ... Gemini Sound/Various DJ (Dance Hall)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

US SINGLES

1 **Billie Jean** ... Michael Jackson (Epic)
2 **Shame On The Moon** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
3 **Stray Cat Strut** ... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
4 **Do You Really Want To** Culture Club (Epic)
5 **Hungry Like The Wolf** ... Duran Duran (Capitol)
6 **Baby Come To Me** Patti Austin & James Ingram (Qwest)
7 **You And I** ... Eddie Rabbitt/Crystal Gayle (Elektra)
8 **We've Got Tonight** Kenny Rogers & Sheena Easton (Liberty)
9 **Back On The Chain Gang** ... The Pretenders (Sire)
10 **Pass The Dutchie** ... Musical Youth (MCA)

US LPs

1 **Thriller** ... Michael Jackson (Epic)
2 **Built For Speed** ... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
3 **H_2O** ... Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4 **Frontiers** ... Journey (CBS)
5 **The Distance** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
6 **Business As Usual** ... Men At Work (Columbia)
7 **Rio** ... Duran Duran (Capitol)
8 **Hello I Must Be Going** ... Phil Collins (Atlantic)
9 **Toto IV** ... Toto (Columbia)
10 **Records** ... Foreigner (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

CANADA SINGLES

1 **Sexual Healing** ... Marvin Gaye (CBS)
2 **Goody Two Shoes** ... Adam Ant (CBS)
3 **Do You Really Want To** Culture Club (Epic)
4 **Pass The Dutchie** ... Musical Youth (MCA)
5 **Shame On The Moon** ... Bob Seger (Capitol)
6 **Africa** ... Toto (CBS)
7 **Baby Come To Me** Patti Austin & Luther Ingram (Qwest)
8 **Stray Cat Strut** ... Stray Cats (A & M)
9 **Mirror Man** ... Human League (A & M)
10 **Allentown** ... Billy Joel (CBS)

Canadian Broadcasting Corporation/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Wuthering Heights** ... Kate Bush (EMI)
2 **Wishing On A Star** ... Rose Royce (Warner Bros)
3 **Take A Chance On Me** ... Abba (Epic)
4 **Denis** ... Blondie (Chrysalis)
5 **Stayin' Alive** ... Bee Gees (RSO)
6 **Come Back My love** ... Darts (Magnet)
7 **Mr Blue Sky** ... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
8 **Alright Now (EP)** ... Free (Island)
9 **Just One More Night** ... Yellow Dog (Virgin)
10 **Baker Street** ... Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Cum On Feel The Noize** ... Slade (Polydor)
2 **Cindy Incidentally** ... Faces (Warner Bros)
3 **Part Of The Union** ... Strawbs (A & M)
4 **Feel The Need In Me** ... Detroit Emeralds (Janus)
5 **Sylvia** ... Focus (Polydor)
6 **20th Century Boy** ... T. Rex (T. Rex)
7 **Hello Hurray** ... Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
8 **Blockbuster** ... Sweet (RCA)
9 **Killing Me Softly With His Song** ... Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
10 **Whisky In the Jar** ... Thin Lizzy (Decca)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Cinderella Rockerfella** ... Esther & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
2 **Legend Of Xanadu** Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
3 **Fire Brigade** ... Move (Regal Zonophone)
4 **Mighty Quinn** ... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
5 **Rosie** ... Don Partridge (Columbia)
6 **She Wears My Ring** ... Solomon King (Columbia)
7 **Jennifer Juniper** ... Donovan (Pye)
8 **Pictures Of Matchstick Men** ... Status Quo (Pye)
9 **Green Tambourine** ... Lemon Pipers (Pye Int)
10 **Delilah** ... Tom Jones (Decca)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Summer Holiday** ... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2 **Please Please Me** ... Beatles (Parlophone)
3 **That's What Love** ... Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
4 **The Night Has A Thousand Eyes** ... Bobby Vee (Liberty)
5 **Like I've Never Been Gone** ... Billy Fury (Decca)
6 **The Wayward Wind** ... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
7 **Loop De Loop** ... Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
8 **One Broken Heart For Sale** ... Elvis Presley (RCA)
9 **Island Of Dreams** ... Springfields (Philips)
10 **Diamonds** ... Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)

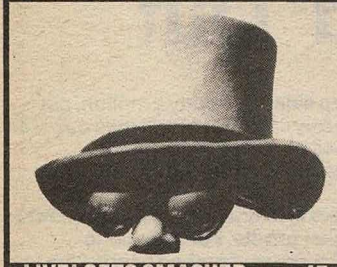
NME

INSIDE INFORMATION

NOSEY NIGHTINGALES 7
MARC GOES MAD 4
ALEXEI 'RED' SAYLE 5
DYLAN PLAYS GIG SHOCK 6

PRINT GOES MARXIST 8
GET THE GIST 10
STRAY CAT BLUES 12
THE INCREDIBLE BULK 15
SINGLES 17
NME MUSICAL BOX 19
JUNKHEAP UK 20
SILVER SCREEN 24
NICK MAKES HEY 26

PETERING OUT 28
LPs GOES BANANAS 31
DON'T TOUCH THAT DISC 36
TOUR NEWS 38
RECORD NEWS 39
GIG GUIDE 41
REGGAE RUNNINGS 44



LIVE! GETS SMASHED 45
PLUTONIUM BLONDES 51
GASBAG 54
T-ZERS 55

An NME Exclusive preview of The Tube's fast-forward successor

THE BIG SWITCH ON

IT SEEMS indisputable that Channel 4 offers the best coverage of music on the airwaves; and Fridays in particular are to sounds what Saturdays are to sports.

But its most successful show, *The Tube*, has still only accrued an audience of one million; *Top Of The Pops* in comparison is at No.30 in the charts with an audience of 12 million. Whatever your grievances against *The Tube*, the figures do scant justice to its far superior format, and that in itself is a sad reflection of the country's aural tastes. A very sad reflection.

Still *The Tube* is preparing its departure (for now) and the follow up, *Switch*, is about to jump across the ticket barriers and into your living room. And for the small independent company that finances the show, Silent Partners, that is no small leap.

In their compact but comfortable offices above London's Wardour Street the team are putting the final flicks to *Switch;* hustling for Grace Jones on the first show, co-ordinating the actions of The Funboy Three, The Questions, Tracey and The Style Council and fast forwarding through videos from Wah! to Prince Charles. All in all, the first show on March 25th augurs well for the future. And the foreseeable future for the show is 24 one-hour slots of 'prime time' television. A whole day of viewing on a shoestring budget. Would you have liked the job?

The five-a-side squad of researchers and presenters who said yes are sizing up to the task quite well, though as always with live shows there are various doubts, untold hitches...Will Pete Shelley stand in for Grace Jones at a minute's notice? Do Blancmange use backing musicians? How long will it take Joboxers to get out of the ring? What will the show be like?

Upon that question there is no need to dwell — and for a minute or two everybody is agreed: it will be good. Presenter Yvonne French, her sidekick Graham Fletcher and their solid support system, Alan Marke (our very own), Pedro and Pete Edge all scramble for descriptions and fitting adjectives with an enthusiasm that would shame Newcastle's obtrusive duo of Holland and Yates. But that's the easy part.

So how much will it differ from its predecessor? Pete Edge: "It'll be much faster, an hour long and all music as opposed to a *Face* type magazine."

And as Pedro points out, "We've got young researchers — well young-ish!"

Which are all obvious points in the programme's favour, promising a lucid, realistic coverage at breakneck speed. One problem though is the centralized nature of the production team — an aspect that has been the downfall of many good shows. Fortunately every show will have an 'outward bound' trip to a different area in the UK, starting with Bristol and then moving around the country.

But as Alan tells me: "It gives it a slight identity. A lot of things that are happening are based in London. It's the centre of the music industry and if things are happening then it's stupid to pretend that they're not. We can't change things — we can't make, say Newcastle, the centre of the universe."

The crew are also trying to bring over a more diverse selection of bands, but as they've discovered, much to their chagrin, it isn't as easy as it looks. Peter Edge explains that unless you've got a lot of money to push about, getting black bands over from the States is a bastartd of a problem. Especially when the 'Industry' is geared to putting the likes of The Belle Stars on the box every week.

And of course they haven't *quite* got the money that Tyne-Tees put up for *The Tube* — a fact that, as one of the company's directors pointed out to me, is definitely affecting the format of the show. Whatever the fiscal problems, everybody up at 118-120 Wardour St is working in your best interests and the best interests of music on the screen. They're just hoping that when the word *Switch* appears on Channel 4 you won't touch that dial...

DAVID DORRELL

Post-Tube music boom babies — Yvonne French and Graham Fletcher Cook.

Juice get loose

ORANGE JUICE are playing a short series of selected dates at the end of this month, in support of their new single 'Rip It Up', culminating in a major London showcase.

They visit Manchester Hacienda Club (March 23), Nottingham Rock City (24), Newcastle Dingwalls (26), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (28), Hull Dingwalls (29) and London Strand Lyceum (31).

Tickets are priced £2.50 members, £3.50 non-members (Manchester); £2 advance, £2.50 doors (Newcastle); £3.50 (London); and £3 (the other three venues). Support act on the first two dates and at Hull is International Rescuer.

The Go-Betweens are the support act at Newcastle, Liverpool and — together with The Marine Girls and The Higsons — London Lyceum. The Australian group, now expanded to a quartet with the addition of new member Robert Vickers, also have dates in their own right at Bath Moles (April 1), London Brixton Ace Cinema (2), Manchester Gallery (7), Colne Francs (8), Birmingham Fighting Cocks (9), Bradford Manhattan Club (11) and Leeds Brannigans (12), with more to be added including a headliner at London's The Venue. They'll be promoting their second album 'Before Hollywood', due out next month through Rough Trade.

Echo rifles. Pic Anton Corbijn

ECHO RABBIT ON

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN undertake a highly unusual tour in the early summer — starting in Iceland, stopping off in the Outer Hebrides and Northern Scotland, then travelling south to finish at London's Albert Hall.

Iceland has been chosen for the opening date on July 2, because it was there that the sleeve to their current hit album 'Porcupine' was shot. Next port of call is the Isle of Skye on July 5, where they play the Gathering Hall in Portree — and the following day takes them to Stornaway on the Isle of Lewis for a show at the Caber Fay Hotel. Then it's onto the mainland for concerts at Inverness Ice Rink (8) and Aberdeen Capitol (9).

Travelling south, they stop off at Blackburn King George's Hall (July 14) and Birmingham Odeon (16), before climaxing at London Royal Albert Hall (18).

London tickets are priced £6, £5, £4, £2.50 and £2, and are available from leading agencies — or by post from P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW, making cheques and POs payable to "Echo And The Bunnymen" and enclosing SAE. Blackburn and Birmingham tickets are all at the one price of £4, and are available at the box-offices. All enquiries regarding the Scottish dates should be directed to Regular Music (031-225 6566).

● ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark have added a fourth London date to their upcoming UK tour — it's on May 10 at Hammersmith Odeon, where they're already set to play on April 19-20 and May 9. Additionally, they've switched the opening night of their schedule for Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion to Bristol Colston Hall, though tickets for the former venue remain valid.

● FLOCK OF SEAGULLS have slotted another date into their UK intinerary, announced last week, at Bristol Colston Hall on May 1 — and, as at all other venues, tickets are £3.50. Their final two dates have been interchanged, and they now play Poole Arts Centre (May 2) and Exeter University (3), instead of vice versa.

STOP PRESS: Rod Stewart will be playing London Earl's Court on June 26 as part of Capital's five-week music festival. Full details next week.

Cassettes that play on both sides.

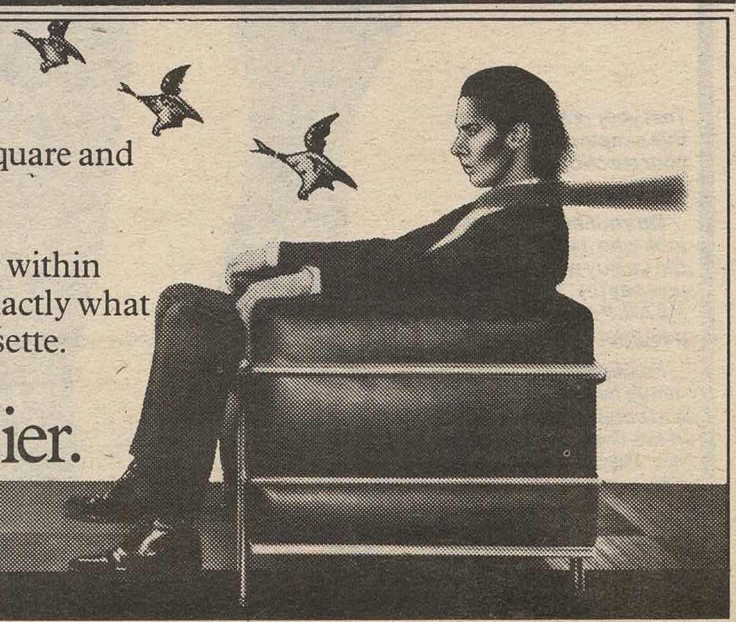
Most cassettes perform better on one side than the other, because they aren't quite square and don't line the tape up properly with the tape heads.

This is called azimuth error, and it's very common.

Maxell cassettes, though, are so precisely made that their dimensions are accurate to within a thousandth of an inch. So when you use one, it lines the tape up squarely and you get exactly what you expected: a cassette, not half a cassette.

maxell

Break the sound barrier.



Maxell (UK) Ltd., 1 Tyburn Lane, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 3AF. Tel: 01-423 0688.

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster and send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

Women wrestlers limber up for title roles:

Debbie and Toyah in Double Nelson

TOYAH is to take over the starring role of a lady wrestler in the hit comedy *Trafford Tanzi* at London's Mermaid Theatre later this month — and, by coincidence, Debbie Harry opens on Broadway in the same part in mid-April.

In addition to acting and singing, the role calls for extensive wrestling skills and physical ability. Virtually the whole action takes place in a wrestling ring, and it is a battle of the sexes, both literally and metaphorically. Tanzi takes on a different antagonist in each scene, and is required to throw all of them around — and out of — the ring.

Toyah is now engaged in strenuous rehearsals and physical training, and says she is looking forward to the challenge. The play has previously been staged at the Edinburgh Festival and Hammersmith's Lyric Theatre, and it moved to the Mermaid last September. Now a completely new cast is taking over, including Toyah, and the new company should open during the week of March 21.

Worldwide interest in the comedy has resulted in plans for it to be presented in no less then 17 different countries. One of these is the States, where the New York production opens at the Nederlander Theatre on April 14, with Debbie Harry starring.

Debbie is also involved in a demanding training course — though, while Toyah's engagement is for an indefinite run, Debbie's is likely to be for a limited season of three of four months. This is because she is also working on songs for a new album, which is planned for autumn release — when she intends to return to the concert platform.

Mambas mash label HQ in freebie frenzy

SOFT CELL'S faltering relationship with their parent record company Phonogram reached a near terminal stage last week when Marc Almond and Some Bizzare supremo Stevo trashed two offices by way of response to the marketing of their new single 'Numbers'.

Their action wasn't sparked by the usual complaint of a company not doing enough promotion. On the contrary, the row began over the way Phonogram were doing too much on the single's behalf. Due to its risque subject matter of love and sex as a body count, Phonogram have always been reluctant to release the LP track 'Numbers' as a single.

So, when they finally bowed to the group's wishes — as indeed they're contracted to do — they decided to increase its chart potential by giving away a free copy of the two year old hit 'Tainted Love' with the 12" version. The Some Bizzare camp first heard of this on their return from the Marc And The Mambas' Israeli tour when Stevo tumbled the ruse passing a record store.

Incensed, he called up Almond and together they stormed Phonogram to tackle the marketing department. Coming up against tight lipped company lawyer John Watson, they vented their anger by trashing his office. Stevo set a fire extinguisher on the lawyer and then put it through his window, after which the pair assaulted the marketing office.

Gold discs were smashed and a note stating "Your marketing will be the death of Soft Cell" was left pinned to a speaker with a pair of scissors.

Stevo later commented that the strategy marked the company's lack of confidence in the record, claiming it was "degrading to give away a two year old record with it without anybody's knowledge or consent."

He suggested that only a drastic change in the company's attitude towards Soft Cell — such as placing marketing control in the duo's hands — would help heal the rift. In the long term he proposed the idea of a pop managers' house union as a way of banding together to protect groups from record company interference.

Phonogram, meanwhile, have taken the whole incident soberly, treating it almost as another Stevo publicity stunt. A spokesperson said the damage was minimal and, furthermore, no fire extinguishers were set off or windows damaged.

"Something had to be done to help the single along," the spokesperson said, "and because Soft Cell were uncontactable at the time a decision was made without them.

Almond; discipline for the Marc-eting Dept.

Sometimes things have to be done for their benefit."

He added that if Marc Almond were contacted about the idea beforehand, he probably would've agreed to it.

Rumours that Phonogram employ mindreaders are as yet unfounded.

CARL & THE COBRAS

WOKE UP THIS MORNING, FOUND MYSELF IN ...

Credibility Corner

Test your credibility with this simple quiz. What is your reaction to this picture?

Do your say (a) "Hey, look who it is! But who's the fat guy with her?" Or do you say (b) "Wow, it's the MAANN! And is that his daughter or sumthin'?"

For answer (a) score minus five hundred points and consider yourself in dis-Grace (that means you, Bohn). For answer (b), start feeling well smug.

Grace Jones pulls up to the bumper-sized BB King.

Pic: Chuck Pulin/Star File.

Stones shrug off death threats

THE ROLLING STONES are not worried about threats to their lives, emanating from New York last week, according to sources close to the group.

A convicted murderer, testifying before a US Senate Committee, alleged that two futile attempts had already been made to kill them — and claimed that there is still an open contract on the group in general, and Mick Jagger in particular.

It was said that the Hell's Angels were responsible for this vendetta, which dated back to 1969 when one of their members was charged with murder, after a spectator was stabbed to death at the band's notorious Altamont concert — and although the man was later acquitted, the Angels evidently felt that the Stones "did not back them".

The witness, himself a former leader of an Angels chapter, told the committee: "There have been two attempts to kill them that I know about. They will some day, they swear they will still do it."

The Stones' official London spokesman has been given strict orders to confine himself to "No comment" on the subject, but it's believed this is because the band don't wish to be seen to attach any credence to it. Privately, it's understood that they don't take it seriously, and tend to regard the matter as a Hell's Angels publicity stunt.

Back to the basics, with news that Hal Ashby's film of the Stones in concert *Let's Spend The Night Together* is to open on March 24 in London and key cities across the country. It was filmed during the band's 1981 US tour at the Tempe Sun Stadium in Arizona and Meadowland's Brendan Byrne Arena in New Jersey, using 20 cameras and 24-track audio — and it features 25 songs. Directed by Ashby — who also made *Harold And Maude*, *Coming Home* and *Being There* — it's presented by Embassy Films and released in the UK by Cannon Film Distributors.

The Stones were scheduled finally to complete work on their new album in Paris last weekend, and it's expected to be issued in the late summer. It's unlikely that they'll be playing any concerts this year, and Jagger's first priority is to start work on his autobiography, for which he recently signed a deal for a reported £2 million. Bill Wyman is also writing a book, which could be ready for publication before Jagger's.

Record Biz Profits: Quids In And Out

THE WOES of the music industry are laid out in pounds and pence in a semi-fascinating new document out this week, priced £95.80.

Called *Financial Survey & Directory* it lists 418 major music companies together with their last Companies House listings of turnover, profits, assets and liabilities.

The overall picture is of the dread disease — inefficiency. For instance, 59.4 per cent increased their turnover, yet only 34.8 per cent capitalised with improved profits. In fact 40 per cent of the total reported a loss and this, say the compilers — ICC Financial Surveys — can be put down to the familiar blights of reduced demand, cheap imports and home taping.

There were conspicuous successes, however. Virgin Records (Human League, Culture Club) were able to convert a £629,286 deficit during 1980 to a £1.4 million profit for the year ending January '82. Yet, interestingly, King Branson sliced the payment to his directors from £30,265 to £20,119.

Another upwardly mobile outfit are WEA Records Ltd whose posthumous John Lennon issue no doubt helped convert a £1.4m loss for the year to December 1980 into a £1.4m profit for the subsequent period.

A similar reversal was achieved by A & M Records (from minus £494,766 to plus £696,949). However, the latter figure relates to the peak action epochs of Police and the now-demised Squeeze.

Among the notable flops are Chrysalis Records. Clearly they were already suffering before Blondie's nosedive and Two Tone's fizz out. Figures for the year to December '80 show a near-£1.5m turnover drop from £14.4m to £12.8m and a whacking cut in profits — £2m down to £1.3m.

Island Records during the same period managed to up sales by nearly a million, cut directors' fees by £18,000 yet still lose out — a £254,043 deficit compared with minus £353,178 previously. Will Kid Creole change the picture?

RCA Ltd were also unable to translate better sales into higher profits. For the year to December '80 turnover climbed nearly £5m to £50.5m but profits fell from £1.5m to less than a quarter million. Directors' fees climbed more than 50 per cent.

Another troubled megagiant is EMI Records Ltd (Duran Duran, Kajagoolies and Cliff Baby). Comparing figures is awkward since different time-spans are involved. For the year to March '81 a turnover of £55.9m was logged, whereas over 39 weeks during the previous year ('79-'80) the total was £42.5m. However, there's no mistaking the down direction of the profit/loss figure — from minus £2.7m to minus £4.6m.

The company with the most impressive across-the-board picture is CBS United Kingdom Ltd — home of the tiny Ant. For the year to Otober 1981 turnover lifted to £84.3m from £74.3m and profits from £7m to £8.9m.

But as interesting as those companies included are those left out, either because their last Companies House listings were hopelessly out of date or they were considered too tiddling by ICC. In the first category are Phonogram (ABC, Dexys), Polydor and Charisma but omissions such as Rough Trade, Rak, Cherry Red and Factory are incomprehensible.

ICC, nonetheless, point out that if you wanted to do a comparable search at Companies House it would cost you more than £400 in fees — and a lot of eye strain.

ANDREW TYLER

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

ALEXEI SAYLE

THE RIDER

A dissertation by Alexei Sayle (BA Rock Culture, KGB Staff College, Cambridge).

FOR the serious student of the rock zeitgeist, there is no greater "Rider", a clause inserted in the live artist's contract legally obliging the promoter (hereafter referred to as the slug) to provide the artist (hereafter referred to as the pink toilet brush) with certain items for his/her pleasure and use in the dressing room prior to the performance.

We are perhaps all familiar with the Rolling Stones self indulgent requests for table-tennis tables, chilled champagne, nubile deaf and dumb orphans and life size chieftan tanks made of pilchards. But, it is less well known that Billy Joel always obliges the promoter to hide a small dog concealed under a tartan rug somewhere in the dressing room. When Billy finds the unfortunate animal he then hits it with a rubber mallet, yelling "Where's the biscuits? Where's the biscuits?"

My own rider hopefully reflects my own frugal, Marxist lifestyle and is reprinted here in an attempt to give some idea of the 'real' Alexei Sayle.

CONTRACTUAL RIDER

THE promoter (hereafter known as the dead tree) shall provide the artist (hereafter known as the fat bastard in the suit with the small entourage) with:

Four (4) Thermos flasks of milky coffee with no yakky skin on.

Two (2) pairs of Wincyette jammys with fluffy rabbits on.

One (1) pair of comfy slippers.

Some (any amount) of nice sincere people with nice clothes and open minds (possible problem on this one).

Six (6) bottles of pre-1968 Tizer (the new stuff tastes like rat piss).

Six (6) bottles of rat piss.

One (1) crate of noodles (new, vomit flavour).

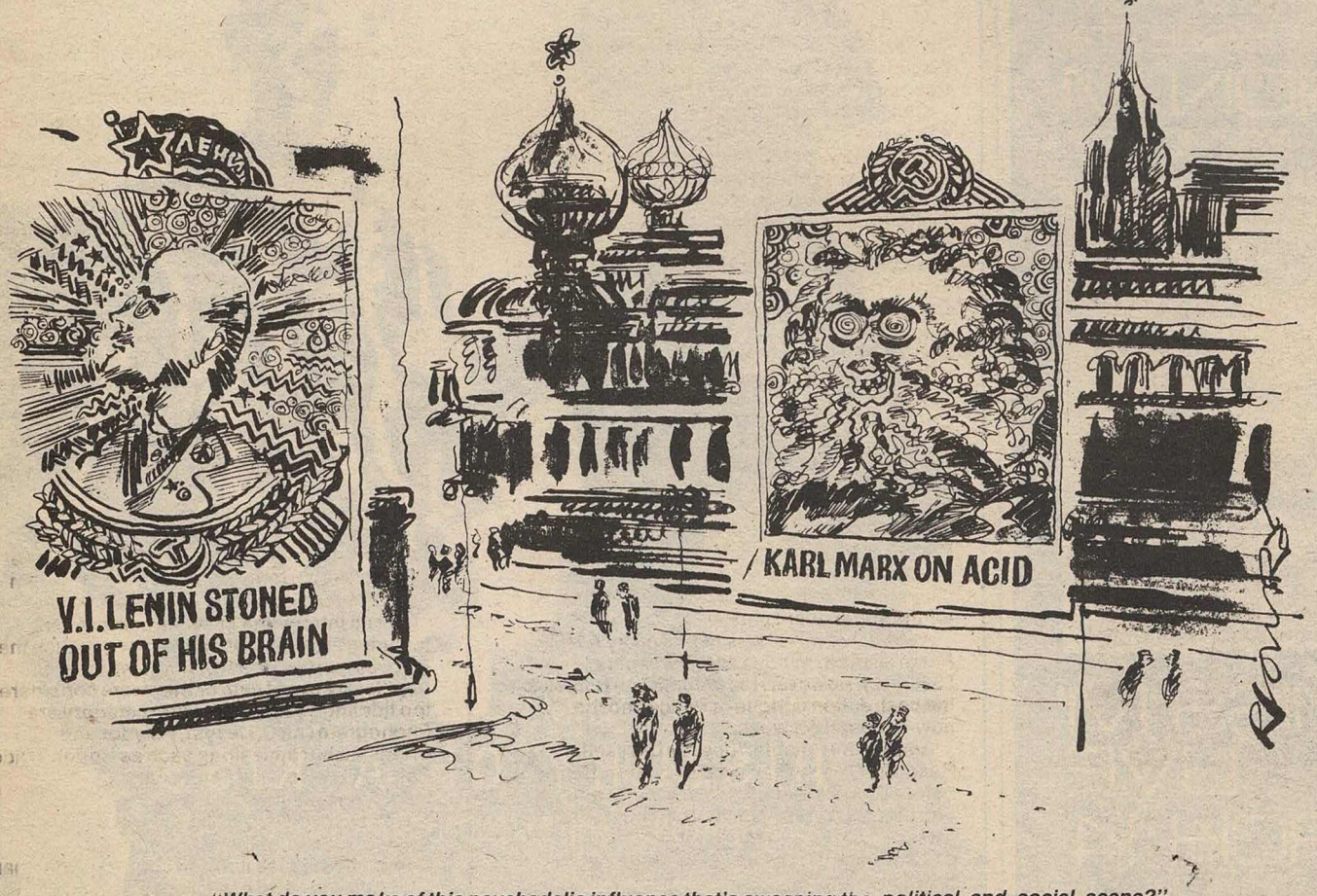
One (1) pack of hard toilet tissue (for real men — six grades, from macho to wet).

One (1) box of carrots.

And, a world free from hunger, fear, hypocricy, The Human League and darts on telly.

Yours, for the artist,
His agent,
S'nor Gonzalez Bypass.

lowry



"What do you make of this psychedelic influence that's sweeping the political and social scene?"

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR **FREE 48 PAGE CATALOGUE**

BELL Musical Instruments

of GUITARS · AMPLIFIERS · BRASS & WOODWIND · KEYBOARDS · SYNTHESIZERS RHYTHM UNITS · HARMONICAS · DRUMS VIOLINS · BANJOS & ACCESSORIES

COMPREHENSIVE ACCORDION CATALOGUE ALSO AVAILABLE

Fast Mail Order service for CASH, ACCESS, BARCLAYCARD :– or H.P. terms available.

Bell Musical Instruments Ltd. (MX18.)
157-159 Ewell Road, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6AR
Telephone: 01-399 1166

(Pleaseprint) NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

AKG

high response low expense

The AKG D80 - a new dynamic microphone developed for today's vocalists and musicians, with an excellent all round specification which includes good frequency response and sensitivity figures, tailored to give a full, rich sound to vocals and instrumental performance. Supplied with 5 metres of cable; fitted with XLR/jackplug connectors, plus a stand adapter, all for less than £29 including VAT. Full details from your nearest AKG stockist. Clip the coupon for information on our complete microphone range.

Fill and post this coupon. Full details by return.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

AKG Acoustics Ltd. 191 The Vale, London W.3
Telephone: 01-749 2042

LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE

MGP INTERNATIONAL CONCERTS

Mead Gould Promotions
PART OF THE MIXGATE GROUP LIMITED
Mixgate House, 38 Hamlet Court Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex SS0 7NS.
Telephone: (0702) 339724/5. Telex 995876 Market G.

SUPERTRAMP
LIVE IN FRANKFURT 5th JUNE
Leave morning 4th June. Return morning 6th June
£61 includes ● best tickets for concert ● Cross-channel ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ● □1

ELTON JOHN
LIVE IN PARIS, 27th JUNE
Leave morning 26th June return morning 28th June
£60 includes ● best tickets for concert ● Cross-channel ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ● □2

ROD STEWART
LIVE IN ROTTERDAM FRIDAY 10th JUNE
£58 includes ticket for concert ● Cross-Channel Ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets. Depart morning 9th June, Return evening of 11th June. □3

DIRE STRAITS
LIVE IN BRUSSELS 31st MAY
Depart morning 30th May. Return 1st June
The price of £54.00 includes ● Ticket for the concert ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ● Cross-Channel Ferry □4

UB40
LIVE IN UTRECHT, HOLLAND 17th MARCH
£32.00 includes ● ticket for concert ● Cross-Channel Ferry ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets. Depart morning 17th March. Return morning 18th March. □5

BUMPER HOLLAND in HOLLAND

SANTANA
April 22nd
ERIC CLAPTON
April 23rd
Depart morning 22nd April. Returning morning 24th April. £65.00 includes ● Tickets for both concerts ● 4 Star Hotel ● Cross-Channel Ferry ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets. □6

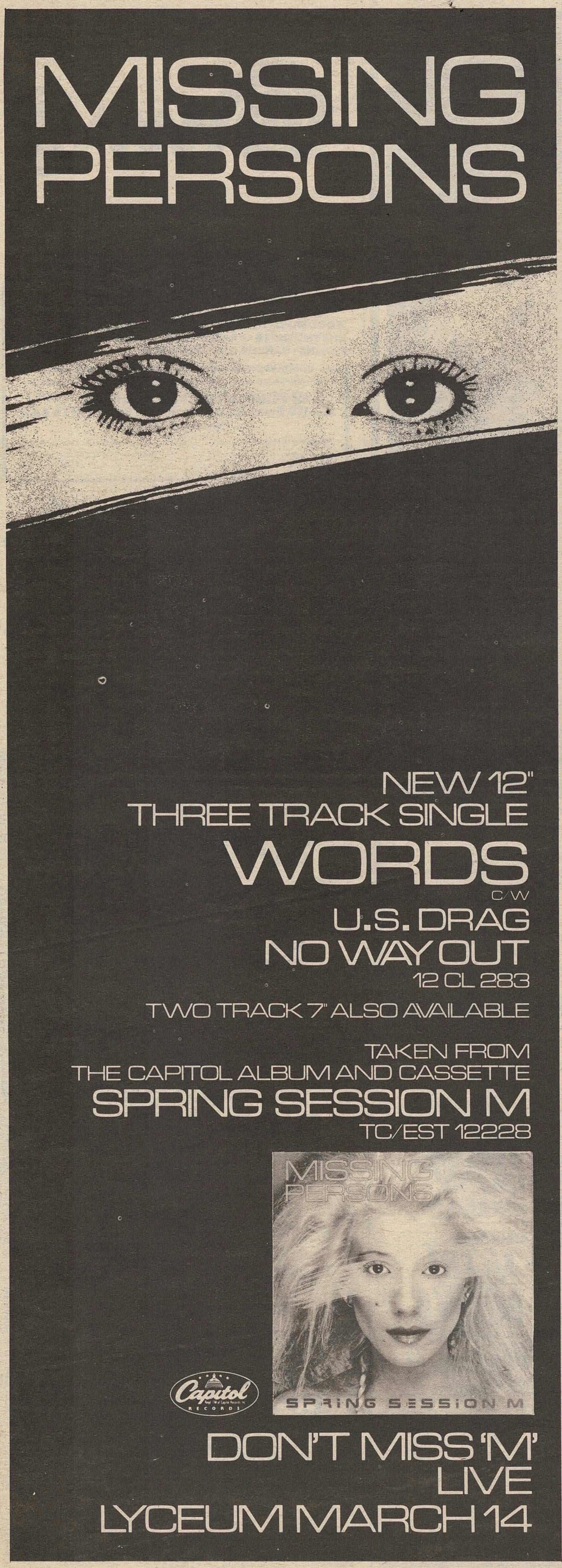
A deposit of £20 per person will secure a place please tick box for trip required. 1□ 4□
I enclose cheque/p/o to value of £..... 2□ 5□
or charge my Access/Barclaycard/American Express or Diners Club No..... 3□ 6□

Name.....
Address.....
.....
No places required.....

Send cheques/postal orders to: **MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS**

LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE

MISSING PERSONS



NEW 12"
THREE TRACK SINGLE
WORDS
C/W
U.S. DRAG
NO WAY OUT
12 CL 283
TWO TRACK 7" ALSO AVAILABLE

TAKEN FROM
THE CAPITOL ALBUM AND CASSETTE
SPRING SESSION M
TC/EST 12228

Capitol RECORDS

DON'T MISS 'M'
LIVE
LYCEUM MARCH 14

The Second Coming...

ALLELUJAHS all round for the Second Coming of Bobby Dylan, snapped in action at New York's Lone Star bar. 'Twas here but a week or so ago that he made a surprise show-up, guesting with his old cronies Levon Helm and Rick Danko, ex of the legendary Band. Incidentally, a straw-poll of those *NME* writers considered fit to participate nominated The Band as "the one act in the univers who should ever re-form". We merely add the proviso that they should now call themselves "The Group" in deference to contemporary standards to acceptable jargon.

Pic: Elliott Landy/Star File

The man who came to dinner!

MOST unlikely dinner date of the week brought together The The's Matt Johnson, You've Got Foetus On Your Breath and... Canadian poet laureate Leonard Cohen! Introduced to the surprised pair by his manager, who also acts as American lawyer for Some Bizzare, Cohen turned out to be quite an accurate critic of their work.

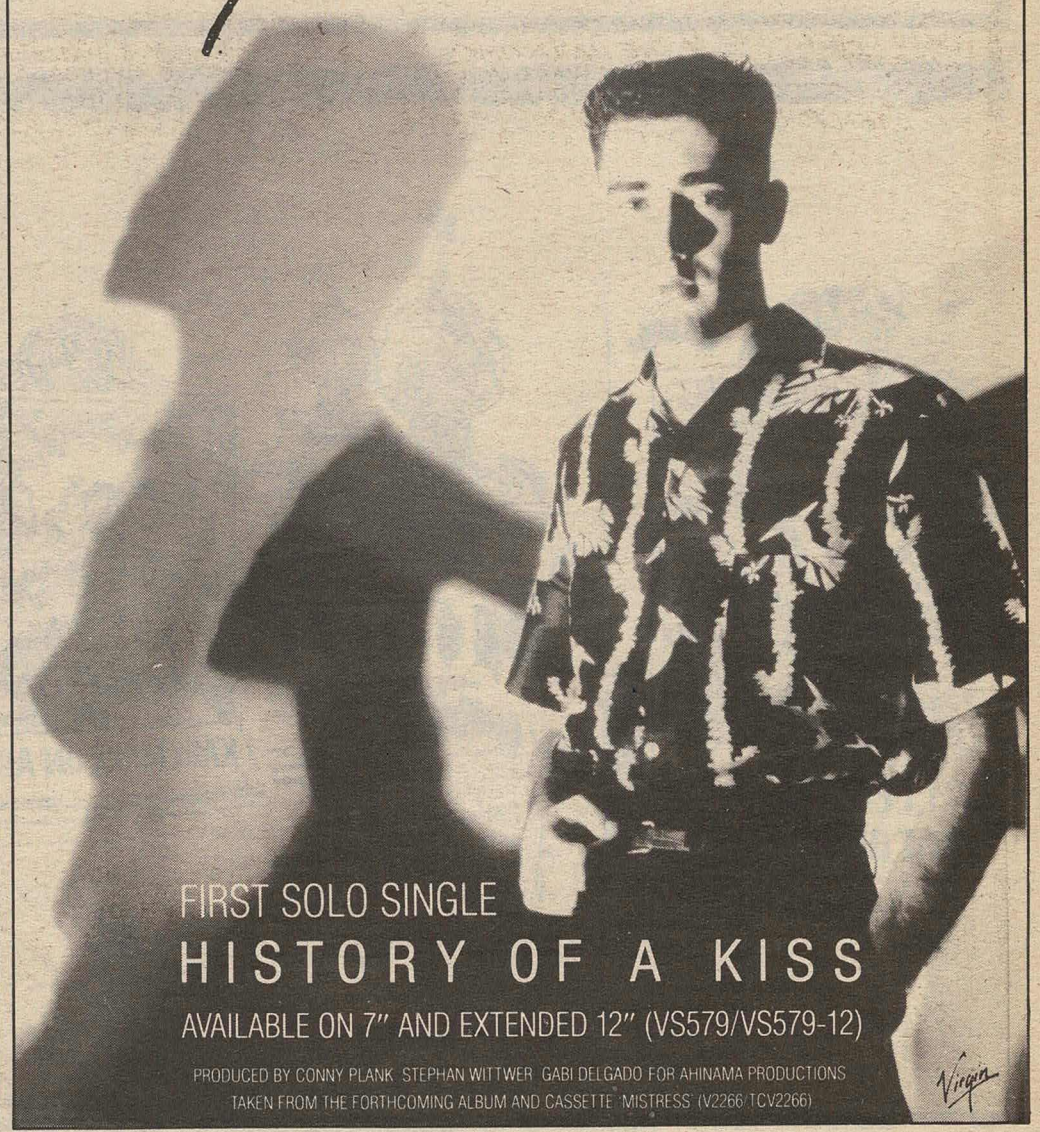
He praised Matt Johnson's qualities as a romantic poet and recognized the aesthetic terrorist tendencies in Foetus. "You wear them for aesthetic or ideological reasons?" he questioned, regarding YGFOYB's array of Lenin badges, before quoting to him such Foetus standards as 'Instead I Became Anemone', so as to show he was no dilettante in Foetal affairs.

Matt, meanwhile, overcame the awe of being in the presence of his idol to swap lyricisms, witticisms and more pertinent matters of the soul.

What next? Can we expect a Cohen guest spot at Matt's upcoming Marquee residency?

YOUR HOSTESS: DELIA SMITH

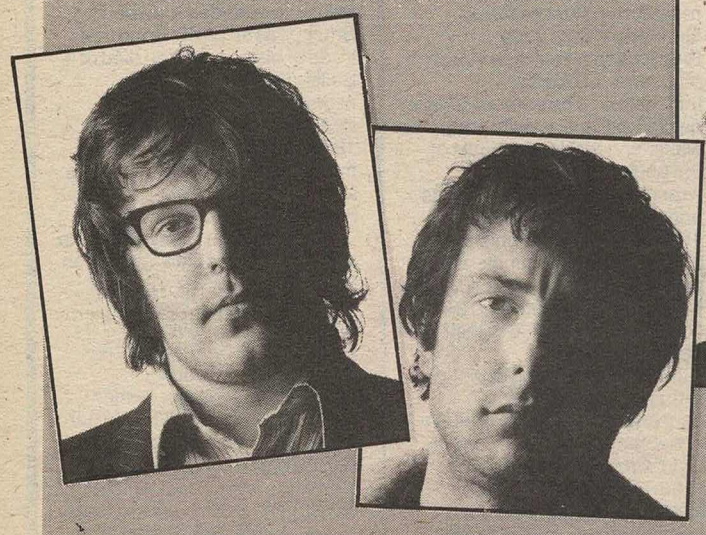
Gabi DELGADO



FIRST SOLO SINGLE
HISTORY OF A KISS
AVAILABLE ON 7" AND EXTENDED 12" (VS579/VS579-12)
PRODUCED BY CONNY PLANK STEPHAN WITTWER GABI DELGADO FOR AHINAMA PRODUCTIONS
TAKEN FROM THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM AND CASSETTE 'MISTRESS' (V2266/TCV2266)
Virgin

IF NIGHTINGALES COULD FLY...

AMRIK RAI examines the plight of the underdog in the fight against bland out. Pics Al Johnson



Flightpath: (left to right) Rob Lloyd, Paul Apperley, Andy Lloyd, Nick Beales and John Nester.

ROB LLOYD, the lumbering lead voice and self-elected "quality controller" of The Nightingales, Birmingham's dirtiest pop truckers, has been asked by his record company to tone down his anarchic cackle and open up the band's spunky punk spun jive in the face of "inadequate" sales of their debut album, 'Pigs On Purpose'.

Rob Lloyd in his thick rimmed NHS glasses — looking for all the world like a two bob Frank Carson — is obviously not pleased. Dragging his face away from the lurid green allure of televised snooker and across the insipid furnishings of real life, the insubordinate Brummie bard explains:

"As far as releasing records is concerned, The Nightingales are officially teetering on the waste of time. But it's always been a bit hard. Our first single, 'Idiot Strength', was released on Rough Trade and sold quite well all things considered . . . but they still refused to put out the follow up 'Use Your Loaf'.

"In fact until Lawrence from Felt (another Birmingham band) introduced us to Cherry Red, we couldn't do a thing. And now even they're getting desperate and trying to get their bands to bland out . . . as if that was possible with half of them anyway.

"They keep suggesting we make a Blancmange type record which is really depressing. I mean, there's nothing going on at all at the moment. Everyone's into all these shitty little gangs. The Blancmanges and the Sex Gangs and the Theatre Of Hate bollocks. Do you see what I mean? There's got to be a 'wakey wakey' time on the way soon . . . perhaps then we'll be treated with a bit more respect."

Respect is something that Rob Lloyd, the perennial underdog, has run himself into the ground for, ever since a friend loaned him a copy of 'Anarchy In The UK'. Armed only with an incisive social observation and smarting drollery, he began with The Perfects — a derivative Brummie punk combo instituted on his arrival from Cannock, one of a million faceless drinking holes buried in the West Midlands' grey suburbia.

Disillusioned when that particular enterprise came to a grinding halt some two years later, Lloyd considered the alternative, "picking things up, putting things down, loading trucks . . . the most exciting ways of spending a lifetime," and finished up with The Nightingales.

"The original Nightingales were all close friends, it was a bit of a gang. There were loads of bands round here that all lived together and went round saying 'hey, we're The Gales' or whatever. I got really pissed off with that mentality so we gassed a couple of members and got in three new people who all came from different areas and we get on much better now."

Born from a nagging frustration and therefore very much Lloyd's band, The Nightingales have since battled through with the oblique pop of 'Paraffin Brain', a stubborn manifesto of intent and more damaging on the dansette than The Mekons ever were. Elsewhere a four track Peel session, which surfaced as the 'Which Hi Fi? EP, set about juxtaposing discerning polemic, instrumental frenzy a la Beefheart and Lloyd's own unaffected plebeian absurdities to electric but unsung effect. All of which sees us nicely through to 'Pigs On Purpose' a whole long player's worth of irresistible inter-city gibberish ("I like a joke as much as the next man . . . which isn't to say that the next man's a joke"), and The Nightingales' newest single.

Regularly assessed, and even more often dismissed, as more layman poachers in the oh so sanctimonious Fall territory, wouldn't you say that you've ended up as too hysterical for the airwaves and too derivative for the subversives?

"Yeah, that's a problem," admits the concerned underdog. "But we play our music because we like it. I like busy, fidgety music. That's why I like your Beefheart comparison because there is a parallel. There's so many different noises fighting to be heard. I don't do it because I want to be Mark Smith. Those comparisons are getting really tedious".

How do you propose to overcome the almost inevitable criticisms?

"There's no masterplan because I'm really pleased with what we're doing. The change has to come through a change in public opinion. The worst thing at the moment is that people can't hear our music unless we take it around a 100 different pits every few months.

"The DJs who refuse to play this sort of music are effectively blocking us off and stopping people listening to us. I know I sound like a real big-headed bastard but I seriously think that if people were given the chance they'd like us.

"It's like when we play live gigs . . . not in the big cities but in the smaller places where kids come simply because there's fuck all else to do and they don't care who it is . . . in those places we go down really well."

It does sound a little pie in the sky expecting radio programmers to acquiesce to music that is as unpalateable as yours can be. Was the assigning of production duties for the album to Richard Strange a deliberate attempt to polish it up and perhaps get a touch slicker?

"Not really, we just wanted someone who could be a bit more objective than we were. In the end I think he went a bit over the top on a couple of tracks.

"As far as being slick goes, I think our live stuff's really polished at the moment. The records will come with practice but on stage . . . there's me standing dead still and looking stupid and the two guitarists, who are both skinny athletic bleeders, running round all over the place . . .it just looks really good."

Why don't you move at all?

"I'm too big and clumsy."

So's David Thomas.

"Yeah. Well I might I suppose if I get worked up enough. But he's got a great sense of rhythm for a start and I'm fucking hopeless at trying to even tap my feet to the beat."

A musician with absolutely no sense of rhythm?

"Sorry. I'm better with my mouth."

Do you see your mouth as an astute social commentator?

"Yes but not where it assumes a role of importance. I narrate the absurd trivialities . . . the funny side of living in a big city. I've probably got a really perverted sense of humour but I'd hate for our music to become a doctrine.

"Birmingham's got a lot of bands like The Au Pairs who are quite frankly only pissing in the wind because there's money in it. I've got no respect for them at all.

"UB40 do alright because there's stacks of kids round here . . . kids who don't go to gigs and hardly ever buy any records, they're really ordinary people who I don't admire at all . . . they're really patriarchal but along come UB40 and all these kids are really into it. Now there's something to be proud of . . . that's effect! But the best that we could do would be a lost cause so it's a lot better not to wear anything on your armband."

Returning to the Cherry Red request to "bland out" just before the men in waistcoats and wooden sticks comandeer his attention completely, Lloyd concludes the interview with a precis of his and The Nightingales' current philosophy.

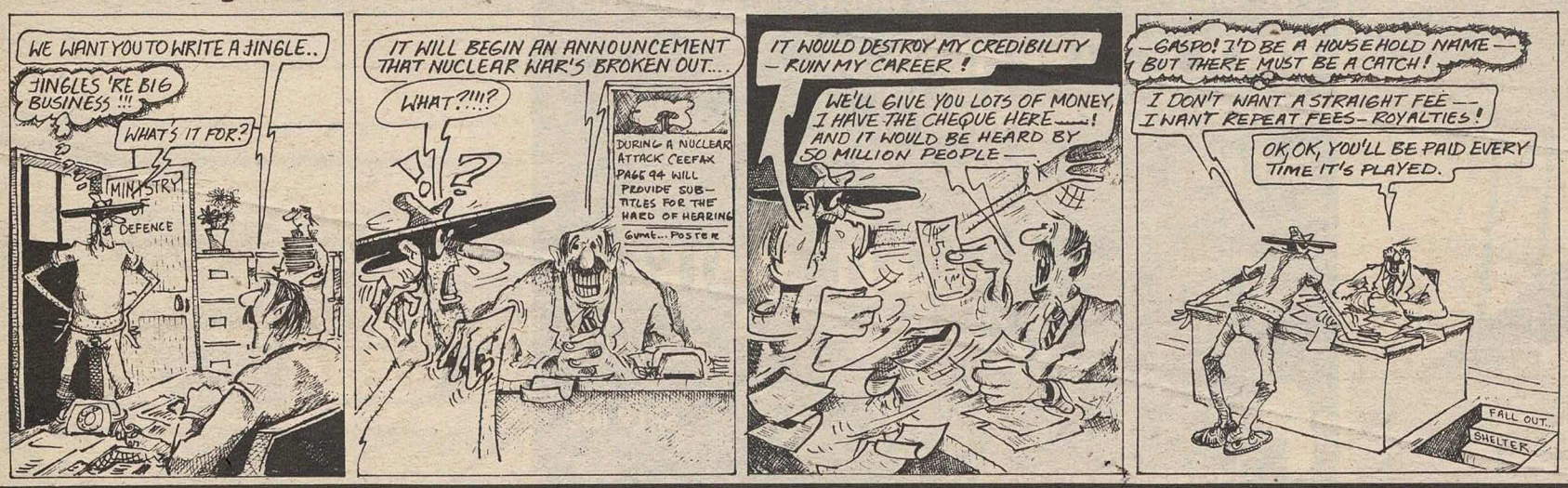
"After having been in bands for five years there is a need to be realistic and usher in a semblance of sanity or whatever. Which doesn't mean to say that I'd do a Scritti Politti and do an about turn and change tactics completely 'cos that's the wrong approach as well. We just have to reason it out . . . nothing you do for this length of time is suddenly so bad.

"It's a bit of a crucial stage for us but another thing I don't want is to do a Spizz or a Mekons and stomp off in a huff to a big label and then have to return tail between legs to Cherry Red like The Monochrome Set and The Passage. Y'know, they're all has beens. At the moment The Nightingales are getting a bit bigger as opposed to smaller . . . and I must say I prefer it that way."

note oilskin base — lowry

IT'S REACTIONARY CHIC TIME AT THE AIRPORT LOUNGE BAR...
LISTEN YOU OIKS! WORKING CLASS CULTURE WENT IN THE DUMPER ALONG WITH THE WORKING CLASSES...
GO AWAY & BECOME EXTINCT!
BAKSHEESH EFFENDI!
YOU SEE, MONTY, THE HARD TIMES ETHIC WAS A JOURN--ALISTIC JAPE, A WHEEZE. THE NEW POP HEROES ARE OLD BUFFERS LIKE PAUL JOHNSON, JONATHAN KING & AUBERON WAUGH, HERE..
NEW AND USED TORIES
WE DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY IN THE AFFLUENT SOUTH, MONTY. DISSENT, FOR EXAMPLE, IS SUGGESTED WITTILY, WITH STYLE...
BUT, WE ARE CONCERNED! I'VE BEEN A PUNK AGAINST THATCHER..
A ROMANTIC AGAINST THATCHER.. A DECADENT AGAINST THATCHER.. A TORY AGAINST THATCHER...
HERPES AGAINST THE BOMB
BUT YOU WONT ACTUALLY VOTE AGAINST MRS. THATCHER?.
WE WOULDN'T BE THE AFFLUENT SOUTH IF WE PULLED STROKES LIKE THAT, WOULD WE?..
GUESS NOT..
LEMME IN HERE, WALLOPER!
MAX JAFFA SUITE
JUST THEN, HIGH ABOVE THE AIRPORT LOUNGE BAR...
ARE YOU GOING TO TRY A CRAS- LANDING?
IT'S A TERRIFIC RISK. BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE.
PILOTS AGAINST THE 'ROCK' REVIVAL
GAY & PROUD
NEXT-LESSON 14. LABEL ALL PUNKS BORING OLD FARTS & SET FIRE TO THEM.

the lone groover — benyon


WE WANT YOU TO WRITE A JINGLE..
JINGLES 'RE BIG BUSINESS !!!
WHAT'S IT FOR?
MINISTRY OF DEFENCE
IT WILL BEGIN AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT NUCLEAR WAR'S BROKEN OUT...
WHAT?!!!?
DURING A NUCLEAR ATTACK CEEFAX PAGE 94 WILL PROVIDE SUB-TITLES FOR THE HARD OF HEARING
GUMF... POSTER
IT WOULD DESTROY MY CREDIBILITY — RUIN MY CAREER !
WE'LL GIVE YOU LOTS OF MONEY, I HAVE THE CHEQUE HERE...! AND IT WOULD BE HEARD BY 50 MILLION PEOPLE —
—GASPO! I'D BE A HOUSEHOLD NAME — BUT THERE MUST BE A CATCH!
I DON'T WANT A STRAIGHT FEE — I WANT REPEAT FEES- ROYALTIES!
OK, OK, YOU'LL BE PAID EVERY TIME IT'S PLAYED.
FALL OUT.
SHELTER

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

☐The family of the late **Billy Fury** have organised a memorial service for fans of the singer, to take place in his home town. The service will be held at Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral, at 3pm on March 26th.

☐**Captain Sensible, Beki Bondage, Alvin Stardust** and **Fiona Richmond** are among the people who'll be lending support to an anti-seal culling rally and concert, to be held at 2pm onwards in Trafalgar Square next Saturday (March 12). Organised by the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection (BUAV), the rally will protest at the policies of the Norwegian and Canadian seal hunters. Music will be provided by artists including **Country Joe MacDonald** (whose new single is 'Blood On The Ice') and **Johnny Moped**. The latter lad is pictured above, receiving a symbolic "kicking for the cause".

PRINT

·A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING EUROPE·

·THE POVERTY OF PHILOSOPHY·

·KARL MARX 1818—1883·

'I AM NOTHING & I SHOULD BE EVERYTHING'

Illustration Ray Lowry

THE MAN WHO UNCHAINED THE WORLD

JULIE BURCHILL looks at two books which Kapitalise on the centenary of Marx's death, and explains why Karl's word reaches the parts other philosophers can't reach.

KARL MARX: MAN AND FIGHTER
Boris Nicolaievsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen (*Pelican, £3.95*)
MARX: THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS
Various (*Fontana, £3.95*)

THE HEAVIEST tomes I read being those by the late Miss Jacqueline Susann, my attitude to Marx has always been something like a '50s ingenue regarding Cary Grant playing a professor; "Gee whiz, Mr Marx" — gasp, giggle — "you're so SMART!" I literally cannot get beyond the first sentences of his work; I find myself sinking mindlessly in them — but he *is* the face on the May Day Red Square banners, and he *did* inspire Mr Lenin to hatch the Soviet U. For this reason alone he is the most important man who ever lived.

Boris and Otto's biography is not *useful* — most Marxists, moi included, are such diehards that whether the man himself was a devil or angel or charmer and charlatan is totally immaterial — but it is fascinating.

The very thought of; Marx fighting duels; Marx harnessed to an armchair by his children, who would sit in it and whip him (he actually wrote several chapters of *The 18th Brumaire* while indulging in such equestrian high jinks); Marx boasting that his wife was a Prussian aristocrat; Marx vetoing the motto of the League Of The Just (from which the Communist League came) which was "All Men Are Brothers" because he said there were a whole mass of men he did not want to be a brother to; Marx, at a reunion of the DoktorKlub (his old university discussion group) in London in the 1850s (Marx was in his forties at the time) leading a pubcrawl which led to throwing stones at street lamps — when the police arrived Marx is said to have displayed a remarkable turn of speed: the prophet as yobbo.

His wife, Jenny von Westphalen, was literally the girl next door, and it is fun when an old inhabitant of Trier, Marx's hometown, remembers them together; "lovely Jenny" and the teenage Karl "practically the ugliest human being whom the sun could ever have shone on."

The writing is exceptionally slick and clever, fleet of thought and turn of phrase and all the more impressive when you realize it was first written in Germany in the 1930s (publication at that time in that place was, of course, impossible.) The authors cannot be blamed for the awful arid wasteland that is the middle of the book — all the terrible wrangling between the Thisists and the Thatists that plagued 19th Century Communism, always forming committees and passing resolutions and doing NOTHING — because no one could make it seem less than deadly boring.

I was very interested, though, in that part of the book concerning Mr Engels, of whom I knew sod all. Where Marx grew up in wine country before moving to the student town of Bonn, Engels grew up surrounded by heavy industry and the teeming slums — half-starved men, women and children spending up to 16 hours a day at the loom. His family owned the cotton-spinning firm Engels & Ermen, which exists in Manchester to this day. It was Engels who in the White Hart in Drury Lane in 1847 proposed the Communists Open Sesame; "Proletarians of all countries, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!" For 20 years he worked at a job he hated to make possible Marx's — who he considered a genuine genius — work, supporting him financially to the best of his abilities as far as his own draining domestic arrangements (one legitimate household, and another where he kept an Irish daughter of the soil and all her blood relatives) would allow. In fact Engels was Marx's sugar daddy; Marx's financial worries ended only in 1869 when Engels sold his share in the cotton mill and was able to make Marx a yearly allowance.

I say "financial worries" — that really is a grotesque understatement. The poverty in which Marx and his family lived in two rooms in Dean Street was bloodcurdling. A chapter of this biography detailing his life in the 1850s says more about why capitalism is a disgusting dance of death than all the volumes of *Das Kapital* put together.

In the deep of winter Marx had to pawn his overcoat to buy potatoes for his family; in 1854 the cholera epidemic sweeping Britain was so bad in Soho that three of Marx's children died of it. Bailiffs at one point took everything from their rooms, including a dying baby's cot. In 1862, desperate to make some money, Marx applied for a job as a railway clerk but was rejected because of his bad handwriting.

The Dean Street days read like something out of Dark Ages Alan Bleasdale, right down to Marx being worried sick about the effect poverty is having on Jenny; "It will be the end of my wife if it goes on much longer...She says she wishes she were with her children in her grave, and I really cannot blame her, for the humiliations, sufferings and horrors which we have had to go through are really indescribable...taken all in all, a lousy life like this is not worth living."

But despite this despair, this book is a masterpiece of optimism; Marx hatched his survival kit for the world in illness and poverty and exhaustion, yet these ideals went on to lead what is now a whopping three quarters of the world out of the carnage of the capitalist cul-de-sac.

From the spellbinding flesh and blood of the Marx soap opera to the dry bones of theory; *Marx: The First Hundred Years* is mental hard labour. What on earth has the destiny of the working class got to do with chucking around words like "epistemology" and "ontology", BOTH IN THE SAME SENTENCE, and pondering on "the ultimate nature of reality"? It's a real dichotomy, guvnor; pass the *Valley Of The Dolls*.

JULIE BURCHILL

SWING AND GO!
Aidan Cant *(Riot Stories, £1.75)*

PAUL WELLER'S formidable reputation for suss and style is no longer the absolute, the glaring reality writ large, that it has been these last few years but, once again, something to be fought for.

Having made the breaks to concentrate on other people's labours, he will now be judged by those he works *with*. His name will give credence to their ability till such time as their products prove or squander his reputation. Thus will Aidan Cant be introduced, as a poet 'recommended by Paul Weller'.

***Swing And Go!* looks great — desgined by Simon Halfon and illustrated by Gill Thompson, an artist not a million miles from our very own Ian Wright — but, sadly, Aidan Cant reads nothing special. The 34 poems included here are collected bastard offspring of the '60s 'Pool poetry circle — McGough and friends.**

True, the Mitchells, Patterns and McGoughs, for all their tiresome habits, did once have a way with tart one-liners and Cant revitalizes that tradition with some fresh lines 'midst all the poetic retreads — *"a crime-fighter's life is all uphill"* ('Spiderman') is one that went unwritten first time round; and the bitter line from a poem wherein young Aidan gets stood up and has to trudge back alone — *"whistling vengeful bossa-nova tunes to pass the long walk home away"* ('Mellifluence Park Av.') — must *surely* have already been copyrighted by McGough.

Witty (as in clever-clever) tho' his sporadic one-line winners are, Aidan Cant tends to mess and clutter the surrounding poems. The book's ending quote *("We cannot tell how long the road will be, we only know that it will be stony, painful and uphill, and that we shall march along it to the end...")* belies a collection of too much soggy verbalese. Crude-cut dogmatist that I am, I like my writing somewhat noisier. If Keith Allen's roughshod TV journalism lacks 'balance' and Little Brother's spiky performance is no more than a 'rant', then I prefer my TV presenters unbalanced and my poets ranting.

A few weeks back, on Channel 4's smash hit shin-ding doo-wooper *The Spanish Civil War* (a programme which tries so *hard* to be 'balanced' tho' every frame screams loud and clear; *there is no room for balance* when every fascist utterance spells 'HATE'), there was a glorious moment of supreme poetry.

'Midst clips of German planes raining bombs on Guernica and Catalan workers' militia celebrating the revolution, streets-turned-parties, there was a shot of a communist poet, Rafael Alberti. Brash and confident, he launched into a poem — them days, instead of performing 'Tetley Bittermen' to an audience of two dozens punks and a smattering of arts students, he was addressing a rant against fascism, a rallying cry for the defence of Madrid, to a crowd of *thousands* of workers in the throes of a revolution!

***Of course* he called his audience to arms not via the pages of a cosy slim-volume but from the street, *of course* he didn't drone with quiet pomposity but shouted at the top of his voice. This wasn't point-scoring 'mongst the poetry circle — this was art as REVOLUTION.**

Alberti finished and the thousands roared, charged with hope and a new strength...and *that's* poetry.

X MOORE

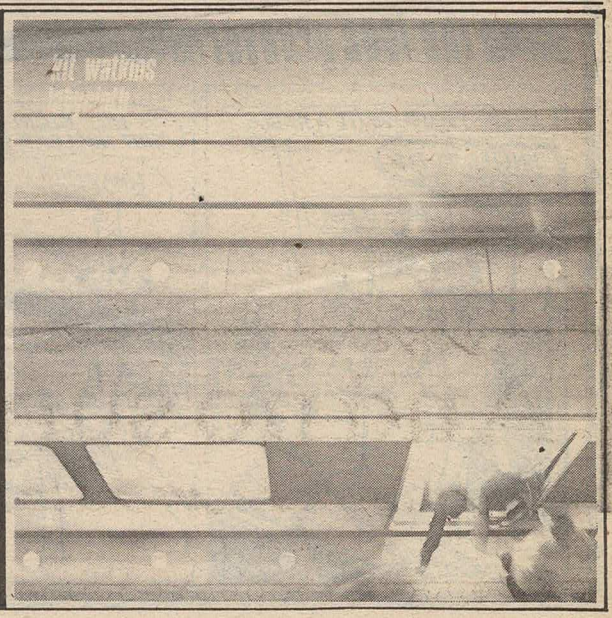
***Swing And Go!* is available for £1.75 (inc. p&p) from Riot Stories Ltd. 45/53 Sinclair Rd. London W14.**

Two albums released on Strawberry Records

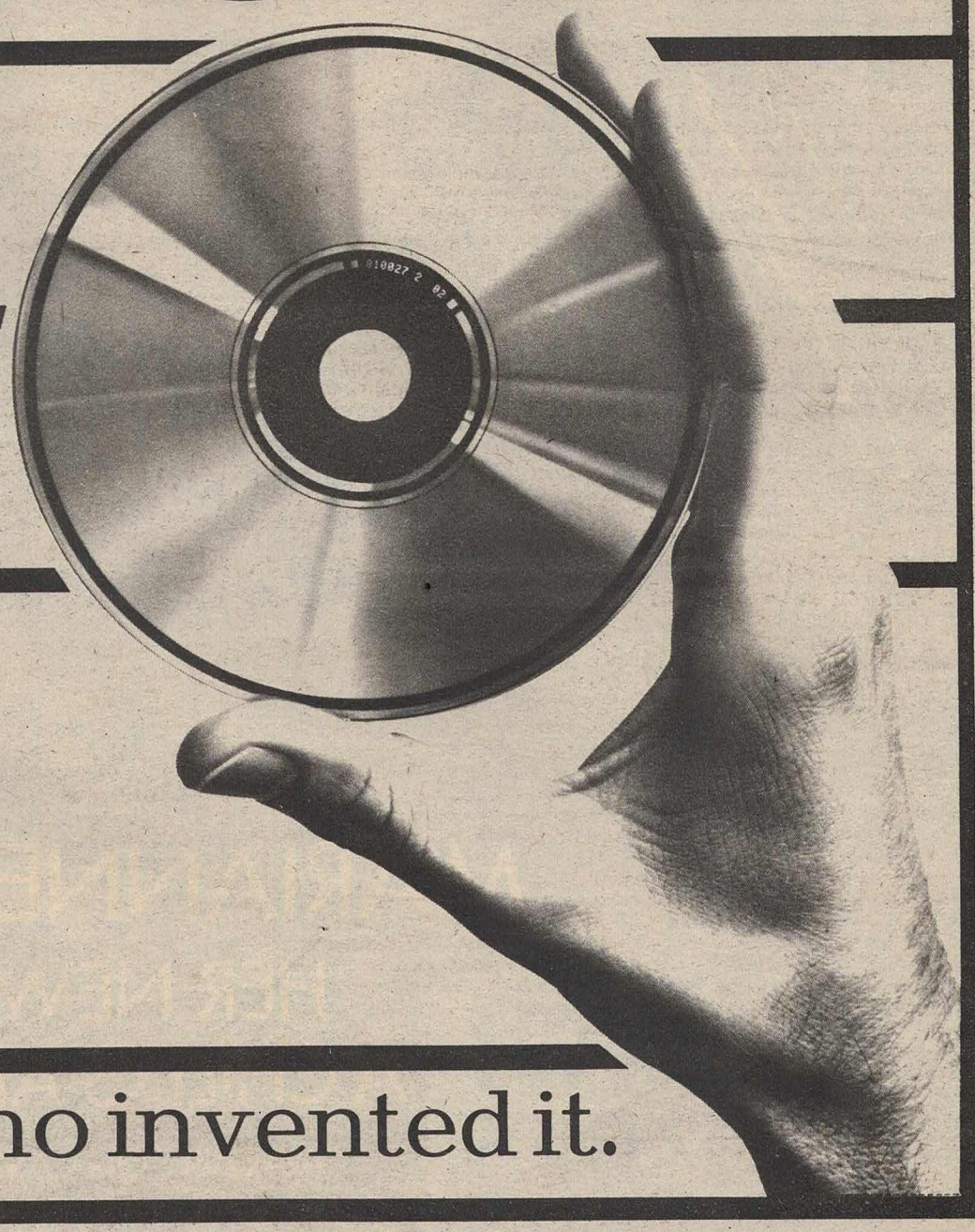
BRUCE STEPHENS
'Watch That First Step'
SRLP 104

KIT WATCHINS
'Labyrinth'
SRLP 105

DISTRIBUTED BY PINNACLE



No record or stylus wear. No dust, static or vibration problems. No surface noise.



And no surprises who invented it.

Stuart Moxham. Pic Graham Smith

How a Young Marble Giant became...

GIST TO THE MILL

STUART MOXHAM is one of life's quiet men.

His thoughtful and reflective manner, at odds with the run-of-the-mill pop garrulity, echoes his softly-softly involvement with music over the past three years.

As a Young Marble Giant, his minimalist songwriting caught the mood of a listening public weary of post-punk clamour. YMG's cool understatement, as well as their enviable commercial success (over 80,000 LPs sold), opened the floodgates for the deluge of 'quiet pop' groups that so marked 1982.

From Radio Two upstarts Pale Fountains, through the beguiling naivety of The Marine Girls, to YMG spinoff Weekend, the various avenues of pop craft under exploration, be they melodic jazz or aspiring Brill Building, have all benefitted from Stuart Moxham's initiative in turning the volume knob DOWN.

Moxham's current preoccupation is The Gist. Previously just a suitable label for his solo work, and originally conceived to run a parallel course with YMG, The Gist now boasts a more or less settled line up and is set to tour this spring.

With two singles already under his Gist belt, including the entrancing minor classic 'Love At First Sight', Moxham's LP 'Embrace The Herd' is about to take its chances in the marketplace alongside a snappy reggaematic single, 'Fool For Valentine'.

My chat with Stuart takes place in the impressive Victorian house he shares with Weekend chanteuse Alison Statton, Wendy Smith, designer of the Weekend and Gist sleeves, and roving instrumentalist brother Phil.

Some YMG backtracking kicks off the proceedings.

"It was a mutual decision to finish that group. Before Young Marble Giants 'went public' I was thoroughly cheesed off. I wanted to go and live in Berlin but decided to give the band three months — then Rough Trade, which was *the* record company at the time, got in touch and it all happened.

"I remember coming back home after seeing Rough Trade and thinking — that's it, we've done it, we've got the deal! Making the LP and going on after that was almost an anticlimax. It's very strange when you realise an ambition and have to go on beyond it."

Isn't there the danger of the same thing happening with The Gist?

"No, not at all. I'm still really excited by it all." Stuart elaborates, "We had a very intense, close six months in Young Marble Giants so when it ended it was like ending a love affair. It just threw me off the rails. I spent 18 months alone doing nothing and I had a motorbike accident that almost killed me — but in fact actually did me good because it ended that whole chapter.

"After meeting Phil Legg *(formerly of Essential Logic)* and working with him over the course of three singles and an album, I now think I'm able to blend commerciality while still keeping it interesting for me. So I'm happy and the radio plugger hopefully agrees."

How do you approach the job of songwriting? Is it a nine to five routine?

"I've so many jobs in music — engineer, producer, promoting the stuff with the record company, but composition is obviously the most important. There's no set technique — I go to my house in the sticks like Bryan Ferry...."

Following Weekend's cover of the High Life-influenced 'Carnival Headache', I wondered if Moxham would like to see other people doing his songs, and establish his songwriting over his other roles as singer / player / performer?

"That's a really topical question — I've just been to see a big publishing company about that. I have this fascination with music — I love experimenting and being perverse but at the same time I can't help making melodies and songs.

"All the interest has come from 'Love At First Sight' — it only sold 3000 copies but it got me so much work, like producing the Marine Girls LP. We did 16 songs in three days — it's....quiet music. I'm also working with another Cardiff group The Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe which is Spike from Weekend, a girl called Debbie who's a great singer and lyricist, and a drummer, Dean, who's so good he's now in The Gist too!"

Moxham has already played abroad with a fledgling version of The Gist which included seven people onstage as well as backing tapes of voices and music. So how does he intend to approach live work with the slimmed-down line up of himself, Phil Legg, brother Phil on bass and drummer Dean?

"There will be a tour, but not the traditional slog. I'm interested in working at a reasonable pace. I know if I got myself an eight-track recorder I could make my records alone completely from scratch — which would mean I wouldn't have to come to London so much — but after working alone with machines for 18 months I realised you always get better results playing with other people."

Finally I asked Moxham if he'd ever plan, from scratch, a pure slab of pop aimed directly at the charts — a contrived rival for the Kajagoogoos of this world?

"That's what is supposed to be happening with 'Here Comes Love'. I think if someone does good little pieces of music it'll be recognised in the end. It's not as if I want to be Liberace, I'd just like to make a living so I can continue making records. What was it Oscar Wilde said? — There's nothing worse than virtuous obscurity".

GRAHAM K. SMITH

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
HER NEW ALBUM
A CHILD'S ADVENTURE
AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE & RECORD
ISLAND

Philips spark-off the audio revolution.

The first music reproduction system to reproduce silent passages silently.

The first to read a digitally recorded disc using a minute shaft of laser light.

Quite purely and simply a Philips Compact Disc player reproduces music precisely as the performer intended.

Giving you pure, perfect sound that will last for ever. (We mean eternity.)

You'll not find the conventional array of knobs and buttons.

But you will find you can programme up to 1 hour's music to play in any order you decide from a universally compatible disc.

Yet surprisingly, within seconds this player can be linked to your present audio system.

It will totally change your conception of recorded music.

For keeps.

COMPACT disc DIGITAL AUDIO

For a demonstration or list of your nearest stockists, ring teledata on 01-200 0200.

The world's first laser-read compact disc player.

PHILIPS

Simply years ahead

THE RUNAWAY AMERICAN

IF HE'D lived, maybe Eddie Cochran would have been as big as The Stray Cats.

Like them, he was young and photogenic. Like Brian Setzer, he played a pretty mean guitar. And like them, he had to go to England to learn about success.

Unfortunately, unlike them, he never returned. The limousine carrying him back to the airport crashed and he was killed.

Perhaps he wouldn't have made it, though. he didn't like touring, nor publicity, and he didn't much care for limousines. He wanted to settle down and play pool with his buddies.

In contrast, The Stray Cats have their taken to limousine life. It suits them. The only thing is, England has never forgotten Eddie Cochran and that six-week tour 23 years ago.

How long will she remember The Stray Cats?

Well, I for one won't forget them playing one of the most exciting shows of my life. I won't forget that Brian Setzer struck me as possibly the best guitar player I had ever seen (apart maybe from one solo James Burton played with Emmylou Harris in 1975). And I certainly won't forget describing Setzer in a review as "a demented Renaissance cupid". (Ah, those were the days...) I still offer a royal two fingers to anyone who disputes that The Stray Cats in Christmas 1980 were the best friggin' band in London.

BRIAN IS of a somewhat less angelic appearance these days. Two years of runaway success have worn down the runaway boy's features a little.

Their success has spread out like an oil slick, moving gradually over the face of the western world. Now they're finally home. Their limousine didn't crash. Maybe one day they'll go down like Holly and Valens and the Big Bopper, but not until they've received America's full blessing.

Brian Setzer is the ultimate professional popstar. He's how Lenny Kaye described Cochran — "the very cut of a Teen Idol". Except that Cochran wasn't cut *out*, whereas Brian's face was actually conceived to oblige the camera. It *is* a pose, it doesn't have to adopt one. Every '50s icon of streetcool has at one time or other inhabited this face: Brando, Presley, Dean, Cochran...they're all there.

Right now, The Stray Cats are touring the heartland, the world of John Cougar's 'Jack And Diane': an amorphous futuristic desert of junkfood boulevards and entertainment complexes stuck out on the perimeters of city limits like uninhabited palaces. They're taking it in an easy stride: it happened in Paris, it happened in Tokyo, now it's happening in Fort Lauderdale. So what's new?

They're skipping the coasts this time, leaving out New York and LA. This tour is for real, for the real America. There are no ducktail dandies down here. Leave it to Hollywood to bring out the "cats", these kids have never even heard of Gene Vincent.

No doubt in England your average uptight dummy takes the American success of 'Built For Speed' (compiled from the two British Arista albums) as confirmation that The Stray Cats are a con. If 'Imperial Bedroom' doesn't sell and The Stray Cats do, that *proves* America is a nation of mongoloids, right?

I say screw 'em. The teenager may be dead in London and New York, deliberating over boring Elvis Costello records, but this is a new Beatlemania. These streamlined teenage bodies are out on display because, beneath that perfect, impenetrable flesh, their hearts are throbbing. And not for five horrid geeks with slinky medium-wave hair and gold crosses playing MOR metal either.

After five years of Foreigners, The Stray Cats make sense as idols. When they play 'Double Talkin' Baby', or 'C'mon Everybody', or 'Lonely Summer Nights', I don't know if the girls are wetting their pants, but they sure writhe and squeal.

The Stray Cats have the same internal chemical structure as The Police: that is to say, two glam boys, one straight man. Setzer in performance is like a surly, bleached Ian McCulloch, Slim Jim like a hillbilly Pete Murphy. If Setzer is the boy god, the thing nevertheless hinges on the camaraderie of Phantom, with his earrings and executioner's gloves, his mad angularity, in the same way that The Police hinge on Stewart Copeland.

The show is impeccably rehearsed, the audience plied with lures and favours. 'Rumble In Brighton' swiftly becomes a rumble in Florida; the cooing intro to 'Strat Cat Strut' is prolonged over several extra bars before breaking into Setzer's now definitive guitar twirl; 'You Can't Hurry Love' is taken as a cover of Phil Collins'.

But Setzer's guitar is lick perfect on every break, one moment picking out a delicate country twang, the next burning up a lightning blues run. At the end of the show, a stunning encore of 'Baby Let's Play House' sounds like Scotty Moore just sidled out of the wings to jam. The point is that Setzer isn't messing around. He's a fanatic.

ESSENTIALLY, THE Stray Cats have taken off here because they take America for what it is: huge, primitive, above all young. Florida may be one vast Jewish retirement home, but The Stray Cats make the most perfect teenage American music since The Raspberries' 'Go All The Way', and out come the kids. America is growing young again. As Carl Perkins said, put ya cat clothes on. We's goin' for a ride.

In *Country*, Nick Tosches wrote that "rockabilly was the face of Dionysos, full of febrile sexuality and senselessness; it flushed the skin of new housewives and made pink teenage boys reivent themselves as flaming creatures".

But if The Cramps' versions of Presley's 'Fever' and Johnny Burnette's 'Tear It Up' tap that now sunken, subconscious barbarity, 'Rock This Town' and 'Fishnet Stockings' reinvent rockabilly as pure teenage fun.

For The Stray Cats, rockabilly is not a bag of myths, simply a music. Alex Chilton's production of 'Songs The Lord Taught Us' draws out and exaggerates all the swampy, demonic associations of rockabilly — the licking tongues of hellfire — but The Cramps make music for grown-up cultists and deviants. The Stray Cats simply aren't riding that mystery train, and that is what their detractors cannot stand.

Like their spiritual uncle Eddie Cochran, The Stray Cats fit somewhere between the Elvis of 'Good Rockin' Tonight' and the Buddy Holly of 'Peggy Sue'. This ain't pure teen heaven, but it sure ain't "febrile sexuality". The teen idol is really a pre-sexual fantasy. As Lenny Kaye said, Cochran sang of "what being part of teenage America is all about", and "always seemed the one most tied to his homeland, a kind of unique spokesman who flared up and captured a time perfectly..."

Even if you compared Cochran's 'Jeanie, Jeanie, Jeanie' with Setzer's, Cochran's vocal is far coarser, almost to the point of sounding black.

Crucially, The Stray Cats hail neither from the inner city nor from the backwoods, but from suburbia itself. They've curcumvented the problems of being a "rockabilly rebel" (*Newsweek*) in the age of the claptrack by approaching America like any other rock'n'roll band does. And that's something no inner-city club-critic will ever understand.

SO ANYWAY, Anton and I are hanging around in a Holiday Inn, stuffing ourselves with food, driving down to Miami and back, stuffing ourselves with food, and all the time The Stray Cats stay in their rooms. (Slim "very much in love" Jim is with his Britt.) America is under siege by bad weather, so the intrepid Dutchman and I haven't even been able to lie by the pool sleeping, eating, and drinking Margaritas. We've had to do this in our rooms. Sometimes a journalist's life is very rough indeed.

After one day of this divine sloth, another one rolls around the clock and three pallid, coke-pepped Cats ("I dink dey're on drogs," surmises Corbijn) emerge to assemble for the interview. They are very wary of the English press after the reception of 'Gonna Ball', and suspicion haunts the air. Setzer in particular is like a small time-bomb destined to go off in my face. What can I say?

To be reasonable, I try, Are you guys having fun?

Jim's in no two minds. "I'm having a *great* time, I know that."

Lee agrees. "We alwa:s have fun. We just get up there and play every night. That part's always fun. Sometimes the travelling part isn't."

Brian waits.

I say: When you were in London, did you ever think this would happen? (How much more lamebrain am I expected to get?)

Jim: "I think we were just concentrating on doing it there first, but we always had the intention to come back here. We didn't know it would take off as big as this, but we always wanted to come back."

Still silence from the blond one. Setzer stares at nothing. Will the cloud burst?

I say: Er, this stuff about the "rockabilly revolution" that's sweeping America ... that's bullshite, right? (Can I push it?) Do you, in fact, see any, um, quiffs, outside of New York or LA?

Lee breaks in, non-committal-sounding. "What we do, I don't think is revival. Some people are starting to dress up, but it's really just the music. The same thing that happened over in Europe is just happening over here. It's just good dance music, you know?"

But here's Brian, and boy, is he is a steam.

"Well, y'see, that's the difference between England and America, is that all the kids don't *have* to dress up in order to be *rockabilly rebels* or whatever, and next week there's a noo band on the front cover of the *NME*.

"In America, if they like you, they don't have to dress up, and they'll come out for years and years to see you. I mean, we have hippies come down to see us! It appeals to a lot of different types, not just kids or anything. This mom came down with her five daughters, y'know... that's great. I think in America they don't ever leave you. Like, Santana or something, they never lost their following, you know, they always come back. In America the kids don't dump you because the kids get older as you get older."

Except that in the beginning, the original rockabilly was quite quickly diluted into pop. By 1958, say, when Elvis joined the army, it was over, and next thing you had Fabian and the Twist.

Lee: "Well, I really think there's a spot here for it. I don't think it's something that's gonna come and go. There really are people who wanna hear rock'n'roll out there. There's always been something of a rock'n'roll audience out there, it's just only recently surfaced again. I mean, there *should* be something besides Foreigner and REO Speedwagon in the charts."

Brian: "It's a whole new thing, the kids think that we're the first ones, and that's important."

Touring America, do you fell closer to the country or to the cities?

Brian: "I think that's kind of a warped viewpoint, really. We go to the middle of Tennessee, and it's just like our hometown, really."

Lee: "Everywhere in America is the same, almost."

Brian: "Only in New York or LA do you get kids dressing up rockabilly."

Lee: "It's like in London, all the kids with pockets full of money (!) going out and buying clothes..."

Brian: "A lot of the kids here don't have money. America's not too well off at the moment."

Jim: "That's important, though, I don't want everybody to look like us, because then it's not the same as when you started out to look different."

Brian: "I don't think it matters, really."

IF YOU were a straight revival act, a faithful reproduction, you probably wouldn't be where you are today.

Brian: "Yeah, it's like Bebop Harold said he went to London and they wanted him to play 'Be Bop A Lula' with brushes, and they said, why didn't you use brushes? And he said, you actually *know* I used brushes on 'Be Bop A Lula'? There were 3,000 people out there, and they were all disappointed 'cause Bebop Harold didn't use brushes!"

Lee: "That's treating it like a museum piece. I mean, we really don't consciously try to do something, like, *this is Gene Vincent...*"

Brian: "Rockabilly, what we're doing, is in the back of everybody's mind, but it's never been done. Like, I think Madness are a great band, I think they should tour America a bit, get out of Camden Town, I think they could make it..."

"Mad" Anton (quietly assertive in the background): "They vill do."

Brian: "... But I think the reason English people relate to them more is coz there are a lot more Jamaicans in England and they can relate to the ska beat. America cannot relate to a reggae beat, they don't know what it is, they never had it. Whereas America had rockabilly in the '50s, and it died, and these kids coming to see us are 14-years-old, it's *in there*, y'know (pointing to brain), but it's never been brought out. I don't know if this makes any sense..."

How much straight country do you like? Rockabilly once posed a real threat to country — even George Jones cut a couple of rockabilly records under the name Thumper Jones! Do you like country pickers such as James Burton?

Brian: "Yeah, I've gotten into straight country music a lot lately — Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings...As a matter of fact, I just spoke to James Burton, down at Steve Carr's where he keeps his guitars. Guys like that show up all the time. Like we had two original Bluecaps come down to see us from Norfolk, Virginia...Bepop Harold and Bubba something or other..."

Jim: "The guy who screams on 'Be-Bop-A-Lula'!"

Brian: "All those guys have come down and met us at some point, and they're all thrilled as shit for us. And Paul Burlison from Johnny Burnette wanted to get in touch with us, saying I played a 'real Memphis guitar'! They're just thrilled that that sound is back..."

Jim: "That somebody remembers it."

Brian: "Yeah, so that's the stuff I been listening to lately."

Lee: "We got a track with pedal steel."

Brian: "As a matter of fact, I'm pretty hot on the banjo. I didn't get to play it last night because we had a weird situation with the PA, we couldn't get loud enough. But Jimmy bought me a banjo for Christmas, and I'm pretty damn good, I think...'Foggy Mountain Breakdown', 'Orange Blossom Special'...good stuff."

WAY BACK, of course, there's the notion of rockabilly being a mixture of country and blues. There was more blues on 'Gonna Ball' than on the first album, more slide guitar. How much blues goes into The Stray Cats?

Brian: "There's really some of all of it..."

Lee: "The roots, what rock'n'roll started from. When you're playing rockabilly, you have to like Hank Williams and stuff, coz it's all so closely related to old blues things."

It's widely rumoured that Williams left behind tapes of an R&B album but they suppressed in the interests of his image. Lee and Jim, you came from R&B bands originally, did you not?

Jim: "That's what I know the best".

Brian: "Jimmy and Lee are more blues-oriented than I am."

Are you playing a white music, a white sound?

Lee: "It's hard to say."

Jim: "I guess it is, since we're white..." (!)

Brian: "If you go back to the '50s, I don't think there any original black rockability artists. I think it's pretty white as far as country music goes as being white...It doesn't mean black people can't enjoy it."

The Cats tactfully omit the lines "***Till I rocked into Africa and rolled off the ship/ And seen***

SUCCESS OF TEEN DREAM

them niggers doin' an odd-lookin' skip" from Warren Smith's original 'Ubangi Stomp'. In fact, Elvis had more number ones on the R&B charts than Chuck Berry did. And I've heard 'Stray Cat Strut' on black dance music stations.

Jim: "I think it's a white interpretation of a black art form."

Brian: "What! Rockabilly?!?"

Jim: "No, our type of thing, all the rockabilly that went back to the blues, like 'Hound Dog' is a white interpretation of a black song."

Brian: "I hate to start pickin' us apart like I'm a doctor, you know... like, now I'm gonna fuckin' cut that lung open and fold it back and see what's in there... Y'know, it just comes out the way it does."

"Rockabilly is not a usurpation of black music by whites because its soul, its pneuma, was white, full of the redneck ethos..." (Nick Tosches, *Country*)
"In Italy, they placed Cochran's face opposite Brando's and dared you to choose one over the other." (Lenny Kaye)

BRIAN, APART from being a magnificent guitarist, your looks make you a natural popstar. You're teen idols now. Do you think you could have made it in America on talent alone?

Brian: "I think looks are part of my success. Rock'n'roll is a lot more than just the music, y'know, it's the attitude and the look and all that rolled into one. I think I would have made it anyway, if I hadn't had Jim and Lee; I might have gotten a job backing somebody like a Bruce Springsteen, or somebody in Las Vegas, and I would've made a lotta money. Of course I would never have done it, because it's not my style."

Couldn't you have become a James Burton?

Brian: "Well, boy, he told me he's got 25 cars! So, man think about sessions in your old age!"

Who is your personal idol as a rock'n'roll performer, in terms of looks and persona?

Brian: "I used always to think Eddie Cochran, y'know, coz he's my favourite and then, you see clips of him live and he don't do too much for me. Cick Clark made us up some unreleased stuff he had, old *American Bandstand* shows of Cochran and Vincent and Berry, and those guys just didn't do too much for me."

Jim: "I guess Elvis was really the best when you come down to it."

Brian: "Elvis was the *best*. Nobody touched him."

You're not using the same overtly sexual gestures that Elvis used. Do you think rockabilly is a sexy music, like R&B is a sexy music?

Brian: "I think it's more dance-oriented. (Ponders with a grin) They do like that ballad, though..."

How much of the purist is there in The Stray Cats? You've got a doowop number with 'Fourteen-Karat Soul' on the next album, but how far can you branch out from the rockabilly base?

Brian: "I don't think you can go too far with it, y'know, but we do what hits us."

I FELT the main fault of 'Gonna Ball' was that it was too limited, there weren't enough original-sounding songs like 'Storm The Embassy' or 'Runaway Boys'; songs which had a rock'n'roll base but in a sense strayed beyond rockabilly.

Jim: "The more time that we can write, the better. On 'Gonna Ball', there wasn't that much time to write. This year Brian has been writing a lot, and we've been on the road so we can all write in the same hotel room, and I think the next album's gonna be more like the first in the range of it."

Brian: "We were really getting fucked about pretty bad with 'Gonna Ball'."

Lee: "With a second album, that's the one of the hardest parts, after a big hit first album, especially in England. They like to get you on the second album; they like to build you up and knock you down over there. I think that has something to do with it."

Brian: "I think 'Gonna Ball' would have bombed in England even if it had been a great album, to be honest with you. I think the press was just waiting to attack us. The press there creates the fans. The press there can make or break a band; it's got too much fucking power."

It's a small country. Besides, there wasn't a single on the album.

Brian: "I mean, we are definitely coming back to play in England, we're looking forward to it, and I know we have a lot of fans there. But the problem with the British press is they're got too much stinkin' power. There are very few bands that can actually override the press there. It's the one think that gives me the willies — that crazy press thing."

Do you think 'Runaway Boys' would have worked as a single in America?

Lee: "I would have thought 'Runaway Boys' would make an obvious single, but EMI liked 'Rock This Town' and 'Stray Cat Strut', and they're supposed to know."

Jim: "They liked the song about the pussycat."

Brian: "They don't want any trouble here. They don't wanna think about running away; they like the pussycats..."

Jim: "Like, oh, he's so nice, and he fights, and he goes home..."

Brian: "And rocks his town."

Lee: "They don't wanna hear about storming embassies or anything like that."

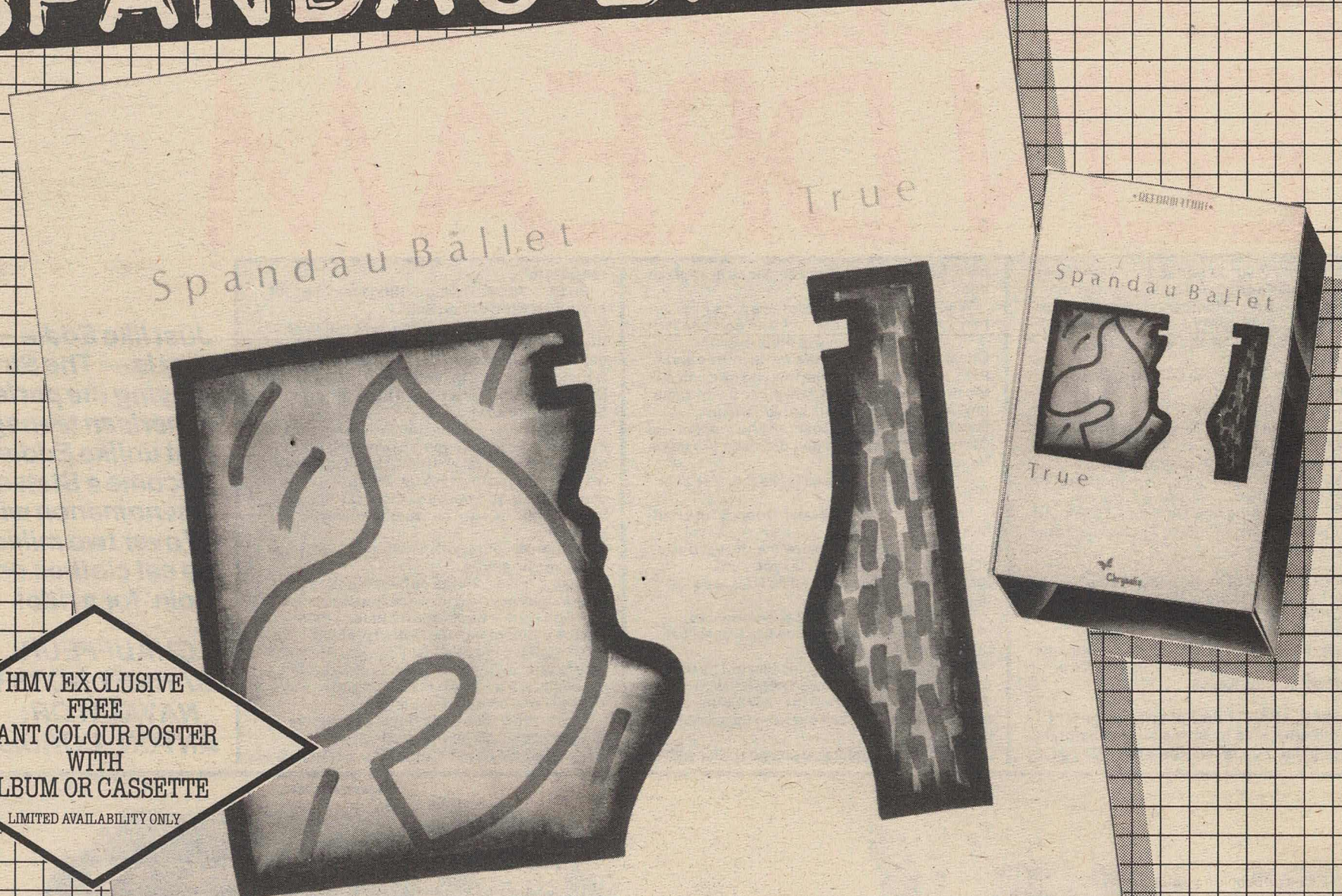
CONTINUES PAGE 22

Just like Eddie — Cochran that is — The Stray Cats are playing the perfect American teenage music. But unlike Eddie, they've become a Stateside phenomenon with LP sales of over two million. So put ya cat clothes on — we's goin' for a ride!

CHAUFFEUR: BARNEY HOSKYNS
NAVIGATOR: ANTON CORBIJN

Brian, Slim Jim and Lee

SPANDAU BALLET.



HMV EXCLUSIVE
FREE
GIANT COLOUR POSTER
WITH
ALBUM OR CASSETTE
LIMITED AVAILABILITY ONLY

TRUE.

ONLY 4.29 ALBUM OR CASSETTE.

MEET SPANDAU BALLET
LIVE AT THE HMV SHOP.

Oxford Street 17th March 5.30

the HMV shop

More records. More tapes. More discounts.

All offers subject to availability.

363 OXFORD ST. (NEXT TO BOND ST. TUBE) TEL: 629 1240. BEDFORD: SILVER ST. TEL: 211354. **BIRMINGHAM:** NEW ST. TEL: 643 7029. **BOLTON:** EXCHANGE ST. TEL: 394934. **BRADFORD:** CHEAPSIDE TEL: 72882. **BRIGHTON:** CHURCHILL SQUARE TEL: 29060. **BRISTOL:** BROADMEAD TEL: 297467. **COVENTRY:** HERTFORD ST. TEL: 21001. **DERBY:** ST. PETERS ST. TEL: 364700. **EDINBURGH:** ST. JAMES CENTRE TEL: 556 1236. **ENFIELD:** CHURCH ST. TEL: 363 0184. **EXETER:** GUILDHALL SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 35804. **GLASGOW:** UNION ST. TEL: 221 1850. **GLOUCESTER:** KINGS WALK TEL: 32231. **HULL:** WHITEFRIARGATE TEL: 226160. **LEEDS:** TRINITY ST. TEL: 435598. **LEICESTER:** HAYMARKET CENTRE TEL: 537232. **LEWISHAM:** RIVERDALE TEL: 852 3449. **LIVERPOOL:** LORD ST. TEL: 708 8855. **LUTON:** ARNDALE CENTRE TEL: 35290. **MANCHESTER:** MARKET ST. TEL: 834 9920. **NEWCASTLE:** NORTHUMBERLAND ST. TEL: 327470. **NORWICH:** (IN TOP SHOP) HAYMARKET TEL: 25490. **NOTTINGHAM:** BROADMARSH CENTRE TEL: 52841. **NOTTING HILL GATE:** NOTTING HILL GATE TEL: 229 1476. **OLDHAM:** TOWN SQUARE SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 6337332. **PLYMOUTH:** NEW GEORGE ST. TEL: 20067. **PORTSMOUTH:** COMMERCIAL RD. TEL: 29678. **SHEFFIELD:** PINSTONE ST. TEL: 751445. **SOUTHAMPTON:** HANOVER BUILDINGS TEL: 32654. **STOCKTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 66174. **SUNDERLAND:** HIGH STREET WEST TEL: 41267. **SUTTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 6420084. **SWANSEA:** THE QUADRANT CENTRE TEL: 462094. **WOLVERHAMPTON:** THE GALLERY, MANDER SQUARE TEL: 29978.

THE FIRST LADY OF FILTH

Divine pits his 300lbs of solid glamour against Elizabeth Taylor, Diane Keaton and Bette Midler. Don Watson referees. Pic Pennie Smith.

ZRHODES. For a moment that name, displayed so plainly and with such an apparent lack of pretension on the third doorbell down, looks vaguely out of place in a crumbling, undistinguished terrace.

It's strange enough that Divine, the perverse idol of the late-night bad taste aficianados, should be roosting here on his latest Trans-Altantic jaunt; but why, should Zandra Rhodes, the daring darling of haute couture fashion (deceased) choose to situate herself here, in one of the most tumble-down sections of Notting Hill Gate? Why build a palace of gushing artistic affluence within such an unappealing shell?

The answer, I'm afraid, lies in that increasingly popular phrase *Nostalgie de la boue*. Recently dusted down by good old Uncle Malcy, the term may be undergoing a revival, but the concept it describes of cultural slumming has never been away. It has its most recent manifestation in the heinious 'Hard Times' vogue (which, you may have noticed, thrives almost exclusively in the relatively prosperous pastures of London) but it spans back as far as the Regency, when fashionable London society began to look to cab-drivers and tavern serving wenches for their stylish inspiration.

While the aspiring lower classes have always clambered up the sartorial scale, it seems they'll always be destined to meet the fashionable elites heading in the opposite direction. *Nostalgie de la boue* — it's a tradition, it's everywhere, and Zandra Rhodes is one of its modern high priestesses.

With her divine conception of haute couture punk and her immaculately safety-pinned creations, Zandra was appropriately dubbed the First Lady of Punk — a title of delicious irony that spelled it all out. Punk had been absorbed into the hierarchic scheme of things. It was no longer a threat, simply a pet vulgarity to be toyed with.

Zandra Rhodes exists because 'respectable' people love outrage in measured and controlled doses — which is where Divine comes in. The high priestess of and the Queen of Filth. A formidable duo.

DIVINE HIMSELF is *him*self this afternoon, wallowing in a mound of cushions deep in the attention of microphones and cameras, looking like a sleaze sodden Sultan holding court.

For such a phenomenally large figure he gives an amazing impression of helium weightlessness, his podgy hand floating around in theatrical flourishes. On one such aerial exploration, though, the hand floats too high and his deep blue polo neck sweater comes adrift, allowing a roll of blubber to overflow the ample waistband of his taut black trousers. The hand flashes back to conceal the expanse of lurid white flesh before hovering back to come to rest by the gargantuan brandy tumbler, and the verbal flood continues.

"Oh my audiences loves to be abused," he gushed in a thick cream American accent, "I mean I've been trying to cut some of the vulgarity out, because it's all so common now, but the audience are still screaming for more filth. They're gonna have to go somewhere else for it — I say the odd 'fucker' because that's what they paid their money for, but there's not as much as they'd like there."

Don't you find it bizarre that people will come along and pay money to be abused?

"Oh a lot of comedians abuse the audience completely, *horribly* and the people love it. They pay a lot of money to sit there and take the abuse. These are people who should probably get chained up against the wall and be beaten by their wives or husbands — but they're not capable of seeing that far, so they go and get abused by a comedian and everyone *laughs* at them and they love it.

"I don't understand that mentality at all, but it does exist so I take advantage of it."

Don't you abuse yourself to get the laughs though, your weight particularly?

"No, I know I'm fat — I'm the one who shovels the food down my throat to make myself fat."

But you celebrate that.

"Oh sure, but that's the character of Divine, which is a separate character which I created, and people *will* get the two mixed up. The real person is the one that is sitting in front of you. That's why I never do interviews as Divine, because I want people to take me seriously, not just as some freak in a dress."

"I'm not a drag queen or a transvestite or a female impersonator," he continues with mascara aflutter, "I'm an *actor*. I created my own character and people don't know how to treat me because no one else does what *I* do. I'm an actor who specialises in womens' parts because there are no women to play those parts.

"There are no glamorous women in America any more. Elizabeth Taylor weighs about 500 pounds and had gone to the dogs. As for the rest, with the style and the clothes, they might as well be a bunch of dykes running around. Glamour is a thing of the past.

What you're doing is a caricature of glamour, though, by the very fact that you are a 300 pound man.

"Oh, it's *glamour* though, it's 300 pounds of glamour. I'd put myself up against any one of those movie stars any day of the week. Take Diane Keaton or something — I'm sure she must give good head or something, 'cause what other reason would there be for Warren Beatty even wanting her around? Maybe she's good at conversation but the poor girl's ugly.

"I mean, Barbara Streisand's a dawg, as is Bette Midler — I mean she's got big tits, but thank God she's got them because she hasn't got anything else. Streisand's got long fingernails and a good voice, but her FACE, it looks like a truck ran into it.

"OK, so maybe what I do is a bizarre, over the top kind of glamour — but at least it's got some kind of style."

Some people might say it's 300 pounds of grossness.

"Oh sure, I've been told that to my face sometimes. I just laugh, though, because it's obvious that I am dealing with an asshole — any person who would say that is just not sophisticated enough to know what he is looking at.

"Diane Keaton looks like any secretary on the street, Divine has charisma, stage presence and glamour. Something that's out of the ordinary is beautiful or glamorous. Someone like Liz Taylor was exceptionally beautiful — she was the epitomy of the Star. She gave women something to live up to."

That's an attitude that's pretty unsympathetic to women.

"Oh no, I feel sorry for women and what they've had to go through — especially gay women. I'm all for them — I'm a member of a minority group myself; a gay, a person wandering round in dresses trying to get ahead. There are people around there trying to stop me at every turn. I'm fighting a big world out there where not everyone agrees with me. Some people think that men should be men and women be women and nobody should cross over those lines. It's been a fight for 20 years and I'll fight for another 20 years.

"It's important to be outraged. There's so many shocking things going on in the world with pollution that are really shocking. So why is it so shocking I should make my living wearing dresses?

"How long can it be before everything just blows itself up and burns itself out? And it seems as if no-one's worried about it — they're worried about how much they can stuff into their pockets.

"I want to shock people into laughing, and into laughing at themselves and into having a good time, because there is so much of that really shocking stuff going on out there that they need something different to take their mind off that."

Hold it, one minute you're worried because people aren't worried and the next minute you're talking about taking everbody's mind off things.

"Oh sure yes I'm contradicting myself," he says, looking hopelessly into the distance, "but then there is no way not to, because most people don't pay any attention to what's going on and the ones that do do nothing about it.

"It's important to be shocked in a good way, to have a good time, to learn to laugh at yourself, not necessarily to laugh at what's going on, because you can't just put it aside, you have to do something about it, but then you can't do anything about it by yourself. It's like all these dead end streets."

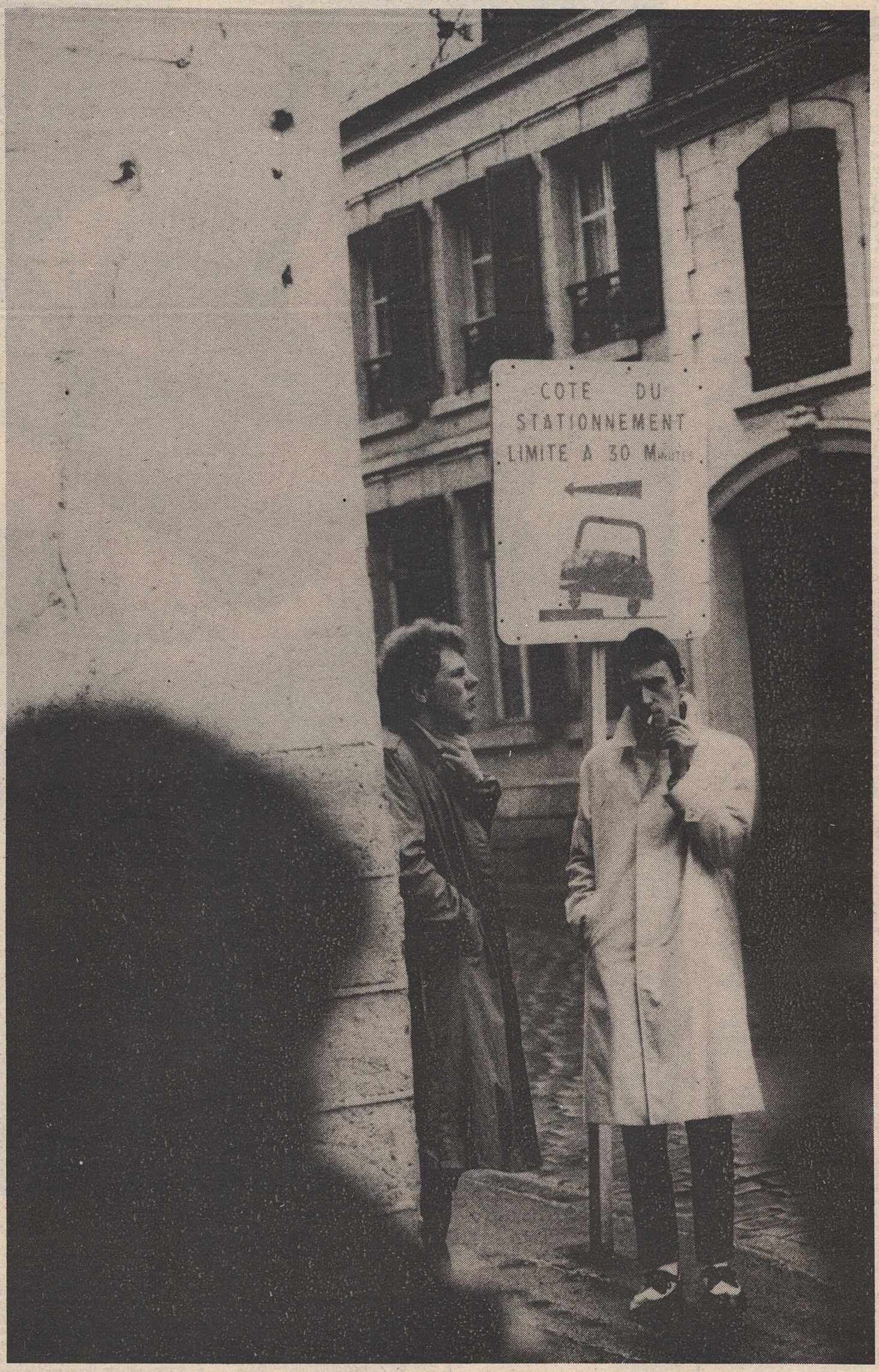
So Divine is heading down a dead end street?

"Oh no, Divine will move on and get more and more popular. I've got a lot of American punch and get go and wanting to get ahead. I've got a point to prove. I've GOT to do what I set out to do."

You may notice a hint of desperation. When it comes to genius (1% inspiration, 99% perspiration) Divine just sweats a lot. On the matter of stardom, though, (10% charisma, 90% contradiction) he's got it just about right.

Polydor

The Style Council



KEEPS ON BURNING

= *Eine neue Schallplatte von neuen Europäern, Sprechen Wie Ein Kind von The Style Council*

= *Un neuvo disco de nuevos europeos, Habla Como Un Nino por The Style Council*

▮ *Un nuevo disco dai nuovi europei, Parla Come Un Bambino da The Style Council*

▮ *Un nouveau disc par nouveaux européennes, Parle Comme Un Enfant par The Style Council*

▮▮ *Een speelplatt door nieuwe europeanen, Spreek Zoals Een Kind door The Style Council*

A new record by new Europeans, Speak Like A Child by The Style Council

Going by Hollywood, the U.S.A. won both World Wars, funny how they only came into them at the last moment.

SINGLES

reviewed by Julie Burchill

LEAST ROTTEN RECORD OF THE WEEK

TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS: Don't Call Me Chickenhead *(Speed Records)* Old MacDonald had a string snap; True Life Confessions corral everything there is to loathe about the chart — the inane piccaninese of Haysi Fantayzee, the wild life preserve postcards of the Tom Tom Club, the grave-robbing of the Belle Stars and Malcolm McGingham's herbal hoedown — and infuse it all with their very own deranged idiosyncratic charm. The lunatics appear to have taken over the farmyard — and idiot dance of considerable style, like a pop nightmare marketed by K-Tel. Buy One, Get One Free, indeed . . .

True Life Confessions: dancing cheek to cheek Pic: Stevenson

ALTERED IMAGES: Don't Talk To Me About Love *(Epic)*
NICK HEYWARD: Whistle Down The Wind *(Arista)* When one hears the new voice of Claire Grogan one feels like exclaiming "GIGI! You're not at all the squeaky-voiced Noosha apeing prancing dwarf that I once loathed!" for Claire has grown a new voice, slinky and summery singing a melody to match.

Kiddie-Fanciers Corner Continued; when people over 20 started to act like people under ten, you knew there was something wrong with the world, what with people trying to hide in the childhood that youth has always tried so hard to shake off.

Claire has grown up gracefully — but Nicky "Who wears short shorts?" Heyward has grown up *horribly.* The Prince Regent of the Lollipop Madonnas goes solo and reveals himself as Lionel Ritchie with a chip on his shoulder. A gentle, bitter, lilting dirge, this — imagine James Taylor and Richard Clayderman "jamming" — shot through with a resentful pout. Either he still hates the boys in the band or his mama has just told him he can't keep taking Teddy to Tesco's forever. Never mind, Nicky — you've got a great future as a Mini Pop.

WAH!: Hope (I Wish You'd Believe Me) *(Eternal)* Harold Melvin And The Bluenotes from the Blackstuff; the lush melancholy, the bittersweet yearning, the bewildered anticipation — just like waiting for the pubs to open! Still, it doesn't quite work here — the story of the snooze.

AFTER THE FIRE: Der Kommissar *(CBS)*
A CHA CHA AT THE OPERA: A Cha Cha At The Opera *(Island)*
GABI DELGADO: History Of A Kiss *(Virgin)* Around the world in nine numb minutes; cod-foreign frilly things. Toe-tapping bible-bashers After The Fire weigh in with a tall and torrid tale of sex and spies and a dash of Deutsche — it really makes me laugh when English people speak German; they're so selfconscious and pleased with themselves, as though they're dicing with the Devil in the decadent old Weim Rep.

Be bored South of the Border — I'm not saying A Cha Cha At The Opera are fey, but they make Russell Mael sound like Ella Fitzgerald. As contemporary as a belch from one too many Margaritas; haven't you heard, darling, we're all wearing sackcloth and radioactive ashes this week! 'History Of A Kiss' is produced by Conny "Thick As Two Short" Plank so I suppose I should like it. But I don't. And I doubt if *he* does, either.

DR FEELGOOD: Crazy About Girls *(Chiswick)* Blood, sweat and Special Brew — Pub Rock lives to puke another day! Doctor Feelgood have only been about all this time because whenever they stick some product out the rock press says "Hey, what good old guys they are!" and get drunk and write sloppy, loving things about them, thereby encouraging them to give it another go. It would have been a far, far better thing for everyone if Doctor Feelgood could have gone on *New Faces* at the start of their bilious career and been treated cruel to be kind by Tony Hatch, who would have told them to get good steady jobs as ratcatchers. This is like something off of *Nuggets* — only the singer would have been 14 rather than 40, and therefore the shallow callowness would have sounded appropriate rather than embarrassing (growing old gracefully is a much under-rated art form these days). Last orders! Can I have your recording contracts, gentlemen, *please!*

COLIN BLUNSTONE: Touch *(PRT)* I really used to like those sloppy slabs of prime heartbreak that Mr Blunstone used to write and sigh over Miss Caroline Munro, the Navy Rum girl, in the very early '70s; I thought they were the epitome of angst and sophistication when I was 11.

He could sure use a shot of heartbreak at the mo, because funky eunuchs are ten a penny in this town. Imagine a one man white asthmatic Imagination; though it is somewhat hard to imagine shy, sensitive Colin rolling around on the *Top Of The Pops* studio floor wearing nothing but a gold lame loincloth and a wide crocodile smile.

MARI WILSON: Cry Me A River *(Compact)* There are some people who overrate their looks to a mindboggling degree — David Essex and Paul McCartney immediately spring to mind — and you can spot these people by the way their eyes roll around in their heads and their mouths drop open with what is meant to be a heart-melting soulful expression (the Dead Goldfish Look) everytime a cameraman walks into the room. Likwise there are some people who overrate their voices — take a bow, Neasden's very own singing kettle — who can be spotted by their habit of covering songs that everyone really loved until they started being covered.

PHIL COLLINS: Don't Let Him Steal Your Heart Away *(Virgin)* There — THERE — I SEE IT! — *THE LOCH NESS MONSTER!!!* No such luck, 'tis only his homelier elder brother, Phil Collins, the ugliest man — remember where you heard it first — since George Orwell. The masses get set to surrender their minds and their money to the shuffling stumblebum squire once more as he slumbers through yet another opus; the infernal triangle, Ken and Mike and Deirdre transported down to the Habitat Southlands. *"Don't take my picture off the wall!"* he drones — why not, it frightens the cats! As a duet with Mavis "Predicaments" Nicholson this would have been a real lulu; as a song it is a real stinker — no tune, no rhymnes, no reason. Phil Collins really covers the waterfront of awfulness; in a nifty nutshell it's the Underground sucking up to David "Diddy" Hamilton.

RUTS DC: Weak Heart *(Bohemian)*
NEW ORDER: Blue Monday *(Factory)* Men At Work have obviously reminded The Ruts that there is a career to be forged impersonating The Police, and here it is, the awful end result — much referring to loneliness and much limp reggae, when it's obvious that the nearest they've ever come to the latter was wearing out a copy of 'White Man At The Hammersmith Palais'.

A Doctor Writes; over ze years a silly story has grown up about Sweden being the suicide capital of the world. Zis is obviously a fib since such countries as Japan, Austria and Hungary consistently score much higher in the self-immolation stakes. Ze story obviously stems from a sad episode that happened on a Swedish campus in the '50s; a record from America, a black blues record called 'Blue Monday', was a big hit at this particular university — and one weekend, six students of assorted sexes killed themselves while playing this record in their separate rooms. 'Blue Monday' — they obviously felt alienated as all hell and just couldn't face another week of alone-ness. They also had had broken hearts recently. This is all true.

And what do you know, THIS isn't it — it's a bit like Harold Robbins writing a book called *War And Peace.* It calls itself a double A side but it's a double B side. I'm really getting VERY tired of records that don't admit to having one good (in theory) and one bad (in theory) side — in the future I plan to review the worst one on purpose. Also records you have to scour with a magnifying class to find the name of the label I don't like. 'Blue Monday Mark 2' is a moody Papist chant, for all you little Damiens out there who like that sort of thing.

TRACEY ULLMAN; Breakaway *(Stiff)*
LAUREL & HARDY: Clunk Click *(CBS)* Tell Me When To Laugh Dept; the greatest comedienne since Judy Holliday makes a rotten record — it's only a joke, fans, Tracey's crossed eyes on the back of the sleeve seem to say, but I fear it's not. These funny girls — Pamela Stephenson is another one — want desperately to make good old-fashioned respectable records, but fear — quite rightly — that they aren't up to it, so they use self-deprecation as a safety net. Tracey Ullman, when you sing you sound like Minnie Mouse on methedrine — stick to the funny business.

The Laurel & Hardy (no relation) record is based on a horrible patronising premise — that Negroes do not sufficiently understand the road safety rules and must have them translated into a grotesque Pidgin patois. Sample: *"When you're driving along in your car/Don't forget about the seat belt law/ Me ride in a car, me no ride top a horse/Me use me* A–Z *every time me get lost!/Also learn up your Green Cross Code/'Cos we won't be there when you cross the road!/If you had listened to Jimmy Saville/You wouldn't have broke fe you left ankle/You should be thankful that you are alive/So don't you drink and drive/Try not to park on a double yellow line/Traffic wardens will impose a fine/Any time you fancy a jar/'ERE MATE, FORGET THE CAR!"*

That's not half of it. One is also instructed to do complicated things like looking in the mirror before overtaking and indicating before turning a corner; I don't know about you, but on one such as I, normally the most law-abiding of subversives, the instant effect is to make me want to dash out and steal the nearest Saab, ignore the seat belt, drink a barrel of absinthe as I screech along, murder Jimmy Saville and park on every double yellow line I see. It really is a horrible condescending record, like something you'd find in South Africa intended to "educate" the "ignorant" black underclass about de ways of de big white man world. Funny — like a Jim "Sick Sick" Davidson joke.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL: Running For Our Lives *(Island)*
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: Tied-Up *(EMI)* What happens to the gentle blonde daughters of the grande bourgeoise when they leave their academic haven-homes? Anything they want! Olivia and Marianne, both English, both heiresses of professors, both the wrong side of 30 (if not 40) trod vastly different paths. The magic land of Oz extracted the moribundity of her class from Olivia, making her an unashamed sunshine supergirl; sad, searching '60s England led Marianne Faithfull into a dance of death that she seems unable to move away from.

A sad-eyed chanteuse, her battered heart fraying at the edges, twiddling her thumbs as she sits moping in the Waiting Room to oblivion — when I was ten, Nico mined this seam of inspiration dry and I moped along in my bedroom loving it. Now it just makes me want to run out and buy a Whoopee cushion. I'm not saying Marianne Faithfull's *serious,* but she makes Leonard Cohen sound like Bernard Manning.

The one good thing I can think of to say in her favour is that Faithfull ponces not at all off her old associations — in contrast with, say, Cherry Vanilla, who held hands — or something equally odious — with David Diamond-Dog for five minutes and never stopped singing/writing/talking about it. But why is she so sad? I wish she wouldn't be, it depresses me, and people don't want to be depressed by other people's personal problems these days, there's lots of big things to worry about. Why doesn't she record something like 'Dancing In The Streets'? — I'm sure it would be a hit. The British — that old Blitz spirit! — love a survivor; at the moment Marianne Faithfull resembles too closely an old Guy with all the stuffing knocked out of it propped against a wall to get a penny in the hat, let alone a royalty in the hand.

Meanwhile Ollie and her airbrushed emotions sprint across the Bel Air moonscape in satin shorts. Do I like it? I don't know. One will have to view the video film before one can decide whether one likes the record or not.

THE TEMPTATIONS: Love On My Mind Tonight *(Motown)* How the mighty have ground to a halt! — they should change their name to The Repellants! 'Love On My Mind Tonight' grunts and groans like Mick MacManus with a bad back and makes that most intense and elemental of human physical activities resemble just another leisure activity — if it's Wednesday night it must be the squash club!

B/W — as we say in "The Business" — squirm with pleasure at these words, Peter Powell! — 'Bring Your Body Here (Exercise Chant)'. A significant sign of the times for Berry Gordy's empire — what were once heroics are now aerobics.

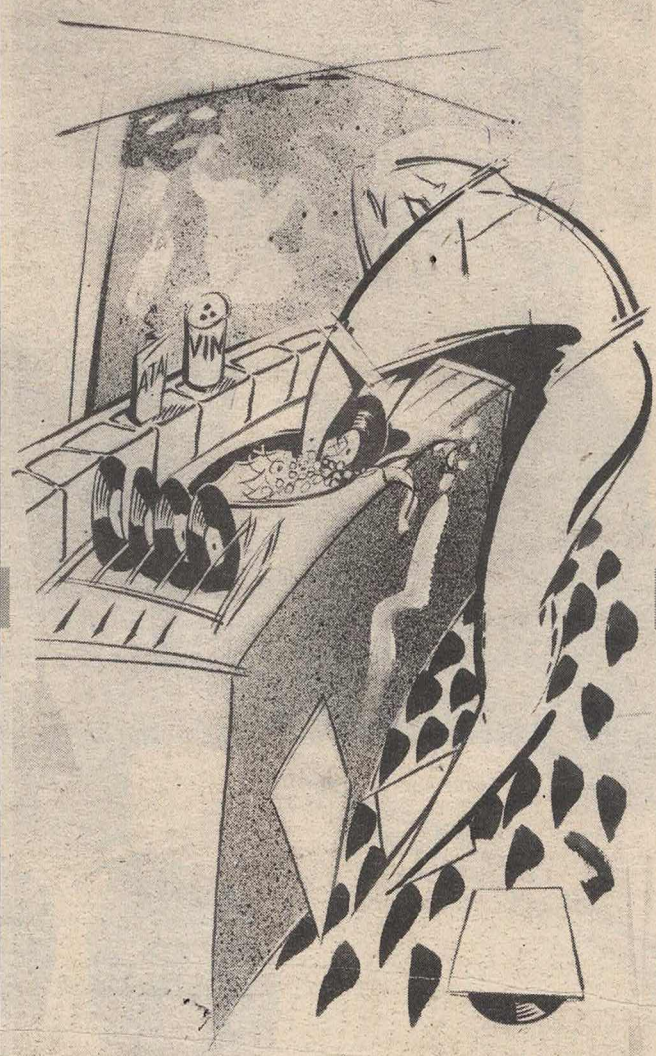


Illustration: Adam Peters

BOLLAND: You're In The Army Now *(A&M)* Through early morning fog I see . . . serious slapstick aka Supertramp telling Uncle Sam to get out of 'Nam: it's OK, boys, the glorious Viet Cong did the job ten years ago. I suspect the motives of any anti-Vietnam War enterprise — I fear their motives are begat not by conscience but by commerce. Be the first group on your block . . . to have your records placed in the GOING FOR A SONG rack.

SET THE TONE: Rap Your Love *(Island)* If it's white and it dances it must be good, say some ceaselessly. Set The Tone come complete with rave reviews and rank rhythms — pale, paltry, old pals act. *"Set The Tone — an attitude without inhibitions, a music that anchors their collective madness,"* says the pathetic press release. My God, is it possible for a record to get worse than this? I hope not. Still, I do like these rotten 12 inch singles; you can flog them to your local record shop, which is more than you can say for the rotten little tiddlers.

MISSING PERSONS: Words *(Capitol)* Only our colonial cousins could be as sweet and old-fashioned as this; all embarrassing dehumanized modernism and boys in black lipstick, as though we're all just digits in the pocket calculator of life — speak for yourself, ducky! — and Gary Numan is still slouching towards Bethlehem, his moribund moment come round at last. What's the betting the ashes of their kaftans are still warm?

ACTION PACT: People *(Fall Out)* What's this? A picture sleeve featuring a still from *Psycho,* the young Janet Leigh — eyes of an owl, mouth of a minx — clutching a fistful of dollars at the mirror . . .? (Chorus: TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE . . .)

Ah, but it's only a sub-punk Gumbie thrash with some shrill vocals that could only have been produced by mating Siouxsie Banshee with Dandy Nicholls. Back to the solvent abuse behind the bikesheds, kiddies!

THE SENSIBLE PENCILS: In A Matter Of Time *(Sensible Pencils)* A pretty record — like Johnny 'Remember Me' Leyton colliding with a lean patch. Still, I just can't ever see the Sensible Pencils becoming part and parcel of Rock's Rich Tapesty, I just can't see their NAME up in tabloid headlines.

TALK TALK: My Foolish Friend *(EMI)* Such trembling helpless misery in ones so young . . . what is wrong with Talk Talk? Are they unlucky in love? Do they fear for the future of mankind? Are they disappointed that Norman St. John Stevas has not been re-selected to stand as the Constituency MP for Chelmsford?

I do not know. All I know is this: that the most sixth-form angst will get you is a seventh-rate pop record. All together now: THE CHELMSFORD ONE-WAY SYSTEM, IT IS EXPLODING . . .

Nick Heyward
Whistle Down the Wind

b/w atlantic monday
and on 12" including instrumental/reprise

7" HEY I 12" HEY 12I

ARISTA

THE HOTTEST TAPEAWAYS IN TOWN . . .

THE NME RACKET PACKET

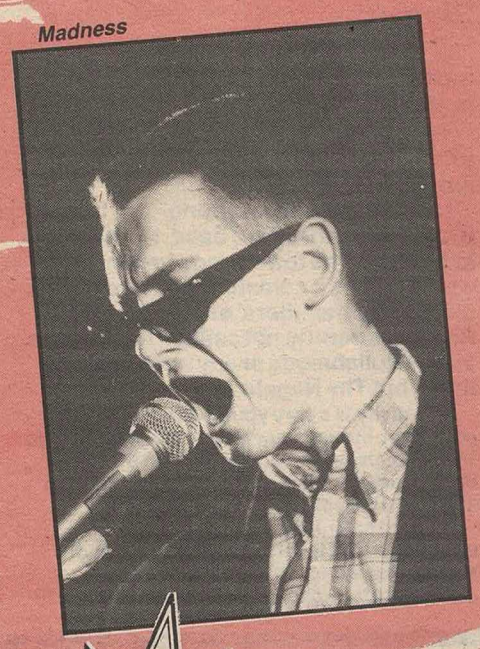
Twenty great grooves for £2.10p.

Clicks your fingers to teh bone and get hip to the 'NME Racket Packet', the hottest helping of hullabaloo this side of spoooksville. If you want the din that wins, just check the dazzling display of dance masters on our full blast cast below.

For our budget-priced winter collection we've gone in a big way for the classy combos we reckon are going to be crucial in '83. But the big names are in there too, along with a couple of unsung names that deserve the attention of your ears and feet as much as the heavyweights.

What's more, our twenty track tapeaway comes at just £2.10, plus any three of our six coupons — number three is below, together with your order form.

Madness



TRACKS

CURTIS MAYFIELD: Dirty Laundry
ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE: Shark Fin Soup
THE BOX: Out
EDDY GRANT: Hello Africa
HEARTBEAT: Spook Sex
THE CORPORATION: Hard Times
THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS: Lucky
IMAGINATION: Follow Me
SHRIEKBACK: Mothloop II
MADNESS: Grey Day (live)
GREGORY ISAACS: Cool Down The pace
LENE LOVICH: Never Never Land
PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND: Cash (Cash Money)
THE REPUBLIC: My Spies
THE BLUEBELLS: Aim In Life
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: English Rose
PALAIS SHAUMBURG: Hockey
ERIC BOGOSIAN: Live At The ICA
ORCHESTRE JAZIRA: Love
BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH: This Policeman (Is Kicking Me To Death)

How to order

1) Fill in the order form in block capitals and tick which cassette you require.
2) Make out your cheque or postal order (UK and Republic of Ireland) to IPC Magazines Ltd. OVERSEAS ORDERS: It is too expensive for us to process foreign cheques, so we will accept Post Office Giros only, payable to IPC Magazines Ltd, account number 5122007.
3) Send your order forms with your cheques or postal order or Post Office Giro, plus three tokens to *NME* Racket Packet Cassette Offer, PO Box 64, Borehamwood, Hertfordshire WD6 1BA. *Important* please keep a record how much you have sent, what you ordered, and when you posted it.

ENTRIES: If you have not received your cassette within 28 days (UK and Republic of Ireland) please write to us again at the Borehamwood address (*not* the *NME* offices) and state what you have ordered and the date you posted it. Overseas readers must allow for the speed of surface mail.

NO further correspondence will be entered into after May 31, 1983.

CLOSING DATE: No orders will be accepted after May 1, 1983.

DELIVERY: This will take a minimum of 7 days from receipt of your order (to allow cheques to be cleared) and should take no more than 28 days. Overseas orders will be despatched by surface mail and take longer.

COUPON NO 6
NME RACKET PACKET
STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

BOTH CASSETTES £3.10

STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

19 R&B, Bebop & Jazz cuts for £1

Step out in style with the musical aristocracy of America's celebrated Savoy label for a night spent 'Stompin' At The Savoy. *NME* extends its invitation courtesy of Arista Records, who've let us hipsters and flipsters loose amid the Savoy stars of the furious '40s and '50s to compile the only cassette that jumps, jives, shouts, and bebops...

The price for both the 'NME Racket Packet' and 'Stompin' At The Savoy' is £3.10. Sorry, but 'Stompin' is NOT available separately.

The Ravens

TRACKS

LITTLE ESTHER: T'Ain't What You Do
H-BOMB FERGUSON: My Brown Frame Baby
SAM 'THE MAN' TAYLOR: Midnight Rambler
THE THREE BARONS: The Milkshake Stand
JOE TURNER: Howling Winds
ART PEPPER QUARTET: Brown Gold
TINY GRIMES & CHARLIE PARKER: Romance Without Finance
LITTLE ESTHER, MEL WALKER & THE JOHNNY OTIS SHOW: Cupid's Boogie
GATEMOUTH MOORE: I Ain't Mad At You
JOHNNY OTIS: All Nite Long
FATS NAVARRO: Spinal
BABS GONZALES: Ornithology
EDDIE JEFFERSON: The Birdland Story
CHARLIE PARKER & MILES DAVIS: Another Hairdo
SLIM GAILLARD & BAM BROWN: The Jam Man
MISS RHAPSODY & SLAM STEWART: Sweet Man
HELEN HUMES: Rock Me To Sleep
THE RAVENS: Write Me A Letter
SAM PRICE & KING CURTIS: Rib Joint

How To Order

1 Fill in *both* order forms in block capitals and tick which video format you require.
2 Make out your cheque or postal order to 'IPC Magazines Ltd' for £15.99.
3 Send your completed order forms with your cheque or Post Office Giro to:
NME-MAXELL EXPRESSO VIDEO OFFER
P.O. BOX 64 BOREHAMWOOD.
HERTFORDSHIRE WD6 1BA.
4 Keep a record of how much you have sent, what you have ordered and when you posted it.
5 Delivery will take a minimum of seven days from receipt of your order (to allow cheques to be cleared) and should take no more than 28-days.
6 Enquiries: If you have not received your video within 28-days please write to us again at the above address (*not* the *NME* offices) and state both what you have ordered and the date you posted it.

ORDER FORM:

Please send me ____ copy/copies of the *NME*-Maxell Expresso Video.
I enclosed cheque/postal order/Post office Giro for
Please supply the tape in the following format VHS ☐ BETA ☐ (please tick).

Please fill in both coupons in capital letters.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
Name .....
Address .....
.....

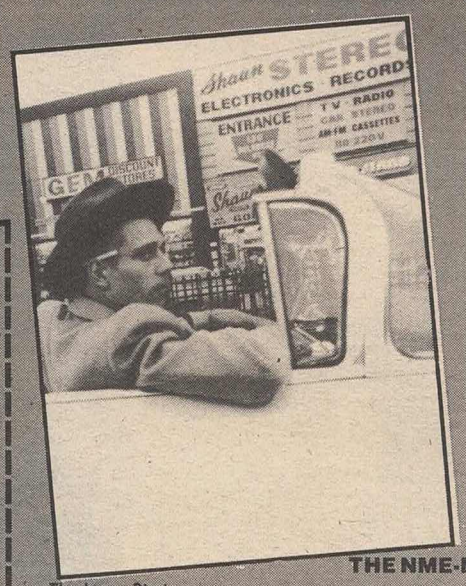
QUESTIONNAIRE:

We would be grateful if you could supply us with the following information although you are not obliged to do so:

1 Do you live with your parents?
Yes ☐ No ☐
2 Is your video recorder
Rented ☐ Owned ☐
3 What format is it?
VHS ☐ Beta ☐

NME-Maxell Expresso Video Offer P.O. Box 64 Borehamwood. Hertfordshire WD6 1BA

PLEASE NOTE—
Owing to international copyright restrictions, *NME* and Maxell regret that the offer does not apply outside the UK.



STOP HERE AT OUR DRIVE IN VIDEO

CRUISE THE STREETS of video city in comfort with the *NME*/MAXELL EXPRESSO VIDEO, our deluxe sixty minute pre-recorded video tape, custom built by *NME* technicians at a price you can afford.

Only £15.99, inclusive of post and packaging, buys you a dream ride through our luxury collection of rare and unseen performances from the leading brand names in modern music.

Check out the specification below, and you'll see there's not a pre-recorded tape round to beat it, for quality or value. It's all on superb quality Maxell tape. And it's exclusive to readers of *NME*, the world's most watchable music weekly.

THE NME-MAXELL EXPRESSO VIDEO—The Cast

The Jam: Start
Hello Goodbye to Paul Bruce and Rick.
Kid Creole & The Coconuts: Annie, I'm Not Your Daddy
The kid evades an on-screen kidnap attempt.
Madness: Madness
The Nutty Boys on the Underground, from 'Take It Or Leave It'
The Clash: Radio Clash
Manhattan street life with the Clash City Rockers.
Alexei Sayle: 'Ello John! Gotta New Motor?
The Comic Strip Crazy veers out of control.
Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band: Ice Cream For Crow
Night and day in the Mojare Desert.
James Brown: Out Of Sight
JB goes dance crazy in an all stops out 1964 classic performance.
Cab Calloway & His Orchestra: Minnie The Moocher
More vintage footage from the original '40s Hi-De-Hi Man.
Yello: Pinball Cha Cha
Swiss electro-pioneers in offbeat mode.
Dexy s Midnight Runners: Respect
Exclusive concert footage as Kev & gang pay homage to Otis Redding.
Elvis Costello & The Attractions: Clubland
A sleaze special from Costello land.

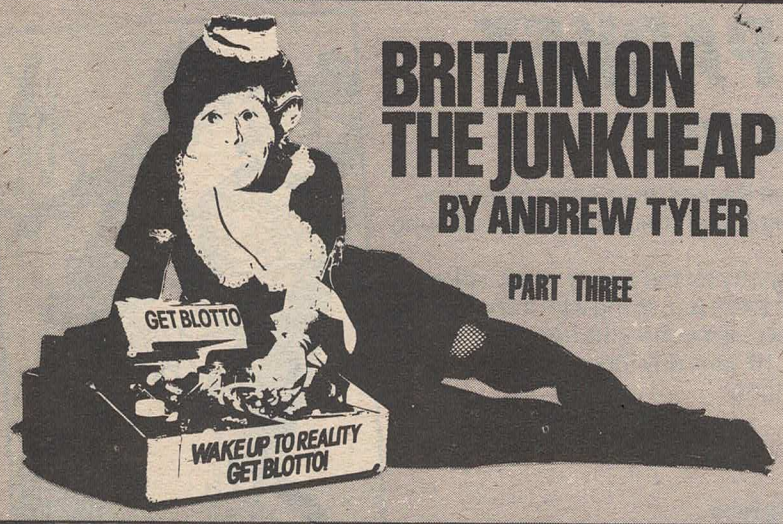
PLUS excerpts from two of '82s most acclaimed movies: *Diva* & *Angel*. (And keep an eye for Grace Jones)

PLEASE SEND — Tick ONE Box

Both cassettes @	£3.10 (UK)	☐
IR	£4.00 (Rep of Ireland)	☐
	£3.50 (Overseas)	☐
NME Racket Packet @	£2.10 (UK)	☐
	£2.75 (Rep of Ireland)	☐
	£2.40 (Overseas)	☐

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....
.....

POST TO: *NME* RACKET PACKET CASSETTE OFFER
P.O Box 64 Borehamwood, Hertfordshire WD6 1BA
Any order received after MAY 1 will not be accepted and will be returned to the sender



BRITAIN ON THE JUNKHEAP

BY ANDREW TYLER

PART THREE

In the final instalment of our three-part series, we have on-scene reports from London and Bradford, and essential information on how to come off drugs.

PIX PETER ANDERSON

ON SCENE REPORT
LONDON

LONDON'S 'SOCIAL profile' is similar to Manchester's in that the eyes of the populace are not all trained on one golden, downtown mile.

There is a West End and a City, but these are a minority focus and then only part time.

Instead we have a beehive arrangement of abutting cells: pockets of squalor and misery to go with the honey, bubbles of exquisite privilege and suburban ghost dormitories where the phenomenon of the bored housewife on smack is not a call for headlines anymore.

There are riots and fright in Hackney and Lambeth, old dossers on booze in Waterloo. Londoners both appreciate their police and they fear and despise them.

The arguments about how far recession has bitten don't so much rage as grumble in the capital's uncomfortable belly.

There is much crime and unemployment — *"Six Gun Raids A Day"* says today's headline. But you don't get the constant battering of *"200 Lose Jobs . . . 400 Lose Jobs"*, as you do in the Midlands and North West where an old industrial base is being slaughtered by the force of new technology and by some bloody cold politics.

The 'average' Londoner smokes a little marijuana, takes a Librium a day, snorts sulphate weekends, Palfium once a month, jacks up heroin, sniffs toluene, gets hammered — does nothing at all. Average Londoners can hold their drugs and drink, but an awful lot are getting more stoned than they ever did.

So how do you take the pulse of London? (6,696,008 souls at last official count.) We take out our fob watch and put an ear to some relevant stereotypical cases.

CLUBLAND

I'M NOT an habitue of these places but someone who is — from Tramps and Stringfellows to the Empire Leicester Square — tells me about the changes over the past couple of years.

Booze is still the prime nightland intoxicant, but few revellers now care to pretend that cocaine — at about £65 a gram — is within their range anymore. There is more sulphate being used and, for the past year, due to its cheapness, increasing quantities of heroin.

"A lot of friends," says my nightland pundit, "who used to get out of it for a couple of days at a time on speed are now using more smack than they can really handle. But because it's being snorted and not injected, they think it's no real problem."

Trading usually takes place in pubs before hand, or the exchange is made in the club toilet. Customers are rarely so gauche as to produce rolled up fivers at tables, but throughout the long night, fingernails and key-tips move like clockwork to snorting nostrils.

"The smack junkie thing, I suppose, does carry some kudos," says my friend. "But it's coke that's still the show-off drug, the Christ-how-can-you-afford-it! touch."

DOCKLAND

A LESS gorgeous scene are London's council estates with their semi-closed networks of culture and lore, and their varying degrees of aggravation.

A place out of the hat is a block by East London's docks where I spoke to Tony, a 17-year-old casual with Gallini sweatshirts and FU jeans.

Two or three years ago the area was awash with National Front and toluene sniffers. Tony himself held down a job in a clothing store for a few months until it bored him and he fell back in with his out of work mates. The scene is drowsy: arise about midday, congregate on a corner, chatter, piss-take passers-by.

Everyone has a VCR so the game is to compile and swap tapes and sit up alone long into the night in your parent's front room gawping at the screen.

Glue has largely phased out. The acceptable drug now is cannabis ('bush'), sometimes barbs, sometimes a little sulphate.

Tony's dad used to buy his stash from a black club in Carnaby Street. Tony gets his from a couple of black guys out of the 'gambling house', a regular semi-detached a mile up the road, so named for the amount of card playing that takes place there.

Tony gets a mere squint of a bag costing £3 or £5. Like his father he might later take to buying larger quantities and dealing out some himself. That way he both cuts unit costs — *and* increases the risk of a trafficking charge.

BLACK AND THE BLUES

THE POLICE still like to catch their drug takers red handed. Stop and search is the bane of those British youth superfluous to the broader technochip picture.

Stop and search helped trigger the riots; it stirred up youth, particularly young black males, who until November 1981 could be detained on suspicion under the Vagrancy Act of 1824, or, under the Misuse of Drugs Act, 1971.

The vast majority of street searches yield nothing, yet they continue to increase and will probably do so. At present the government is pressing through the Police And Criminal Evidence Bill to further pad the way for policemen/women with a *suspicion* or a *belief* in the *possibility* that an individual possesses something illegal or illegally obtained.

Its provisions were unremittingly attacked at a recent Greater London Council conference, notably by black, delegates who called it "legislation for a junta . . . something the Nazis would be proud of . . . fitting for a society in which there is structural unemployment . . . "

Ugly stories swilled about relating to police behaviour — a black woman locked away on remand for a week for £2 worth of alleged

THE MOST depressing conversation I had during this whole drugful inquiry was with a 17-year-old new punk from Bradford called Richard.

Richard was listlessness incarnate: a voice of yellow moon melancholy.

He said he lived 'day to day', it not being a question of feeling miserable or happy but 'just coping'.

Like the majority of young Bradfordians he is in a band. His happens to be one of the town's most celebrated, which means it sometimes gets to play outside the members' own living rooms. Richard's band is not called The Upbeats or The Hullabaloos or any such brazen thing, but The Negatives.

Negativity is a very young-Bradford condition, induced not just by the present cold Tory climate, but by social erosion that goes back nearly 30 years to when the local cotton and wood industries began collapsing.

Richard calculates the general unemployment level to be 30 per cent and, among the young, 50 per cent.

"They're trying to get people onto their YOP

schemes," he says, "and a lot of people are cracking up with it."

A lot of people are also deeply into drugs. In a nearby high rise, bustling with skins, a good deal of glue and butane gas is used, also cider.

Among his own pointy-haired friends, and among the 'freakies', the needle has replaced the barb as the bravura shock treatment. People, he says, are shooting up whatever happens to be the latest weird thing — Tuinal, whisky, methylated spirits.

"I don't know any heroin addicts or 100 per cent hustlers, but I do know people who think it's really clever, really trendy to be a junkie."

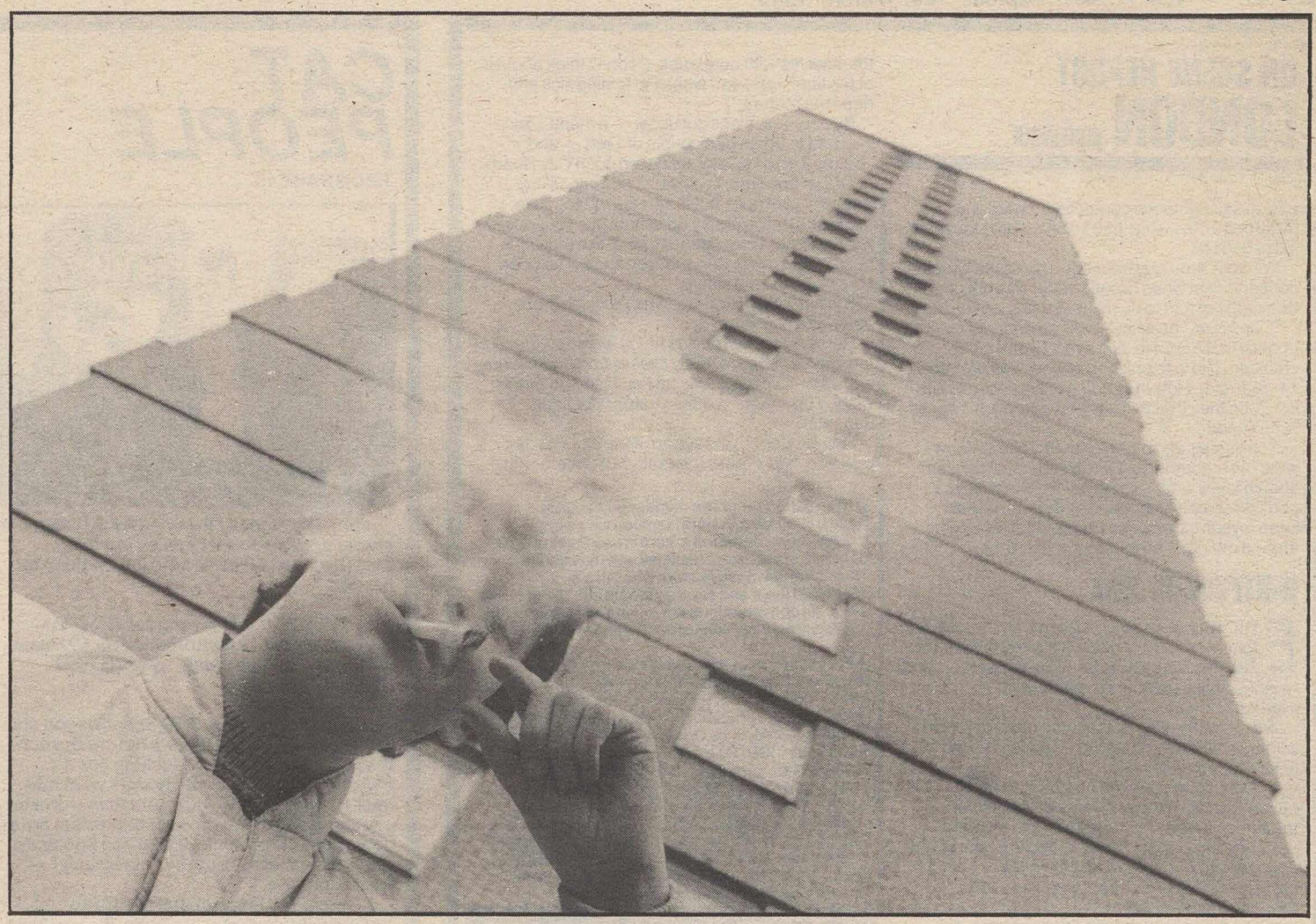
RICHARD'S OWN impassable rule is never to buy drugs of his own, not only because its cheaper to cadge, but because the act of seeking a dealer and making the purchase "is a sure way to get yourself hooked".

For drug-prone individuals there are increasingly fewer life-enhancing alternatives in Bradford. There used to be a semi-thriving club scene in the town centre, but venues have been shutting down these past eight or ten months due to a sequence of thefts and spasms of violence.

In one case it was booze stolen from a pub; in another, a fighting rampage by supporters of a visiting London group who stomped about in swastika armbands squirting blood-filled syringes.

Now, says Richard, most landlords and club proprietors have put up their "No jeans, no T-shirts" signs which effectively debars all but the John and Jane Normals.

Without such outlets, without a student card which opens up a certain amount of cut-rate 'fun' Bradford's young tend to spend their time — in Richard's poignant phrase — "sort of waiting for news or a good idea."



shoplifting; a young officer who called out a 'riot squad' when a black youth ran off during a cannabis bust. These feelings, running so hot, came soon after Colin Roach died from a shotgun blast in the foyer of Stoke Newington police station.

These feelings do not disperse so easily. They will get hotter unless pressure is eased.

CITY ROADS is the only centre in the British Isles dealing with 'chaotic' users such as Eric at their moments of crisis. Eric himself is a comparatively easy case in that, despite the self-destructive urges, he *does* want to live. Many of the younger ones — 15 and 16 — don't care either way.

Often they are not London born. They hike to the capital looking for a solution to — typically — disturbed home lives or school failure. As the economic blues hurt deeper, their numbers increase. They saturate West End advice and accommodation agencies such as the Hungerford Centre and Centrepoint.

They occupy casualty wards with their not infrequent overdoses. They join night soup queues run by charitable clergy. They get murdered. They are a blemish and an embarrassment on the face of a 'welfare state' that can't find the money or the inspiration to face up to them.

The scene has typically focused around Piccadilly where the trading of drugs, sex and other items takes place.

During 1981 to mid '82 barbiturates were the lethal favourite: one agency worker tells me six of his own teenaged clients died from barbs during this period — five of them girls. Now it's pharmaceutical opiates like Diconal, or ampules of heroin. Most of it is screwed from corrupt or ignorant GPs, then fed onto the street.

Traditionally a Piccadilly dealer sits in a cafe with, say, 15 ampules of something, one of which is offered to a young runner if the runner can produce five punters.

It's a scene of people running in blurred circles, looking for customers, looking for pills, watching for unpleasant characters.

A large number are into burglary and you'll see them selling their proceeds on the streets — anything from an LP to their parents' furniture. Every so often, the police will bust the whole circus apart.

The last time was late autumn when the SPG moved in for a couple of months. Some of the crowd switched to Kings Cross. Older hands continued hanging about that West End chemist where you could still buy syringes. But slowly the rent boys are beginning to return — back to the Piccadilly 'meat rack' where they parade their shivering butts for the paying customer.

"These young people," says Ben of the Hungerford Project, "have to learn quick if they're going to survive to their 20s. The chances for a barb user aren't too good. For someone using opiates it's slightly better."

SUFFERING STRAIN

THE CLIENTS of Hungerford and City Roads aren't 'average' London drug takers. Tony — the occasional marijuana smoker from East dockland — is more average than hellbent Eric and the rough-sleeping Piccadilly crowd.

Yet more and more Erics are turning up from all over the country. Hungerford report a 50 per cent increase since August. They arrive with the pathetic assumption that London's streets are paved with gold. They find they are paved with shit. And even if Thatcherism does politically favour the South, young bin cases like themselves are not exactly cherished wherever they roam.

More Erics are turning up at the very moment services are being cut back, agencies closed and good workers leaving because the burden is sending them insane.

Those who do stay to pick up the pieces say of their drifter clientele that they are not unmitigated, hopeless scum but — usually — highly sensitive types with what professionals call 'a low self-image'.

Some are from well-off homes, but the majority aren't. Often it was a traumatic incident that started them on drugs, and ever since they've run repeatedly to the solution that never heals rather than pick up the reins of their lives. Then the drugs themselves become the reason for being messed up.

In 1983, however, it's not enough to trumpet the on-your-bike Tory virtues of self-reliance. Unemployment has torn countless families apart: that's a fact. Thousands of young people are living on the streets as a consequence. A lot of them are going to need some serious help.

ON THE other side of the city from Stoke Newington, in South London's Clapham, I visited a black youth club where we talked about police, about music and seeing out the British winter.

These were mainstream youth (in fact, aged three to late 30s). No dreadlocks. No deep-trench Africa mystique, but a lot of table tennis, pool and — on a Friday — a £1 a head dance for which the home-made sound systems are hauled out and played so loud people are made dizzy.

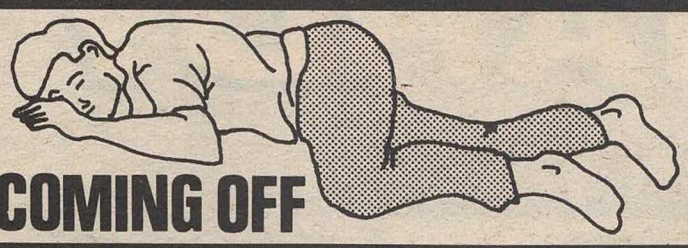
The drug preferred and revered above all others is ganja. African ganja is best, but ganja grown in London airing cupboards or in some other quasi-Caribbean alcove is also acceptable.

The club sits on a pad of concrete amongst shops and community buildings that together serve a complex of flats. In the summer people of all ages gather outside the betting office — as many as 200 — selling sheer ice, sugar beet and mangoes. Some days a thief with a snatched bag might run into the middle of them for refuge, then the police will have to estimate the cost of extricating him.

When a real 'face' is spotted, the law turn up in force splintering the crowd. It is on the basis of these confrontations that relations have been unsteady.

At the club there was some reticence, or disinterest, in talking about the police. It would seem, however, that there is only moderate police interest in ganja. Not much else is used. Sulphate and heroin have made some headway recently, but it is still minor. In fact, several club members

CONTINUES OVER



COMING OFF

THE FOLLOWING guide is for opiate withdrawal only. If you aim to come off depressant type drugs such as barbiturates (e.g. Tuinal, Nembutal) or benzodiazepines (Valium, Librium) you must seek medical advice since these incur their own special hazards.

In regard to opiates, it's worth remembering that overcoming physical dependence is relatively straightforward: often likened to a severe bout of 'flu. The telling battle lies in the aftermath when euphoria at having quit is followed by feelings of alienation and anxiety.

These too will pass, but it requires tapping innermost resources and, preferably, help from family or friends.

If you do attempt to come off and fail, don't despair. You'll have learnt something for next time. But a rapid succession of flops can damage confidence, so think seriously BEFORE you stop using.

Two questions might be asked:

● Why has your drug use become such a problem, after all plenty of people use without becoming addicted?

● Drugs have probably offered short-term relief from pain and anxiety. How will you cope afterwards?

If after answering these questions you're ready to make the break, consider this five point strategy devised by a West London drugs counselling agency.

1. Cut down you daily dosage to the minimum possible and resist taking *just a little bit more just this one last time.* It's difficult, so don't rush.

2. Find a sympathetic GP for support and, maybe, for a short-term script. S/he might also offer other drugs to help you sleep during the withdrawal weeks. If your own doctor is ignorant or negative, check with friends for a recommended medic. GPs are obliged to register opiate users with the Home Office. We are assured by experts that this needn't be a problem — that the information won't get into the hands of other bodies — notably the police. However, the proposed Police and Criminal Evidence Bill (*NME 19.2.83*) would allow the police to obtain information from doctors' files with a magistrates' order. So be warned.

3. Find somewhere safe and comfortable. You'll need a bed, warmth, fresh air and distractions like books, TV, records etc. You'll be able to concentrate on these after a few days. Eat well. Cope with the fever as you'd deal with an ordinary bout of 'flu — cool baths, cool liquids.

4. If you're working, take at least two weeks off, but no more than four or you'll mope. Some people go on holiday, but returning to an unresolved home situation can be worse than staying put.

5. Try to enlist the help of a friend to encourage and check up on you. But stay away from other users.

Afterwards, it's good policy to remain drug free for six months even if abstinence isn't your final objective. And watch out for excessive booze use since this is a common post-withdrawal tendency.

There are a few street agencies, special therapists and residential rehabilitation houses dotted throughout the UK that you can call on for special help. But they vary greatly, so shop around for one that fits your need.

Additionally, there are various new and old wave support systems involving herbs, acupuncture, religion and modern contraptions such as Dr Meg Patterson's electronic black box, currently touted as *the* effortless solution, but by its detractors as overpriced and gimmicky.

All might have their place, but there will never be a push-button substitute for the kind of honesty, resolve and good physical circumstance that are essential to all withdrawal successes.

OVERDOSES

IF THE person is unconcious check that s/he is still breathing and that the mouth is clear. Turn onto the side position shown above and call an ambulance. Tell them what your friend has taken and offer any bottles or tablets to aid the hospital's treatment. Make a second call to tip off the casualty department itself that your friend is coming and that they should be ready. If your friend is conscious but you're not sure for how long, call the nearest casualty, tell them what was taken, when and get their advice.

SWEET AND SOUR CITY

ON SCENE REPORT
LONDON CONTINUED

expressed righteous contempt for what was regarded as the white habit of slamming the head full of bad shit.

Winston, loud and boastful, expressed typical conservatism when he said ganja was not only the true drug but had to be restricted to the over 15s.

"The brain," he said, "is still growing before that. Look at that *man!* He ain't even 12 and he's smoking. (He was pointing at what was probably a 14-year-old). How they going to appreciate what it is? Soon they'll be this high (three feet). It's stupid. It ain't good."

Sol, quieter and older, offered: "I don't know what other people do. For myself I think a person should know what's going on. If I take a drink, I don't drink 'till I fall down. And if I take a smoke I keep myself together so I know what's hap'ning around me. That's important in the world."

WHITE BOY ON JUNK

ERIC IS a white boy, 21 last month, who falls a long way short of black Sol's first dictums of life. Eric is a second generation punk — short bleached hair, spiky studs, black leather jackboots.

We met in the City Roads drug crisis centre in, Islington, where he'd just reported for the twelfth time in less than a year.

As before, he'd arrived deathly sick and malnourished. He was given a detoxification treatment, a bed in a shared room with plastic furniture and stripped walls — and the best kind of counselling and support for three weeks from a group of intelligent workers who see a lot of Eric-type damage cases.

Eric's drug career began five years ago following a family trauma which he doesn't care to talk about. Conflict developed at home, he was kicked out and moved into a squat with some older 'hippy types' who helped him score hash and sulphate.

"I felt depressed not to have the normal home comforts anymore," he says. "But it was an alright sort of squat."

Most of the day was spent flopped out, and it wasn't long before he moved on to barbiturates and started overdosing regularly. Then it was heroin — fixing heroin, fixing Diconal.

The gap between himself and the dope smoking hippies widened to the point where he moved into another squat within an equally cracked-out mate.

They set about establishing a network of easy GPs from whom to coax drugs — part-supporting themselves with burglaries. ("I don't think about it at the time. I just do it when I'm feeling sick and need the money.")

By degrees things got uglier — a friend was stabbed to death by a couple of Teds — and "before it was too late" he called upon City Roads.

Of that first time, he says: "The counselling wasn't a lot of help, but they were all nice here. I could see they were trying to help me. I suppose I went out a bit more open-minded. But then I got back in with me mates and, you know, I've been coming in and out since."

But *this* time, he adds, "I'm that much more determined to stop."

He says he must quit as much for his girlfriend as for himself. She presently lives at home with mum and dad — a couple who no doubt couldn't have wished up a more volatile prospect for their daughter.

"Sweet Eric . . . " says an older City Roads resident. "He's really a sweetheart underneath."

● In an earlier report we mentioned the Drug Research Project in North London who were interested in interviewing heroin users about their opinions of treatment facilities and the overall scene. They thank all those readers who have so far contacted them and say they would still like to talk to more. All conversations are private and confidential. Contact Roger or Richard on 01 482 1740.

● For all their help and advice I'd like to thank the following: City Roads (Crisis Intervention) 358 City Roads, London EC1; Institute for The Study Of Drug Dependency, 3 Blackburn Road, London NW6; Standing Conference On Drug Abuse (SCODA), same address as ISDD; Roger, Richard at Drug Research Project, 51 Kentish Town Road, London NW1; Hungerford Centre, 12 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2; Blenheim Project, 7 Thorpe Close, London W10; Release, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9; Legalise Cannabis Campaign, C/O Release; Lifeline Project, Joddrell Street, Manchester 2 — and Kirsty, Kevin, Joolz, Neil, John, Roger, Noel, Mark S and anyone else who's been left out.

CAT PEOPLE

FROM PAGE 13

Jim: "That's really the thing here. It's a much slower process to get labelled *anything*, because it just takes so long for anything to happen."

DON'T YOU feel very remote from the America of Adult-oriented rock? I mean, if you're "fun music", what is REO Speedwagon?

Jim: "Unfun."

Brian: "The thing is, REO Speedwagon and those groups, I know there's not much *soul* there, but at least they're fucking good musicians; at least some thought went into their music, which is a lot more than I have to say about a lotta synthesizer bands that are out nowadays, with their fuckin' disco hooks. I'd rather hear that than a lotta "new music" — quote unquote."

Lee: "But so much of that stuff is so polished, there's no loose ends, it's just like a perfect sound. Everything is where it is, there's nothing raw about it."

Brian: "Yeah, we're changing all that. Every town has its rockabilly band now, every town from Wisconsin to Texas. The only difference is here they all like us, whereas in England they all hated us!"

Jim: "We started a new market here, which is good.

"The big record companies are scared shitless now, they're all lookin' for their own rockabilly band now, coz we're the number two album since Thanksgiving. We sold two million fuckin' copies."

But the giant corporations looking for another Stray Cats is exactly what could destroy it. Coming up with something blantantly inferior and all of a sudden it takes the edge off what you've done.

Jim: "I think the kids can tell. Even if they're *stoopid,* they can tell that. They can feel it."

Fame?

Brian: "It got weird when I couldn't walk the streets. Well, London is never like that. London always has a bit of..."

Lee: "...Good old British reserve..."

Brian: "Yeah, a bit of restraint. France, like, I couldn't walk the street, so I thought, well, I can always go back to America. Now, in America, I can't go out of my house. And we aren't the Stones, we're the Cats! You got people hanging around outside your house trying to steal the garbage! I mean, you have to live a certain amount on your own, you can't live all the time like that."

In summation?

Brian: "I think this band would have made it if the bottom had fallen out of the stock market. It's just one of those bands. We're selling records down here in Florida. A lady was telling me that *nobody* is selling. The only other guy selling records down here is Bob Seger. So somethin's goin' on. And since this interview has been relatively painless, let's end it on a happy note..."

Jim: "Let's go play in the rain."

LAUREL & HARDY

NEW SINGLE

CLUNK CLICK

PLUS 'YOU'RE NICKED'

12" A13.3213
A SIDE 'CLUNK CLICK' (BELT UP DUB)
B SIDE 'YOU'RE NICKED' PLUS 'YOU'RE NICKED' ('ELLO 'ELLO 'ELLO DUB)

7" A.3213
A SIDE 'CLUNK CLICK'
B SIDE 'YOU'RE NICKED'

THE POP-UP TOASTERS

BANANARAMA

"DEEP SEA SKIVING"

NEW L.P. AND CASSETTE

FEATURING

"REALLY SAYING SOMETHING", "SHY BOY" AND "NA NA HEY HEY KISS HIM GOODBYE"

LONDON RECORDINGS

SILVER SCREEN

Local Hero

DIRECTOR: Bill Forsyth
STARRING: Burt Lancaster, Peter Riegart, Denis Lawson (UK/20th Century Fox)

AFTER MAKING two of the sharpest ever youth films, Bill Forsyth has turned his attention to the remnants of childhood in adult behaviour, and underlined his conviction that even if it is a man's world, he's going to be a kid about it. Like Palin, Gilliam and Spielberg, the strength of Forsyth's cinema is his ability to convey a sense of childlike enthusiasm and wonderment, which is sometimes elating and sometimes charged with a deep and genuine pathos.

Obviously there's a great deal of pressure on Forsyth to provide a follow-up to *Gregory's Girl,* especially given the advantage of a bigger budget and a highly respected producer in David 'One Man British Film Industry' Puttnam, but in the end *Local Hero* effortlessly transcends the earlier film. It's not as straightforwardly funny — the humour is more removed amusement than out-and-out hilarity — but it's impossible not to be entranced by its breathtaking beauty and touching humanity.

Although it follows *Gregory's Girl, Local Hero* actually has more in common with the modern-day fairytale themes of Forsyth's first film, *That Sinking Feeling* (which was scripted after *Gregory's Girl).* Not that it is necessarily entirely unrealistic; although it is naive in the sense of the freshness of vision it is based on, *"Local Hero"* does, like all of Forsyth's films, identify serious issues.

"It's kind of round and golden and it just hangs there." Burt Lancaster teaches Peter Riegart (left) and Peter Capaldi a thing or two about astronomy.

CHILD'S PLAY...

With *That Sinking Feeling* he examined the problems of survival on the dole, with *Gregory's Girl* it was the problems of adolescence and with *Local Hero* it's the effect of industry taking over, and potentially destroying, a traditional community. The difference between Forsyth and such dull-but-worthies as Ken Loach, though, is that Forsyth never allows the seriousness of his subject matter to dominate. The result is that Forsyth's films exude a sparkling spirit of optimism, while Loach's not only present but inspire hopelessness.

One of Forsyth's great strengths is the understanding which his films display. It may be his training in documentary, or simply his personal astuteness as an observer of human nature. No matter how implausible the sequence of events in his films is, though, no matter how much they teeter into areas that could so easily be rank sentimentality, there is always an attention to the unlikely details of real life which makes them ultimately convincing. At the heart of Forsyth's humour there is an awareness that every subject is inherently complex and that complexity is essentially hilarious.

This time round his 'reality as ridiculous' approach is focussed on the small isolated community of a village on the North East coast of Scotland. Where other filmmakers might have represented the inhabitants as primitive rustics and the landscape as animated picture postcard, Forsyth presents a set of minor characters that are strikingly three-dimensional — complete with token biker and lone punk — in a setting which seems all the more breathtaking because it is never needlessly dwelt on. In *Local Hero* the coastal landscape is as much a living backdrop as the vivid cityscapes of Woody Allen or J-J Beineix.

The story itself is based on the theme of *Brigadoon,* a Broadway show converted into a film by Vincentre Minnelli in 1954, in which two Americans in Scotland discover a mystical village which awakes only every hundred years. Given the sentimentality of the original, it's a theme which could be disastrous but Forsyth produces from it a picture which glows with magical qualities and sparkles with wit.

Troubleshooter 'Mac' MacIntyre (Peter Riegart), a tough-minded divorcee who prefers the telephone to personal contact and carries photographs of his car in his wallet, is dispatched by the oil company he works for to negotiate the purchase of the town of Ferness. His boss, the semi-deified Mr. Happer (Burt Lancaster), breaks off from abuse sessions with his psychiatrist to reveal that he's more interested in astronomy than the oil business, and instructs MacIntyre to keep an eye on the sky for a possible comet in the area.

Accompanied by gangly Scottish sidekick Danny Oldsen (played hilariously by screen newcomer Peter Capaldi) Mac sets off by car from Aberdeen to Ferness. They get lost in the fog — a direct reference to *Brigadoon* — sleep in the car, and (surprise surprise) wake to find themselves overlooking Ferness Bay.

Ferness is immediately established as a timeless zone existing in its own, dreamlike state. In this setting Mac becomes increasingly removed from the normal rules of his existence and cut off by the difficulties of phone-box communication from contact with America. With all the usual controls gone, he retreats into a happy adolescence, allowing the business to look after itself and becoming increasingly involved in studying the sky. Until, that is, he comes across the one major obstacle to the conclusion of a satisfactory deal, beachcomber Ben Knox (brilliantly portrayed by Fulton McKay). Knox, it turns out, owns the beach that he lives on — and he refuses to sell.

For the majority the hilariously unlikely ending is a happy one; it's so corny that it's too embarrassing to relate, but somehow Forsyth pulls it off. Images such as that of a drunken Mac standing in an illuminated telephone box, slurring a description of the wonder of the Northern Lights to an anxiously receptive and suddenly human Happer are wildly hilarious enough to remove all potential barriers of cynicism, leaving the small residue of sadness all the more bitter and effective.

Local Hero is an entrancingly wonderful film that will hold you spellbound for two hours and leave a little lingering magic with you. Serious minded and superficial intellectuals will dismiss it as trivial — actually, it's one of the most profound films you'll see this year.

Don Watson

...AND

The World According To Garp

DIRECTOR: George Roy Hill
STARRING: Robin Williams, Mary Beth Hurt, Glenn close, John Lithgrow (Warner Bros)

IF YOU disliked *Garp* (the book), there's every chance you'll dislike *Garp* (the film) as well. Me, I hated the book, but i'm not about to let a little thing like that prevent me telling you how much I hate the film, and why.

The opening credits — Baby Garp being thrown in the air and caught, in slow motion, while The Beatles' 'When I'm 64' plays on the soundtrack — signify a lot about the film's intentions. George Roy Hill, whose previous greatest hits *Butch Cassidy* and *The Sting* demonstrated his acute commercial grasp of the family film market, here tries to invoke the spirit of Frank Capra, but with limited success. Like *An Officer And A Gentleman, The World According To Garp* is a throwback to the days of simple, uplifting human dramas, except there's nothing simple about Garp's life when

Lora Logic gets a little help with her low notes.

AN ENIGMA PRODUCTION FOR GOLDCREST
BURT LANCASTER · PETER RIEGERT
LOCAL HERO PG
DENIS LAWSON · FULTON MACKAY
MUSIC BY MARK KNOPFLER
PRODUCED BY DAVID PUTTNAM
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY BILL FORSYTH
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ON VERTIGO RECORDS AND TAPES THROUGH POLYGRAM. NOW A PENGUIN PAPERBACK RELEASED THROUGH UK FILM DISTRIBUTORS LTD
© 1983 ENIGMA PRODUCTIONS / TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX
20th CENTURY FOX
STARTS THURSDAY MARCH 10
EXCLUSIVE WEST END PRESENTATION
AT ODEON HAYMARKET S.W.1. TEL: 930 2738 930 2771
STARTS THURSDAY MARCH 17 EDINBURGH Odeon & GLASGOW Odeon
SEP. PERFS. Daily. Doors open 2·00, 5·30, 8·15pm.
"Local Hero" at 2·40, 6·10, 8·50pm.
Late Night Show Fri. & Sat., doors open 11·00pm.
"Local Hero" at 11·45pm.
BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY MARCH 10

Tucker's Luck. Spin-off from *Grange Hill* chronicles post-comprehensive angst'n'adolescence. Let's hope it's better than *The Fenn Street Gang.* **(BBC2)**

Get Smart. Espionage persiflage with 86. **(C4)**

Last Holiday (Henry Cass 1950). Alec Guinness as a doomed salesman on a final fling takes J B Priestley's script seriously enough to make poignant drama out of a throwaway idea. Cass steers it into a dark little tunnel fo fatalism and it has the authentic twilight feel of the last great days of British cinema. **(BBC2)**

The Kenny Everett Television Show. Ho Ho, but this breathless avalanche of thud and blunder sight gags is nothing more than an updated *Laugh-In.* **(BBC1)**

What The Papers Say. Richard Ingrams slices up the street. **(C4)**

FRIDAY MARCH 11

The Tube. A history of rock festivals, merchandising rip-offs, Nick Heyward, Missing Persons and Wah! Something for everybody? **(C4)**

No Problem! Still improving. **(C4)**

Jazz On Four. Boring phony Tony Myatt introduces the tremendously exciting and genuine George Adams-Don Pullen Quintet live at Ronnie's. Music must of the week. **(C4)**

The Legend Of Frenchie King (Christian-Jaque 1971). One of the typically silly farces Brigitte Bardot let her career collapse into, this one with Claudia Cardinale and a dim Western setting — and I don't mean it's badly lit. **(BBC1)**

Payment in Kind (Jaromil Jires 1980). I draw a blank on this Czech entry about the premises of small town justice, but it looks interesting. **(BBC2)**

SATURDAY MARCH 12

Escape (Mervyn Le Roy 1940). MGM gave Conrad Veidt his first American role as a Nazi official whose mistress — superb Norma Shearer — assists Robert Taylor in rescuing his mother. One of the best of Hollywood's manipulations of the war as movie fodder. **(C4)**

Gastank. A laughable line-up — Steve Harley, John Entwistle and a specially reformed Strawbs. **(C4)**

Hollywood. Worth catching this repeat which concentrates on early directors. **(C4)**

G-Men (William Keighley 1935). Hollywood's brilliant answer to the rash of criticism against the gangster pictures of the early '30s had James Cagney switching to the side of the angels as a lawyer turned G-Man out to avenge a friend. Breathlessly paced, loaded with setpieces illuminated only by the flashes of revolvers and Cagney at his fast-talking best. **(C4)**

Sight and Sound. A Flock of Seagulls. Say no more. **(BBC2)**

Stolen Assignment (Terence Fisher 1955). Pre-Hammer Fisher with John Bentley in routine missing person thriller. **(BBC2)**

Uproar In Heaven (Wan Lai-Ming 1965). The beautiful glow of Chinese animation is showcased in this feature-length fable from the Shanghai studios. **(BBC2)**

Flametop (Pirjo Honkasalo & Pekka Lehto 1981). Leave your preconceptions in the closet and enjoy the unique visual sensitivity of Scandinavian cinema! The double life of a Finnish novelist/revolutionary explained **(BBC2)**

Get Carter (Mike Hodges 1971). It will probably look crude now beside the comparative complexity of *The Long Good Friday* but this particularly nasty and amoral slug of violence was a smart British response to the likes of *Point Blank.* Michael Caine and Britt Ekland star. **(ITV)**

SUNDAY MARCH 13

The Avengers. Another classic episode — 'Return of The Cybernauts'. **(C4)**

My Foolish Heart (Mark Robson 1949). The night is like a lovely tune...

CARELESS ADULTERY

No expense is spared in the battle scenes for George Roy Hill's remake of Kagemusha. Here the Kagemusha(Robin Williams) fails to convince his lord's family of his identity.

you tot up the sum of extraordinary incidents that befall him. It's the emotions in *Garp* that are simple and human, and it seems something of an overstated case to go to such lengths to induce the emotional ebbs and flows.

The film traces the life of Garp (Robin Williams) from infancy through childhood, college, marriage, fatherhood, fame, adultery and disaster, balancing these milestones with more personally important events, like the time he realises he's "lived a perfect life in a day" just playing with his kids and cooking. Along the way he comes into contact with a panoply of eccentrics, starting with his mother, Nurse Jenny Fields (Glenn Close), who initially conceived him by straddling the unconscious erection of a rain-damaged soldier in a WW2 war hospital.

Jenny is Florence Nightingale crossed with Big Nurse from *Cuckoo's Nest:* so nice you want to strangle her, so dominant and self-assured it's not surprising little Garp screws up. When he starts rattling out a career for himself on a typewriter, she forbids him the use of her life as source material, then sits up nights writing her own book in (subconscious?) competition — an autobiography which makes full use of *his* short life. When Jenny's *Sexual Suspect* is a runaway bestseller cum political manifesto for the nascent feminist movement (whilst Garp's first slim volume stays on the shelves in droves), Garp's resentment is all the deeper for becoming famous as "the bastard son of Jenny Fields".

When she becomes a feminist figurehead and Erin Pizzey "auntie" to all manner of distressed womenfolk, filling her home with casualties like the Ellen Jamesians (an extreme feminist sect who cut off their tongues to protest a similar action committed by rapists on an 11-year-old girl to prevent her telling anyone who raped her) and Roberta (a great sad bull turned cow, the former tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles, now a hopelessly romantic sex-change case), Garp finds his liberal patience sorely tried yet reinforced in some respects as he treads a fine line between sympathy and contempt — a line followed with unswerving ambivalence by both book and film besides.

Robin Williams is, as usual, outstanding, carrying the picture despite narrative flaws, capable of expressing love and contentment simultaneously with rage and frustration. His Garp's philosophy on life would seem to mirror Reverend Jim's from *Taxi:* "Life is like an ice cream cone — you gotta lick it before it melts!"; and, in a different way, he's just as much a victim of that life as Jim. It's not as stylised a role as Mork or Popeye, but Williams' natural good humour pulls him through. He's a really nice guy, this Garp; someone I'd like to know, y'know?

Unfortunately, he's trapped inside a movie which doesn't care for him, which lets him get blown this way and that by the stiff winds of determinist plot. The (truly shocking) ending has a certain internal logical consistency — which is to say the clues and links are scattered copiously throughout the film's 136 minutes — but there's no external, relative consistency, no real reason why the picture should end that way. It's a conclusion both mad and maddening, but then that could apply to the rest of the movie too. For all its pretensions to being a film that cares — "caring" is the central concern throughout — *The World According To Garp* ultimately doesn't give a damn about how or why it drags the emotions around from pillar to post just for the sake of plot.

Admittedly, it's more the fault of Irving that the threads and stitches of Garp's life are neatly sewn and tied, coincidence and "resonance" intact; but surely Hill's at fault for not unpicking them a little? The film, like the book, appears to make claims for some Great Comment on Life As It Is Lived Today, but this strange, sealed world Garp inhabits is hardly life as it is *really* lived. For which, accept no substitute...

Andy Gill

Crystal Gazing

DIRECTORS: Laura Mulvey, Peter Wollen
STARRING: Gavin Richards, Lora Logic, Mary Maddox, Jeff Rawle, Keith Allen (BFI)

WITH AN aim of portraying modern-day London with a realism which nevertheless incorporates fantasy, comedy and magic, *Crystal Gazing* is a great idea — unfortunately, it's by no means a great film.

It sets off with the ambitious intention of portraying the fantasies of three people, their relationship with propaganda and the persistent and unwelcome intrusion of reality into their lives. Unfortunately this requires a sharp sense of timing and a high level of acting ability, none of which *Crystal Gazing* contains in any great degree. The clumsy editing and unimaginative composition of the film render scenes of potentially magical real-life surrealism either bemusing or simply tedious.

The film concerns Neil, a science fiction illustrator (ie someone who makes his living immersing himself in fantasy) who is surprised to discover that his fantasies are subject to Thatcherite reality and finds himself on the dole. He meets two women, Vermillion, a satellite photographer he encounters at a magic show, and Kim (Lora Logic), a musician who's determined to make it "even if it means wrapping herself in old copies of the *NME* and huddling over a radiator". Add a fourth character, Julian, who has just finished a doctoral thesis on the fairy tales of Charles Perrault, and you have an intricate tangle of fantasy and reality — which culminates in a bizarre and black conclusion.

All the elements are there for a witty, intelligent and innovative film but eventually it just doesn't work. Its most inexcusable fault is the standard of the acting — low budget it may be, but there is no reason for some of the excrutiating stuff on show here. Lora Logic's music for the film is sensitive and touching but her acting borders on the painful in places, while her fellow cast members (who don't even have the excuse of being musicians) are prone to nervous glances which make the presence of the camera embarrassingly obvious. Of course I may be wrong — this may all be a Brechtian trick to remind the audience that they are watching a film — but I hope not; bad film-making is bad enough, but *deliberate* bad film making...

As an admirer of Michael Oblowitz, presumably the aim of Peter Wollen and co-director Laura Mulvey was to capture London's spirit in the same effortless manner that Oblowitz's dark masterpieces tap the pulse of New York. Once again an admirable aim, but one in which *Crystal Gazing* is pretty much wide of the mark. The problem here is that the Film remains aloof from the City in the same way as its Ladbroke Grove characters: it's never soaked in its life blood, it simply stands on the edge and immerses a reluctant toe.

Crystal Gazing could have been a masterpiece: as it is, it only just scrapes in to the ever swelling ranks of the noble failures.

Don Watson

and here's Susan Hayward agonising over a divorce and a deceived husband in the second big Metro weepie of the weekend. Dozy support from Dana Andrews and Kent Smith although it's basically Hayward's picture. **(C4)**

The American Documentary: Pleasure Drugs. Timely look at how they say high across the water. **(ITV)**

One Day In The Life of Ivan Denisovich (Caspar Wrede 1972). Tom Courtenay as the hero of Solzhenitsyn's one digestible novel; as a film it seems more an interesting failure than anything, but it looks authentically cold. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY MARCH 14

Whatever You Didn't Get. This must be the grim half of *Whatever You Want's* music: The Damned, Spear Of Destiny, Cocteau Twins, Big Country and Moving Hearts. **(C4)**

Maeve (Pat Murphy and John Davies 1981). Catholic girl returns to the Belfast where she grew up. Given a rather lukewarm reception by Gavin Martin on its release and almost certainly inferior to Neil Jordan's splendid *Angel*. **(C4)**

El Condor (John Guillermin 1970) Post-spaghetti western with Lee Van Cleef who's well used to such nonsense. **(BBC1)**

TUESDAY MARCH 15

The Triangle Factory Fire Scandal (Mel Stuart). A TV movie with the pedigree of three Emmy nominations about a fire tragedy in the New York rag trade of 1911. Tom Bosley is the only familiar face. **(C4)**

Fantastic Voyage (Richard Fleischer 1966). Spry if ludicrous SF trip into the human body by miniaturised Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch and Donald Pleasence. Tame when you consider what Fleischer went on to do. **(BBC2)**

WEDNESDAY MARCH 16

Padre Padrone (Paola and Vittorio Taviani 1977). Film of the week. Only the Italian cinema — which, despite its financial troubles, has imaginative qualities that seem denied to the rest of Europe — could have given this slender fable such profound emotional depth. A Sardinian shepherd boy escapes his hermetic existence to educate himself — that's all. But the Tavianis' sense of visual poetry is as spellbinding as Rosi's, and it invests a hard, brutal life with the sincerity of scripture. **(C4)**

Cagney on Saturday, in G-Men. *(C4)*

NO MYSTERY (NO WONDER!)

Enigma

DIRECTOR: Jeannot Szwarc
STARRING: Martin Sheen, Sam Neill, Bridgette Fossey. (Warner Bros)

A MORE or less complete waste of Martin Sheen's odd, offhand grasp of a character's skin is the only mystery about *Enigma,* and that's easily enough traced — to a script that clumsily misdirects the ratio of attention towards the wrong people and to the apparent slumbering of Jeannot Szwarc over all the chances of tension, excitment etc.

Sheen's Alex Holbeck is a dumb and flimsy role: an expatriate vet of sundry East German dissidence recalled by the CIA to steal a microprocessor from under a great many imposing Russian noses. The plot creaks under technospeak and botched implausibility, and Sheen's uncomprehending eyes tell more than all the defence system gobbledegook. At least Eastwood's *Firefox* had an entertaining edge lent by the big man wading through a landscape of extraordinary buffoonery; little man Sheen's mission impossible is so dourly trudged through and loaded with unsympathetic types — dozy students, officials with eyebrows like thunder — that all patience wears out very rapidly.

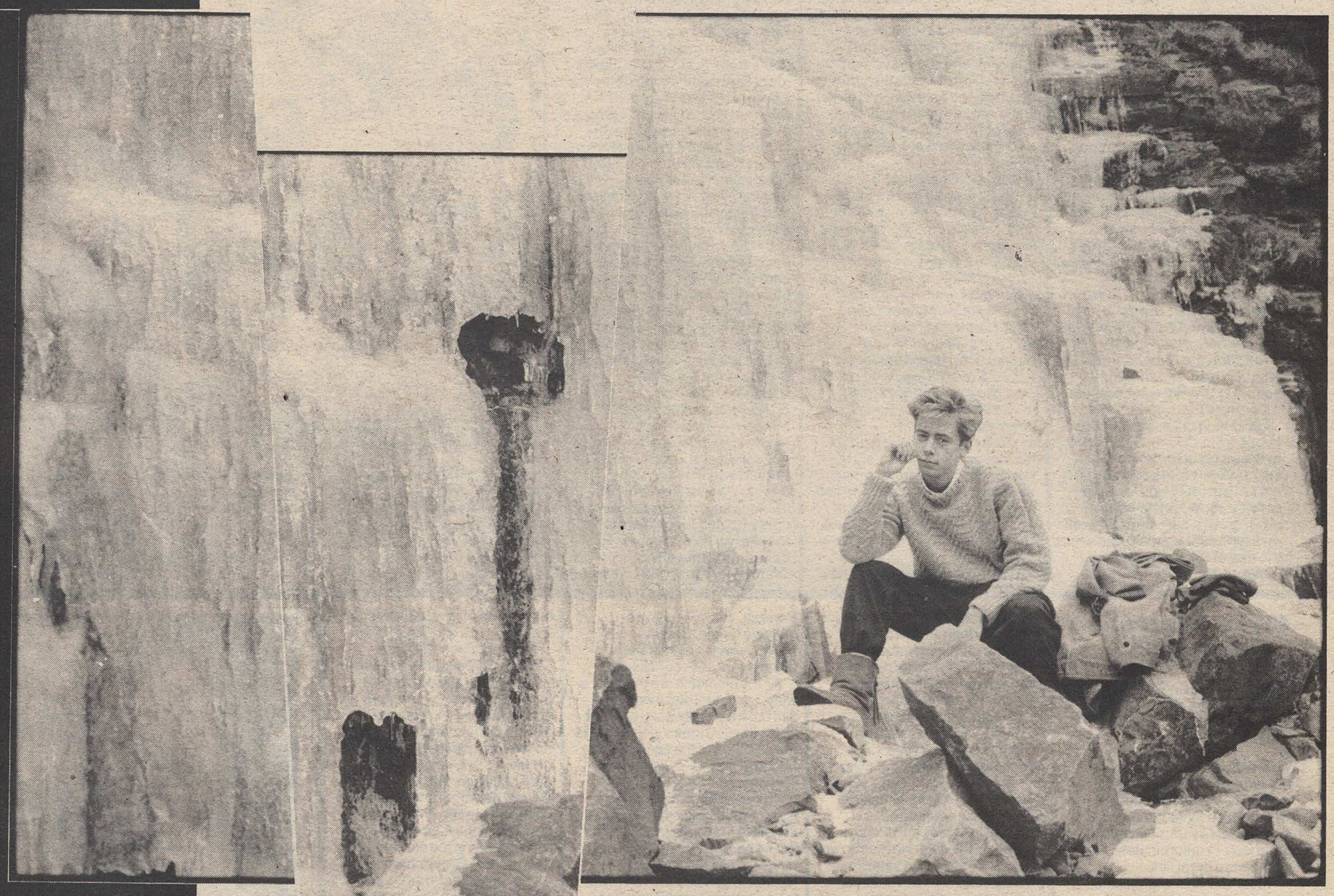
Szwarc treats it as nothing more than an episode of the cop TV movies he used to direct: cloned escapes and violence, musclemen in fur hats, funny accents. As if recognising defeat he switches most of the camera time from Sheen — who consequently fades into a taciturn cipher and improbable master of disguise — to his chief adversary, Sam Neill's husky KGB supremo. When our man dupes his old flame into conning the dashing hussar into bed we sit impervious through an act of cruelty that might have made Holbeck a more interesting anti-hero (anyway, he rescues her in the end).

As it is, *Enigma* never rises above the status of mildly diverting programmer. Set beside the tornado velocity of *48 Hours* it's almost bewildering how a thriller could be so dulled of excitement; then again, movies aren't easy. Endurance test.

Richard Cook

The Winged Serpent
18 (x)
Distributed by
SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF Presents A LARCO PRODUCTION
MICHAEL MORIARTY · CANDY CLARK · DAVID CARRADINE AS SHEPARD · RICHARD ROUNDTREE
in 'Q-THE WINGED SERPENT'
Written, Produced and Directed by LARRY COHEN Music by ROBERT O. RAGLAND
Production Executive PETER SABISTON
CLASSIC OXFORD ST.
ODEON SWISS COTTAGE
ODEON WESTBOURNE GR.
& ALL OVER LONDON NOW!

Heyward



Nick Heyward confesses his fascination with Hovis ads and tears himself away from studying Ready Brek packets long enough to discuss with Paolo Hewitt growing up, going solo but not on any account his parting with Haircut 100.

IF ANY band epitomised last year's frivolous pop ethic it was Haircut 100. Sweeping in on a massive teen appeal level, grinning inanely everytime you turned on your TV, they seemed impossible to escape.

Chart certainties with every release, a massive amount of press coverage ('Haircut Mania Sweeps England' ran a Sun headline), a handful of insipid pop songs and Nick Heyward's dream of becoming the "New Monkees" fast became a reality.

Those of us who favoured music of a stronger kind watched helplessly as Haircut went from strength to strength, even making an impressive dent in the American charts as they bulldozed their way around the world.

Like their image, everything seemed rosy, that is until the start of this year. Amidst rumours of the bands inability to successfully complete their second LP, Nick Heyward suddenly announced his departure from the group.

Things immediately turned nasty. Within a matter of weeks his former associates had filed a 56 page dossier to the courts chronicling what they believed to be Heyward's misdemeanours towards them. Last week they also attempted to serve an injunction on his new single, 'Whistle Down The Wind', but failed to prevent its release.

All in all it hasn't been the easiest time for Heyward but as he walks into his publicist's office to keep his appointment with me, he seems more bemused by these turn of events than greatly upset.

It's only when the conditions for the interview are suddenly unveiled to me by his press officer and manager that the situation takes on a farcical edge. Nick is happy and willing to do the interview, they stress, but unfortunately there's one thing he can't talk about. His former group, Haircut 100. Because of the charges that Haircut have made, anything that Nick might say about them is all sub-judice material and could well affect the outcome of the pending case.

ALTHOUGH last year Heyward was the smiling, wacky pop star who would fill your tape up with childish remarks about tractors and the colour yellow, there was still an inkling of suspicion that underneath he was a talented tunesmith who deliberately buried the more serious side of his character with sheer nonsense.

This year Heyward is a man who wants respect for his work. 'Whistle', his new single, confirms this; it's the first Nick Heyward song I've heard with substance and depth. There's even a soulful edge to it. Co-produced with Geoff Emerick, Heyward plays it to me and it's immediately apparent that he's begun to grow up. It's about time.

How did you approach the new single?

I really went for it. Everything. Just went over the top. Went for the best. We used Paul Buckmaster, the guy who does Elton John's stuff and Geoff Emerick, I went up and asked him personally. I was up at Air because I find it easier to work there. It was great because he was also there and we nipped in and did the whole thing in a weekend. I did the B-side myself in a day. Did the vocals in an hour, brass section in the morning, everything. I had to stick a naff middle eight in their to make it a B-side though (laughs).

Looking back on Haircut now, are you still happy with the music?

(pauses) Yeah, it's alright. I don't know. I feel as though... I can't remember much. Well I can remember a lot about last year, but it doesn't seem relevant to anything at this minute.

So how have you changed from last year?

I don't know, I can't help it. I've suddenly changed and I can't, even if I try, do a silly interview or hide behind a sense of humour. I can't do it now. I don't know why.

Have you grown tired of it?

Probably, yeah. I'd rather leave that to my personal life, having a laugh. It's not very nice being known as a clown. I hate not having respect, got to me after a while. We were respected in the beginning but then not respected for any work we did.

Are you talking about respect from the press or your audience?

No, respect from anyone really. When you go out and someone your own age comes up to you and doesn't even give you a chance to speak because they think you're a wally, you start to think, Well I don't want this. If someone had said to me a year ago do you want to be Racey, I'd have said Piss off, no thanks I'll stick to commercial art.

I recall you once telling me that you've hit various people who have come up to you in the street.

Yeah, that's it. I couldn't help it. I think it's that famous lyric Elvis Costello wrote, *"flirting with this disaster became me."* Bad case of that. I know you have to compromise, but fucking hell...

Will your new career give you respect?

That's up to them really. We'll have to see. I'm not going out there saying I've changed, this is my new thing. I can't help it, it's the way it's happened. I'd rather had stayed the other way because the other way everything was very nice and safe. You know, lets put 'Pelican West Part Two' out, platinum before it was released. For personal reasons I'd probably have gone downhill. I don't want to write eight 'Milk Films' and ten 'Favourite Shirts' for the rest of my life.

Is that what you were doing last year?

I wasn't trying. Didn't think about it much. I thought about it but I kept putting it at the back of my mind. This is what you've got yourself into, this is a job and this is it, but you can't do it. You get to a certain point, you take so much...

How did you feel about being a teenybop idol?

It's a thing that when you're at school you muck about and you think yeah, I'll have that, but when it actually comes real, it's not all that really. It wears off after about two months. It's great fun and then you'll forget it and it goes down for a while and then suddenly it will come back. Chip shop or something and you think Oh yeah, Christ, yeah, Oh God. Then you have to start thinking you're some teenybop thing and when you've just forgotten it, it will rear its head in a really uncompromising situation.

Did you find it easy playing out the character?

Yeah, but I felt as though someone could do it much better than me. The trouble is I've got an advertising mind because I used to be in it and I liked the way it came out. But actually acting it out — you realise that you're not really for it. I could have *trained* somebody else to do it better than me. At first, the idea of getting a band, writing songs and having the album with these titles — calling a song 'Milk Film' — all very Square Deal Surf, was a good thing. But trying to live it out...

Why was it a good thing?

A good thing? Because it was different. I felt as though it was a good idea, but actually acting it out, in the middle of it all I wished I had a twin brother.

But what's the appeal of that way of thinking?

Perhaps it was because I wasn't really a musician, I was a commercial artist. You only have to see my flat to realise that. It's like one big advertising slogan down to cut in half motorbikes

on the wall. Just totally engrossed in it, always have been. Like I never went to art college, I just went straight to my job. Left school at 15, didn't finish anything, went out and worked as a messenger in town. Just loved the idea of Hovis ads and Ready Brek packets. I was infatuated by type-faces and lettering. I wasn't a musician at all. I used to dabble — just escape in music. Put a record on and totally escape from work, but then another one of my hobbies became real. But the trouble is, you get involved in it so much it just becomes you. Now I can sit down and write songs, just loads a day.

The lyrics on 'Whistle' are very fragmented.

Yeah, the first verse has got nothing to do with the second. The first is when I was exhausted and I needed a rest because I'd been working all year and I was just sitting in a room... *"In my prison, my humour" Ha!* What humour? The second was compromising, which I hate, but you have to do it. Let's face it, a record is not really that emotional when you get down to it because you still go in a studio and sing and try to get it right.

The actual process of making records...

It's a single to get it in the bloody charts and if people think that it's not to get it in the charts then, you know...

But the actual process of making singles dilutes emotion?

Yeah because it's not the Rolling Stones era any more. You can't get your complete feelings on to a record because people have been conditioned to hearing over-produced records through the '70s, so unless they hear a good production on the record, the public out there are going to say it's not played well. They're going to say (adopts Hilda Ogden voice) Ah! I'd rather buy a Bucks Fizz record Ha! (laughs)

You haven't thought of a better way of recording to combat that?

Yeah but it doesn't get released. It's just personal satisfaction. The trouble is I've got this natural pop thing built in which likes to package it up nicely. If I had been a musician, if I'd had this fascination for music right through my teens, but music then... my record collection is that big (holds his fingers half an inch apart).

What sort of records did you play as a teen?

Anything that was around. Carpenters. A single that was lying around. My dad's Stan Kenton, anything.

How come you didn't dig music as a teenager at school? Most people do.

Because I wanted to be a commercial artist and I felt that music was cheapening really. I felt that was just something wallies did. I did. I thought the guys who were in bands like you had the school bands and I thought well if that's music then bollocks. They all had Fender Stratocaster copies and they all went round each other's bedrooms and I just thought nah. Me? I'm going to have a desk.

Were Haircut misunderstood then, no-one realising that advertising side of it?

It borders very much on that. God, I hate not being able to talk. Mind you I haven't really got that much to say about it.

Is having a hit single with 'Whistle' important to you?

No because I'm totally satisfied before it's even come out, though if it comes out and doesn't go on, I'll be a bit (grimaces) but if it comes out and goes on, then I'll think, Great, because it's totally myself. If it doesn't, then I've only got myself to blame and I like that. A lot of musicians blame everybody else except themselves. Then again, what's a bad song? There's millions of them in the charts.

You mentioned earlier going to jazz clubs with your dad. Is your relationship with him strong?

Yeah. We're really, really alike. I learn from his mistakes and he learns from mine. I feel exactly the same as him, he does exactly the same things. Personal things. The way he goes off and disappears for a while, just the way he sells himself a bit cheap which is like me. I tend to sell myself cheap until I can't take anymore and I think why did I? But you've only got yourself to blame.

Does he work?

Not now, no. They live in a council flat. It's great. Go over there, stay there, they come over stay in my flat. Quite a close family really, my mum, my brother, my nan. Went out last night. Went out to Pizza Express and saw Tony Lee and Bill Lasard. Jazz, that's what I thought other music was. When you're at school and it's all, Hey, I've got a Steely Dan record! I thought Oh God, I'm still going to see jazz with my dad. I didn't know there were pop charts.

You must have known something about it.

My brother used to come home with music papers and I used to think what the fuck are *they*? Why is there a music paper? I didn't get into it until very late. It was only when I started in commercial art, there used to be a guy there, another messenger called Rob who was in the Sex Gang Children and we used to be messengers together and go around. In fact I said to him, Do you want to come and see this band tonight. They're playing up the road from me called The Jam. He didn't come and I came back and I said, weird thing happened last night. There were these guys jumping around, in the band up there, really strange. About two weeks later he went out and bought a Chad Valley drumkit, I bought this guitar and went to my house and played this stuff. We thought lets get a band because that's the thing to do. It sounded a bit like a jazz band but not really because he wasn't a jazz drummer. But I haven't really got a musical background. Once I got into it I had this funny feeling that I knew what was needed. When I got sucked in, started reading the papers I thought yeah, this is it.

Does it come easy writing or do you have to force it?

What I do is, I think I'm not going to do another one and then, because I've got about eight guitars in the flat, one on the settee, one on the wall, one in the kitchen — and I'll be sitting there just fiddling around and I can't help writing. I don't go to bed until I've finished it, lyrics and everything. I'll write about five in a week, then go two weeks doing other things.

Are you conscious of others when you write, what people might think or do you just figure it's nothing to do with them?

Sometimes. Like the B-side could have been an A-side and to stop all the hassle of someone saying that's an A-side keep it I stuck a naff middle eight in.

So you deliberately destroyed that song?

Um, I didn't want a fast, funky uptempo beaty thing going out. So I ruined it. (laughs)

What were those reports about the train being kidnapped when you went and did your video?

We were going through Glasgow, just outside it and lighted big bins were thrown on the line and these kids started throwing rocks at the train, jumping off and nicking all the video equipment. And you could actually smell the glue when you went through there. Someone was shouting at me, This is the real life, why do they do this? I turned around and I looked at the kid and then looked at him and said If I was like that I think I'd nick anything that came through the bloody place. It's a big deal. Hundred weight of salmon comes through, you re going to nick it. All the mothers were standing around watching their kids get whatever they could off the train. If you lived on the estate you'd do it.

Did it frighten you?

No. I just went back to my carriage and went to sleep. Everyone else was over reacting. I thought well I've had enough of that when I was younger. It was never really rough when I lived in Brixton.

Surprises me that you're capable of violence.

Yeah but then could you imagine me going to you, slobbering all over you, Fucking Paolo Hewitt. What would you do? You wouldn't stand there and go ha, ha, ha. If you had that a lot and they were your own age, you don't take that from people your own age. You just think these guys are buffing me, so headbutts. If they were bigger I wouldn't.

What are you after now as a solo artiste?

I want the best all round, I don't know why but I'm searching for it. And I'm getting it now. Working with Geoff, working with the best this, the best that, oh! I love it. The album is going to be totally different. The songs on it are all different. I'll go in, if it sounds the same, and change it to a completely different beat. Some of it sounds like Stevie Wonder. It's because I can use any musicians I want and you get real respect from them. They come in a bit apprehensive and you'll go in there, start talking, arrange a brass line and you'll get respect and they go out wanting to do sessions with you again. I love it. I just love this big circle of respect. I've never had it before.

Are there any elements of your character you want to bring out now?

I don't know. There was me last night, really happy, thinking I'll go into that interview tomorrow dressed up as Paul Weller. I was going to come in today with Jam shoes, a white raincoat, a centre parting and a little badge or something, Department S. (Laughs) But I woke up this morning and I was like this (rubs his eyes), couldn't find my Jam glasses. So you could have got a totally different person. It's totally pretentious to say, Oh I'm going to have a human aspect now or whatever. The only thing is I've reverted back to what I was before I was in the music business. Because I had quite a funny upbringing really. Not funny, but I did a lot of things when I was younger.

Do you mean moving around a lot as a child? I recall you telling me that your family had gone from riches to rags ...

Living in pubs in Deptford and Lewisham, chased by black guys, beaten up at bus stops, back from Beckenham where I was taken to school in the car, very suburban, going to the squash club with mum and dad...

Which did you have first?

It was Brixton and Tulse Hill, I was going to go to Tulse Hill school actually. Then I went to Beckenham, went to Shortlands Highfield and it was very nice, mosaic pink pictures around the primary school and stuff. Then I went to secondary school and around the fifth form a lot of things happened and we had to move away. So I didn't go to school in the last year really and if I did I just used to go to the art block. I just spent most of my time hanging around with dubious people. Which helps. I'm glad I've had that because now I'm not tempted by anything in the music business. I just laugh at it. All these people who are just out to get wasted... now if someone gets out dubious smells in the studio I just say to them, Wise up, I did that when I was 14. Totally patronise them. I see 30-year-olds doing really strange things and I know ten-year-olds who have got much more of an idea of what's going on.

Do you think that you'll lose that younger element now?

No, not really because I'll be talking to them on a level now. I won't be talking down to them like I used to. It is a bit patronising really, playing up to be an eight-year-old when you're not, you're 22 and you haven't got anything in common with an eight-year-old at all, or a ten-year-old or even a 14-year-old.

Apart from the obvious problem hanging over you, are you facing any other problems at the moment?

Any problems? Not really. Settling into my flat that's a problem. Bought a couple of rabbits the other day, Bigwig and Devon. Got to get a video... eh I get down a lot.

Did you before?

Yeah but nobody saw that. I can't help it. I spend a lot of time by myself. I think my flat's haunted, strange noises. I don't like messes, big messes. That's why everything is out now. It's a clear view. Great.

WAH!

5 TRACK 12" SINGLE

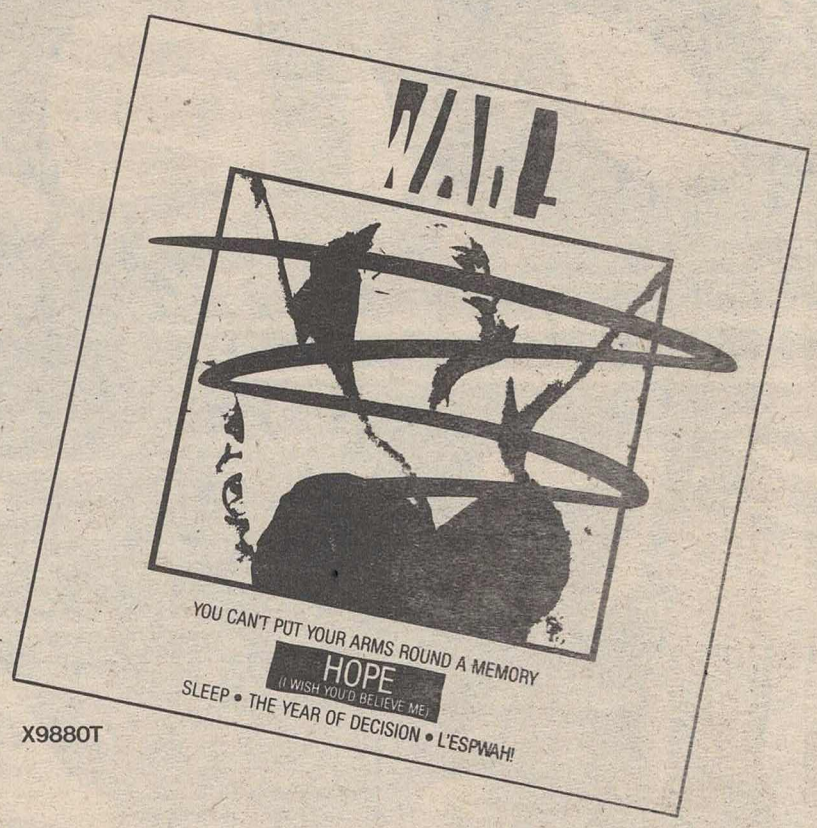
Featuring

YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR ARMS ROUND A MEMORY

HOPE (I WISH YOU'D BELIEVE ME)

SLEEP • THE YEAR OF DECISION

L'ESPWAH!



X9880T

7" SINGLE ALSO AVAILABLE X9880

LIMITED OFFER

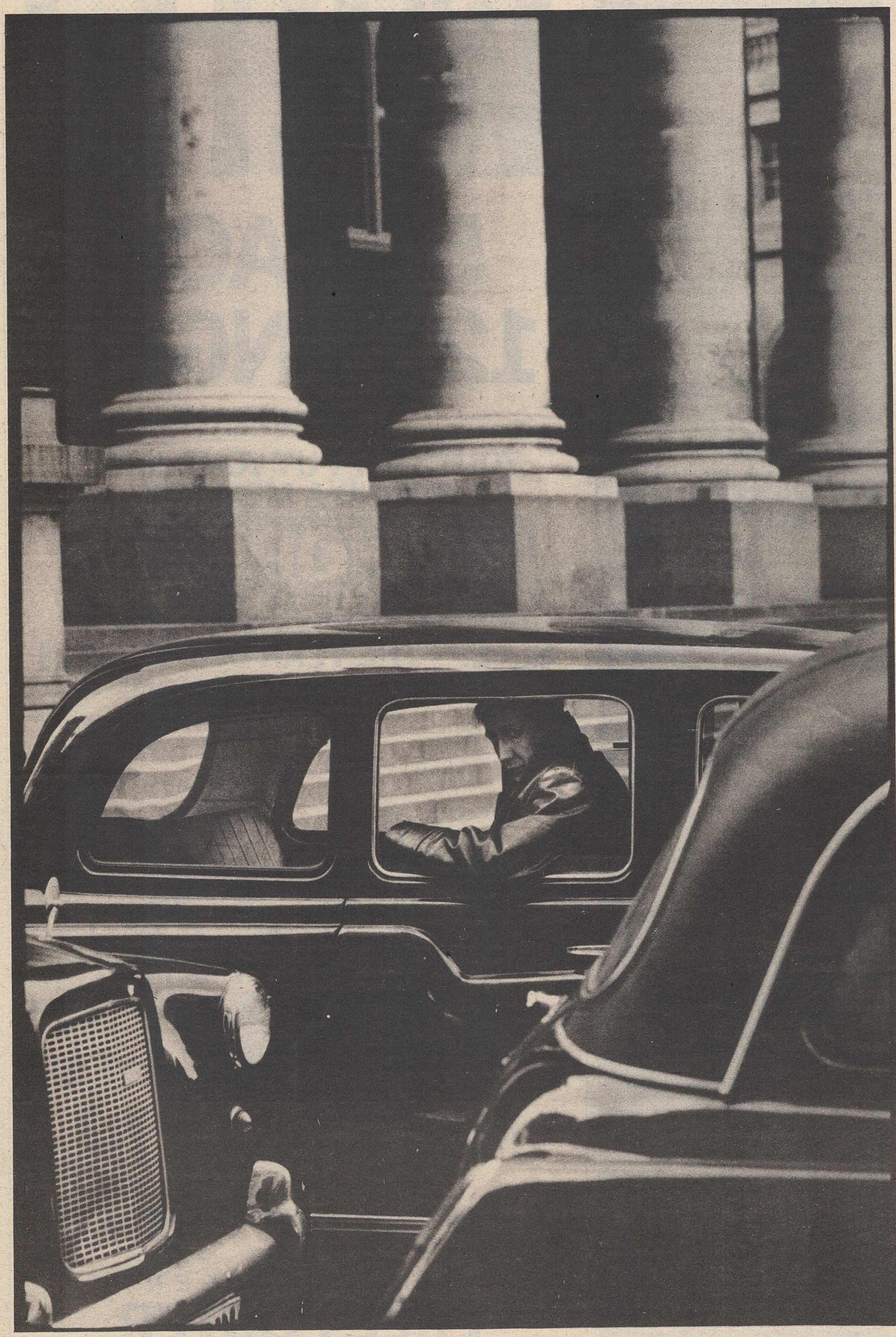
FREE POSTER

WHEN YOU BUY THE 12" SINGLE

eternal

Distributed by wea Records Limited A Warner Communications Company

the unimportance o



BEFORE I begin my latest erratic arrangement I must state my position, of which I'm certain. I have never thought that if Peter Townshend cut himself shaving he would 'bleed rock and roll'.

He would just cut himself.

Pete lights up yet another dark brown teeny tight roll up, and sucks hard, fretful, greedy on this strange security stick.

Pete, when did you feel that you were, in the conventional sense of the word, 'old'?

I've felt old all my life.

Because you felt wise, or because you felt weary?

I felt that I was in trouble, as it were. One of the ways I've measured my inner age is by the fact that I lack eye to eye courage. Yeah, I can write a letter, do something drunk, like smash up a room or get into a fight . . . but stone cold sober I just cannot stand up for my rights . . .

I know that, and I think it's the kind of quality everyone expects youth to be about — the fact that sometimes you don't need to be *right* in what you fight for, that what's important is whatever it is you're fighting for at that moment.

I've never been like that.

It's like when I first got into the band I never had a great yearning to be a great success. I just wanted to be in a band. I think I got caught up in all the ambition of the people around me, someone like Entwistle, who looks to be a very, very laid back quiet sort of bloke on the surface, he's actually got the most fucking aggressive selfish drive for grandeur, position, power . . .

And there's Daltrey's incredible driving need to *pull* himself out of the working classes and to hold himself up as a banner for every working class man and every villain and every thug, to say, Listen, you don't have to fight your way out of every argument, you can do it my way.

And I've been dragged along to a great extent by these people. I've been thinking, whose fight am I involved in? And for a lot of the time I've obviously loved these people, yet been dragged around by them. By Moon's insane need to entertain people, to be laughed at, to be the clown . . . and then Lambert, who was probably the most important person in my life, is not very unlike my mother! All these people who have been around me have been much bigger, much more important, much more eccentric, desperate, powerful, needing characters than I've ever been . . .

So where does this leave me? Piecing myself together, as it were.

EXTRACTS FROM a gloriously confused, pointlessly hateful, elegantly trivialising 9,000 word dismissal of Peter Townshend . . .

And here, dressed in the way of tidy liberal casualness, that post-hippy smartness, rambling not quite as much as expected, a likeable, distasteful, loose, lazy sort of person, as interesting to talk to as any person with an unlikely, looming past and a few good stories turning stale . . . and here we go, into the doldrums of his failure, another interview of straining solemnity . . .

He's just a bit . . . Ken Barlow-ish. Oh, very clever, very intellectual, but the very model of conventional wisdom, and despicably patient. And locked in a whirlpool where sycophancy or abrasiveness doesn't reach. Senility? Yes, associated with that self-hypnosis that's an accessory of years and years of dope smoking, associated with a form of surrender.

The band — all it was for. So Peter Townshend didn't turn out a completely crushing bore; so Roger Daltrey could purple perm his hair and grow a tan; so Keith could fly to his moon; so Entwistle could turn into a long necked bass guitar. And some songs, if you like.

I THINK you're sick if you need to get on stage to start with. You're insecure, you want the wrong kind of . . . Y'know, the love of a good woman is not

Pete Townshend has decided to admit who he reall
give up the deceit of trying to regain his adolescenc

INTERVIEW: PAUL MORLEY

# of being townshend

good enough, you've also got to have the love of 400 tarts.

It's important to remember that at art school I was surrounded by people who were talking about revolution through modes of action, not necessarily dealing with revolution per se. They were talking about the revolutionary qualities of certain painters — pop art was revolutionary; the way Malcolm Cecil played the bass was revolutionary. David Mercer came along to talk about his plays and he went on about bloody revolution . . .

That was the type of mentality I was in. I was brought up playing a banjo in a trad band accompanying Ban The Bomb marches to Aldermaston.

I was actually becoming a complete hypocrite, but not a serious hyocrite that needs to be condemned or crucified; a hypocrite that just needed to be swept aside because I was confused and, to some extent, double dealing without realising that I was doing it.

One big example of that was I was double dealing with the band for a long time. I was in the band, I was making money with the band, I was still using the band as a vehicle for my songs, living off the band, and all the time I was telling the world how shitty they were, how frustrated I felt . . . I expressed all this frustration and I did nothing to back it up.

I suppose 90% of my mail is from American girls, but very young girls, between 13 and 15, and it's always the same gripe that they've got: that they were born into the wrong time, that their parents do not understand them. They say they would much prefer to be 35 years old so that they could have enjoyed the glorious days of rock as America celebrates it, or alternativley born young in Europe.

I fucking feel for them, cos I would hate to be 13 years old and live in America at the moment. But why the hell do they write to me? And how do I reply?

FOR ME, well, my favourite 20th Century workers/artists always incorporated into their considerations of what you term 'futility', their confrontation of disenchantment, a sensual edge, a playful edge, very much anti the liberal/sociable idea of freedom.

The square rock speakers, whether Weller or Townshend, when you were forced to speak on behalf of stereotypes, relied in thrashing through the cold details of futility and inhibition in a way that narrows down response to a numbing degree.

There are great ways to be deeply outraged but still celebratory: brilliant ways to be ingenious and vivacious without being shall we say irresponsible. Rock — you know what I mean using that word — seems to betray the mind, and I think that this is wrong.

Mmmm . . . after Christmas I was wandering around thinking I am going to find out who I am, stuff like that, and then I read Patrick Walker in the *Standard* and it said all Taureans under the influence of Saturn will be walking round with your hand on your brow suffering from an incredibly strong desire to find out who you really are.

And I started to read poetry again, and I got a load of new books and somebody who really fucking struck me was Oscar Wilde, this thing about the pursuit of beauty at all costs, this aesthetic wholeness. Suddenly I saw that you should never allow yourself to be pinned down because you are never the same twice. You are always changing because you are constantly affected by and, hopefully, growing because of the stimuli that is applied to you through your receptiveness to life.

So if you walk around open to what life can offer you then you must never expect to remain the same.

If one tells the truth one is sure, sooner or later, to be found out.

Yeah . . . and I thought Jesus Christ, this is so much on the opposite path to everything I've ever done, but it is so attractive. And it's possibly what we need. When you say to people, there is no work, there is no future, and there is nothing except the present and the fact that the sun might shine and you might be able to get in a day's swimming . . . I dunno . . . you have to make something of that. I think you're absolutely right . . .

The text of sensation.

And despite the fact that I respect Paul Weller, it's something that irks me about him, his rejection of that, and I see something of my own propensity for shoving people's futility back down their throats in him.

In a way your tendencies towards religious mysticism can be linked with Wilde's own tendencies towards mysticism, which again links up with 'beauty for beauty's sake' and vociferous, valuable contradiction. Is your best work an exploration of how we, in the West, can practically incorporate mysticism into our everyday lives?

I don't think I've been able to touch upon it. I think probably the best song I ever wrote about mysticism is 'Bargain', which is slightly devotional, but it was also about what a bargain it is to even be a rat. That even being a rat is better than not being.

And it's so strange because whatever position you are in life there is always someone higher and there's always someone lower, there's always someone envious of you, and always someone you will covet. This is how it is. To the Western consciousness this represents some kind of fatalism . . .

There's a great contradiction between your particular religious values, and your definite Englishness.

I think it's because we live in an age of contradictions. We're at a turning point, a period of great, great change where the Orwellian approach to the injustices of society . . . there's no point in perpetuating it . . . as we've said already by recognising futility you're not actually creating the potential for its eradication.

What about violent action — in the '30s, would you have gone to Spain and fought for the right-minded (that is, left wing)?

I actually wrote a play about that once . . . I read a lot about it . . . I dunno . . . it's very weird. I don't know whether I would have done. It comes back to that thing about me lacking eye to eye courage.

Do you believe in violent methods?

I'm not a pacifist. I do find it strange that all generations since the war have been denied the opportunity, as it were, to decide whether to fight or not to fight. We've been rendered incredibly impotent by that fact, and yet we still have to bow to our fathers and our grandfathers who provided us with the peace that we enjoy at the moment. Even if it is a terrifying peace. I dunno. There are a million causes surely worth dying for.

Would you die for England?

No.

Are you proud of England?

Very much.

What is it about Englishness that is attractive to you?

I think it's like very ordinary things. The main bulk of the people — and I don't just mean working people — they find their dignity in detail, in very, very finely honed attitudes. There's a strange dignity about the English that appeals to me. And that fact that a lot of English people . . . and this manifests itself in a very silly way . . . a lot of middle class people loving their gardens for example. For a long time I used to sneer at that, and then I realised that this is an expression . . . it's a kind of toy town approach to what you're talking about . . . of actually seeing something in life that is worth cherishing and which is natural and God given, which they can be a part of.

I suppose why I like the English is for very universal human things that communicate themselves to me in a very pure way.

Would you say that You're anti-foreign in say the decent way of the '50s Larkin and Amis?

Yeah . . . because I think that any culture that is driven entirely unwittingly and uncontrollably by the emotions that are, as it were, brought by blood and birth — in other words the Latin temperament, or the African temperament — that they're at a disadvantage.

I think that the English way is to suppress and control emotion, and although at first sight that seems to lead to a kind of soulless, colourless approach to life, it does mean that you're one step closer to what I believe is that right way to live . . . which is everyone considering other people before themselves.

I think what's interesting about the English way, and it's rooted in tradition, is that for years and years and years, probably hundreds, we've been forced by our class structure to stop and think . . . the ruling classes by virtue of the fact that they were expected to behave in a certain way, the working classes because they were literally restrained from behaving spontaneously. So spontaneous behaviour has never been . . . er . . . congratulated by the English.

I suppose I must think this is a good thing. I must believe that anything spontaneous is not thought out. Then again, I love spontaneity in art and fashion . . . I suppose spontaneity *in its place.* That's very English, isn't it? Keeping things in their place.

Why am I asking you these questions? Are you important or something?

I don't want to appear to have any great call on humility, but I really don't think that I'm important. I feel that I'm finding out at the moment what is important to me, and that is important.

Do you take yourself too seriously?

No. Because I find it fun to take myself seriously. It amuses me. I find it amusing to see how long I can keep up, if you like, a serious stance without cracking . . . and also the contrary: to see how long I can get by without getting serious.

There are moments when you are frivolous?

Let's put it this way: I'm serious or frivolous very rarely. Most of the time I think I'm just boring. I relish the chances to be frivolous, whether it's through rubbing up against a companion like Moon, or serious when it's rubbing up against someone like you. When I'm just with me, as it were, I just cruise along like everyone else.

EXTRACTS FROM a deliciously unreasonable, contemplatively nasty, heroically argued 9,000 word dismissal of Peter Townshend . . .

P-P-P-P-Peter Townshend is one of those people who don't really know what they think until they write it down or express it verbally. Should he have kept quiet? Whether all this writing down and talking helped Townshend organise his thoughts and recognise enlightenment when he damned well saw it is not in contention: the wordy rubbish fucked him up, guaranteed. If he'd have been ten years younger he would have been Pursey-fied. He should have kept quiet.

Am I being hard? I am. Am I right? I am.

How can anyone possibly comment sympathetically on all those arguments Pete Townshend had with hmself?

It was all this reflective, well meaning, distraught rubbish in conjunction with some ardent righteous blows of rock that contributed considerably to the wonderfully moving and amusing building up, falling down of rock.

By rock I mean that daft attempt to teach the world truth. Townshend talked truth; rock was truth; everyone was meant to impale themselves on this truth. Only now are we recovering, and it's hard work. Townshend has sort of recovered: and turned from fake fanatic into meek mellow mad-man.

I THINK one of the problems of being middle class and coming from a family of musicians has been the fact that *class*, the attitudes and consciousness of what that means in this country, has always been something that has somehow evaded me. I've always wanted to know where I belong. I need to know which group of people I belong to, or am part of. The last couple of years I've actually got involved with a lot of titled people. I felt I wanted to find out if I belonged there. I'd done the musicians, I'd done the working class, I'd done the middle class.

The band . . . the whole thing was completely impossible, untenable, unworkable, solidified, stultified, emulsified . . .

I know in my case I definitely confused artistic indulgence with revolution.

I don't think it's been a waste of time . . . What I've got today . . . I've got my family; I've got a growing relationship with a lot of people around me; I've got an . . . inordinate amount of love for my wife; I've still got a love of art and music, and of rock and roll in particular, and er . . . I've got money in the bank . . . which means at my age I can look back and say, well, some of it might have been treading water, but I'm still relatively young and there's still dangerous things I could do if I wished to do them. I've just got to find out if there's anything I feel deeply enough to say . . .

EXTRACTS FROM a courageously open minded 9,000 word dismissal of Peter Townshend . . .

I hate to moan . . . but you can always guage the extent of a politician's/union leader's simple-mindedness through their use of grand cliches. Nearly all that conversation from those dead patient people running up and down our lives for reasons long forgotten, the ones always nattering away on LBC or Radio 4, is stained with cliche, rubbed bald of regenerative meaning by sodden repetition.

To help them all complete a sentence that makes a vague sort of sense they have to rely on a set of phrases. The obvious popular one right now is "at the end of the day". Shit, that upsets me. Some politicians can slip that into one sentence THREE TIMES. As soon as somebody uses "at the end of the day", I know that they're no good for anything but managing Wigan Athletic. I know that they're wasting everybody's time, that beneath that veneer of alluring confidence they don't know what the wreck they're talking about.

Unfortunately Pete Townshend laces his conversation with an equivalent cliché, the kind of cliché that consequently makes you suspect everything that he says. He never stops saying "as it were".

". . . I stopped writing for Daltrey around the time of 'I'm A Boy', as it were . . ."

". . . I don't very much care what people think of me anymore, as it were . . ."

". . . I don't enjoy doing interviews anymore, as it were . . ."

I know it's a minor point, terrifically minor, but it's usually the minor points that truly matter.

THE IDEA that here was a society, the mods at the time, the young working class kids, it was quite a wide variety, who were literally getting fucked up the arse by aristocrats, that kind of thing. I feel that cos the song was taken up and was so successful in terms of kids responding to it, and it says so little but what it does say is what a lot of kids at the time wanted to express.

And I started to get into that as a habit, looking at what I felt sometimes people wanted to say, not so much being a spokesman but attempting . . . often . . . to say what they were trying to say. And I was often saying things that I didn't necessarily believe myself. That early stuff was written to such a strict brief. I was almost like an advertising executive saying, right, what kind of music's going to fit in here . . . it's gotta have street consciousness, it's gotta be right for Roger Daltrey, blah blah blah . . .

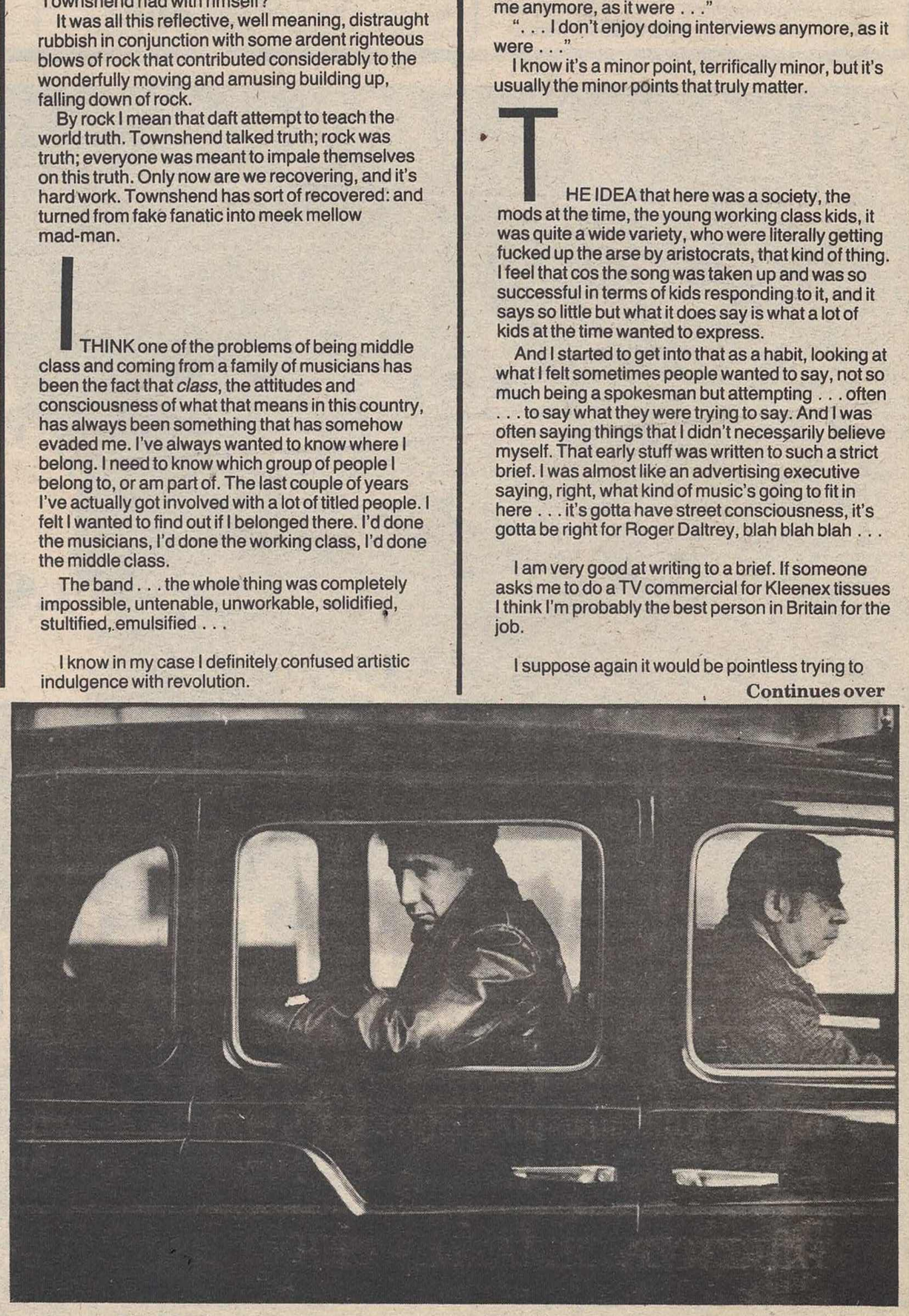
I am very good at writing to a brief. If someone asks me to do a TV commercial for Kleenex tissues I think I'm probably the best person in Britain for the job.

I suppose again it would be pointless trying to

Continues over

ly is — "a pretty straightforward person" — and
e.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN



townshend

From previous page

wriggle out of the liberal label because in fact I am very liberal but partly that's a response to the way I'm treated.

EXTRACTS FROM an assessment of the ways of Peter Townshend that comes to you from the frontiers of contemporary thought and sensibility . . .

One of the greatest things Peter Townshend ever did, for me, has nothing to do with 'Tommy' or 'Live At Leeds' or *Rolling Stone* confessions and admissions, not any historical document. It was when he once said, and the implications of it will outlast anything he has done or will do, "singles could just well be what life is all about. What the spiritual path is all about."

Now that's not bad. Thinking about that kind of statement, one could almost believe that Peter Townshend could have become the life giver, the life receiver, the generous sort with a magnificent contempt for material truth.

Townshend is not the heroic figure the dull statisticians of rock have cast him as: nor the fragile defiant incomplete aesthete he wished to become but for the band: trapped between these two extremes, these two dreams, he appears to be a broken melancholy figure, stumbling over obstacles thrown up by his own temperament, noticing too many possibilities, and so sabotaging his desire for simple happiness.

This fiercely serious man has complex, often veiled, relations with others: feelings of superiority, of baffled feeling, inadequacy, of not being able to get what he wants, or even naming it properly to himself.

Not, like Baudelaire, the superbly self-aware melancholic: not like Hendrix, dead: not, like Jagger, a beautiful failure: not, like Cowper Powys, a devout master of the art of happiness. Just . . . burdened.

SINCE LAST year, we came back from the States, and I mean all that was definitely the art of sophisticated presentation machinery at work, and I came back and actually asked myself some very very simple questions.

Like . . . what do I want to do, what is it I want to say, what kind of art is going to bring me fulfillment, what kind of communication is going to give me the type of feedback that I need? What do I need, why did I get involved in drugs after 15 years of sobriety, why did I have a drink problem, why did I have a problem with my wife, why did I end up in financial relations with so many of my friends?

All of these questions. And I was saying right now I've got no fucking excuse, as soon as the band stops existing I can't continue to blame them for everything. I'm going through all this at the moment. And what I find very interesting is actually looking back at what I've said and done and written and being confused myself, I mean very deeply confused.

When I attempt to be didactic in my writing I fail.

Where I find I've been a victim of my own confusion and double dealing has been the fact that I don't think I ever wanted to be anything other than part of the establishment, that for a long time I was speaking for and talking to people who were trying to resist the establishment or fight for change and in actual fact I was happy to be part of the establishment.

EXTRACTS FROM a work entitled *Peter Townshend: a re-writing of history/making up for lost time.*

Peter Townshend, I feel, would rather have given being an aesthete a good name — like Wilde, Valery, Barthes — than have ended up in a book of guitar greats, like Clapton, Page, blah blah blah.

All he ever wanted to be was beautiful. Hence his whole career has been undercut by pathos. For he was merely the level headed commonsensical conservative with a theoretical interest in revolution who was fucking dragged due to his detached appreciation of art as action and rock as excitement into areas of indulgence that never suited or helped him. After that, all that was left was resignation.

He talks more of Oscar Wilde than Meher Baba.

Now that he's on his own, indulged as he realises, he finds that ambiguity has a greater appeal than authenticity. And being on his own is undoubtedly the best thing for Townshend. He leaves behind a decaying rock truth, rock very much founded on the type of unhealty, unpractical authenticity he pioneered and paraded . . . Authenticity he never truly believed in, as we now see.

Yes, it's sad, it needs to be said. Saint Peter was forced on us: Pete the pathetic is what we get. It was always destined to end in tears. So smile!

THE BRITISH public have had affection for The Who and affection for me with a degree of indulgence and condescension since I suppose 'My Generation' . . .

Warhol, y'know, just becomes known because of a painting of a Campbells soup can and then he doesn't have to do it anymore, he just sort of ponces around New York, and in the same way I feel that when someone stops me in the street and says, how ya doin' man, or is nice to me and shows some warmth, it's because of what I did very early in my career rather than what I do now.

But I really have tried not to coast.

Cos we never had a Number One in England and I would still quite like to get one. I suppose that has driven me, it's not like I've been sitting back on what I did at the beginning . . . cos it wasn't entirely successful.

Because we were a group whose drive in a lot of ways was dissipated and who were manipulated. We were turned into mods when we weren't mods, we were later turned into the darlings of *Ready Steady Go,* and then a band who had some kind of pompous propensity to statements about art and society, and then later on rock opera.

And although I responded to all the manipulations in a positive way, because I really like ideas, there was no real conviction there.

I started to look inward more and I found very little there. I found contentment. I found an animal in me that wasn't what I expected. I found someone who didn't want to be a star, didn't want to be rich, who was quite happy to be a fairly simple family man. And for a couple of years recently I went through a whole explosive thing of trying to rebel against that in me.

I mean, a lot of people felt that I was struggling to regain adolescence but in actual fact I was trying to deal with the fact that I'm really a pretty straightforward person. And that . . .

I get lots of letters that seem to suggest I represent some kind of pinnacle of human achievement because I admitted that I'm a drunk.

. . . I don't have tremendous needs, I don't have tremendous talents, and I don't have special qualities . . . and that in itself is incredibly special.

I suppose only if I'd recognised that a lot earlier would I have had the self respect, the dignity and the pride to have been able to turn round and say to the people around me, Fuck your money, fuck your band and to some extent fuck the friendships in the group which aren't really friendships at all.

What I really need to do is just to be me, y'know, in the words of Toyah Wilcox. To admit to what I really am.

WELL, APPARENTLY Pete and Paul met purely to publicise the release of a double record compilation of rare Townshend scraps, drops of blood, pieces of eight. The publicist made this very clear, he even gave me a tape, which I used to record the interview: we musn't let him down. The record is mentioned, as it were . . .

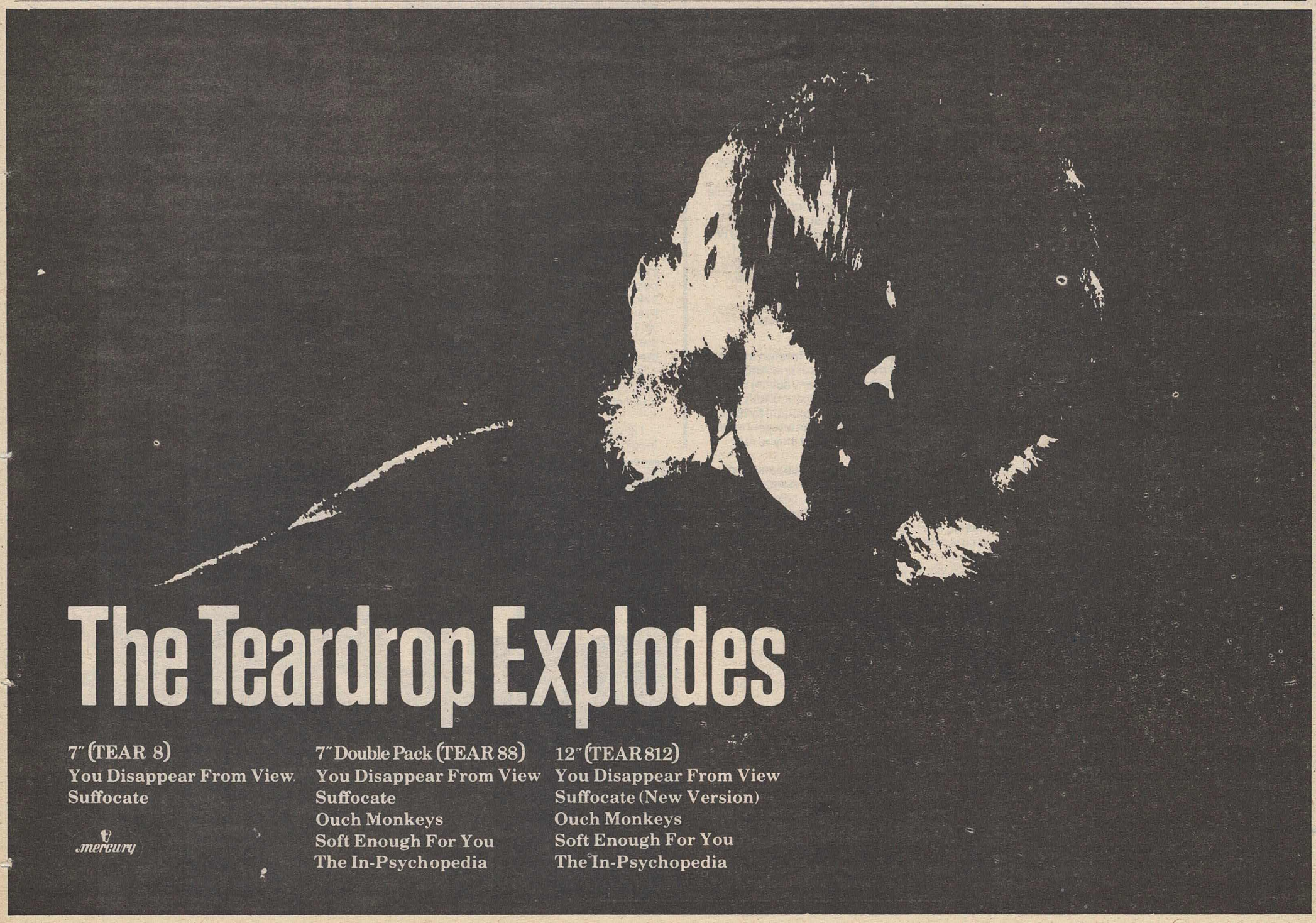
"I've always just worked in a studio, using music and writing as a way I suppose of relieving myself, sometimes in a truly cathartic way, sometimes just for fun, to relieve tension, and sometimes just because I love music. Just playing around with music.

"When Spike was putting together the stuff for the demo album and I listened back through two, three hundred things, I thought *this* is what I'm about. That some of the time what I was actually saying was completely unimportant and it was the fact just that I was playing, that I was doing it, that was the important thing about me. The only thing that ever mattered.

"And this is how I will judge myself. On what that leads me to. Not on what happened with The Who, not what corners that led me into, and not what roles I ended up playing."

Hand Pete a razor blade.

I leave, and Pete Townshend throws a red guitar into the street. A blue car glides over it, crushing the thing. I s-s-s-saunter down Carnaby Street.



WOULD YOU LET YOUR SISTER GROW UP TO BE A BANANARAMA?

Bananarama — peels of laughter. Pic Godlis

BANANARAMA

Deep Sea Skiving *(London)*

MILES AWAY from Kim Wilde's platinum pout — for the big boys — and Toyah's tantrums — for the small boys — are Bananarama; the only girl singers the little girls understand. Last summer Billericay High Street was packed with 12, 13, 14-year-old girls playing 'Boy Trouble' — a B-side! — on big cassette players over and over again; small girls write to *Smash Hits* asking them what kind of boys do they like, and do they have boyfriends. A lot of them probably want to marry Siobhan Fahey when they grow up.

Bananarama are painted boys, good sports, gymbait, the girls next door to the advertising agency; see them on the inside sleeve! The girls as babies, in boats, in photo booths, on bikes, with beer, with boys. They are the girls your schoolfriends could have been if they'd ever taken their fingers out.

Bananarama are better than The Beverly Sisters but nowhere near as good as The Nolans. Like The Beatles made up one whole personality between them, the three small sweet voices of Bananarama make one real voice (one will never have to worry about musical differences or solo projects breaking the group up, because divided their resources simply do not exist) — there's nothing there in the shocking big black belter class of Bernadette Nolan's noise. They dance badly too, like a bunch of navvies impersonating said Nolans; they're also all style and no substance but that's much, much better than being all substance and no style.

It is very clever to have what is in effect a Greatest Hits collection as your first album, and this is it; five of the 11 tracks were singles, and some are B-sides. 'Dr Love' made me think what a coincidence it is that all songs which bear this name (Tina Charles and Mari Wilson were the others) are irretrievable stinkers; 'Cheers Then' made me think of *Whatever Happened To The Likely Lads?;* 'Young At Heart' made me think of The Equals; 'Hey Young London' made me think about turning the Dansette off.

The rest of the time I was thinking what a nice sound it was, and how inoffensive they are, and how pop has really become so remarkably *respectable,* even at its most fun-loving; if your ten-year-old daughter said she wanted to be one of Bananarama when she grew up, you really would have nothing to worry about — they even play netball at weekends!—but if 15 years ago she'd said she wanted to be, say, Marianne Faithfull, you'd have been terrified — it would mean she wanted to become a drug addict and shack up with a Satanist and attempt suicide every five minutes! But Bananarama are babysitters you can trust.

No more sour sarcasm, though — we're talking sweets for the sweet. I hate the corny old hack habit of ending favourable record reviews with lines from classic cuts, but just this once — SHOOP! SHOOP! WAAAAAAAA!

Julie Burchill

THE METAL MAJORITY

DEF LEPPARD

Pyromania *(Vertigo)*

MARILLION

Script For A Jester's Tear *(EMI)*

STYX

Kilroy Was Here *(A&M)*

THIN LIZZY

Thunder And Lightning *(Vertigo)*

NATURALLY, WE know — don't we? — that all this music is built on ancient myth.

We recognise its language and movement as the hieroglyphics of a solidified and unyielding anti-civilisation, one which must not advance because it will auto-destruct on the injection of 'progress'. It must recycle mannerism forever. It must roar to a stadium of faceless souls for all eternity. Its Gods are three parts scrapyard fantasy, one part bathroom masturbation and one part music hall.

And it will not go away! Museum pieces you can consign to the conscience-cupboards of the revolution; these people are alive and they're doing very well. I don't know who keeps them in spending money but their wallets bulge. As Marillion's writer/vocalist Fish torments his tonsils through the ugly and irresponsible forest of alliteration and bad syntax on their record, you can detect the satisfaction in the faked hunger of a secretly fat man.

Nothing about any of these groups is important except their audience. Although they place themselves in the far corner to 'pop music', putting their trust in weight and width, it is only through the attentions of a disaffected pop audience that they have survived.

Like the allure of a boxing ring or a pools win, Def Leppard piss over the squalor of a class background stunted in opportunity; Styx take an adolescent grope through a muddled fantasy of Asimovian fatalism; Marillion addle the ambitions they saw suddenly leap up in their school poetry books or music room exercises; Thin Lizzy concoct a spurious allegory between folklore heroism and boys' town devilry. They have each frozen and leashed a strain of growing up.

It is some part of these respective delusions that grants them their pedestal — the classic stuff of the pop idol, the means of identifying with a star, has been bowdlerised by these sad little figures into entire careers, complete lifestyles. Music actually plays a negligible part. There is no constructive use of music anywhere here, simply a masque of gestures and motifs and irrelevancies.

Of all the things music can be used for this is about the most selfish and dispiriting, for here it is reduced to the meanest excuse.

Def Leppard point loudly — they do everything loudly — at their songwriting. They are, they say, much more than an average heavy metal group because they play real songs instead of the road-drill riffing of the usual metalclones. Presumably this is a reference to their trick of using a lot of chord changes and carefully rigged vocal harmonies; in other respects, the song form is as neutered of character as is customary in their vein. 'Rock! Rock! (Till You Drop)' and 'Die Hard The Hunter' do not strike one as being particularly insightful developments of songwriting expertise.

'Photograph', for all its blindingly obvious cliches, does move a little nearer the smart metal pop that Foreigner and Loverboy are so good at, but Def Leppard still wind up in the ludicrous position of being idiots pretending to be astute men pretending to be idiots again.

It might seem tragic to some to find Thin Lizzy offering such a useless and torpid farewell as 'Thunder And Lighting', although the merits of their banging them pleasure machines (women) have never exactly been clear. Lizzy have undertaken a peculiarly unfocused trudge through a bastard memorial to a dark age. I hear nothing necessary in this record, least of all the obvious departure point of 'The Sun Goes Down', which has Mysterious Ballad writ all over in the manner that hallmarks the bogus artist.

Both Lizzy and Leppard insist on having volume and power on their side: so why are they so arthritically slow, so cleansed of the strength of diversity, so completely indiscriminate in their bludgeoning alternation of light and dark? Because they are quite incapable of doing better, or different.

Styx must imagine themselves at least a galaxy on from these ruffians, and they would decry any hint of metal overkill. Styx have been around such a long time and still nobody knows any of their names. 'Kilroy Was Here' is an extended concept about a future where the Moral Majority have gained control and rock is banned: for Styx, self-styled saviours of rock'n'roll freedom, that moment has already arrived. It is a verbose, appalling joke on themselves.

Denied — by their own choice — of the crude bombast of the HM blimp, and adrift from the inkling of pop sense that flickered around something like 'Babe', 'Kilroy Was Here' is only an elongated concerto for virtuoso nothingness. You may count yourselves fortunate that the video for the opening 'Mr Roboto', which I saw across the water the other week, is unlikely to be glimpsed here.

We arrive at the far end with Marillion. Not content with selecting one of the worst titles ever to grace a record, Fish and his cohorts compound the felony with a rock music that is a desultory scrapbook of rags from exhausted minds. While the sound of Marillion consists of formless, straggling loops from the discarded spools of Genesis and Greenslade, the words make up a terrible mountain of shapeless imagery, language crippled by misuse.

Like music, words have been criminally abused by this strain of rock. They grind to a dead stop. Nowhere but in the obscene cavortings of a group like Marillion has the richness of words been so debased. To endure such asinine works as 'Chelsea Monday' or the bargain store apocalypse of 'Forgotten Sons' requires a strange tolerance.

Isolating such minutiae is finally pointless. This music doesn't budge with such criticism. It has no capacity to enlighten, or provoke, or make good. The only remaining virtue it can claim is its 'power', its imaginary punch; but because that instantly dissolves, leaving no trace or resonance, it is no more than an idle release, a hollow shout.

One day, perhaps, enough people will disengage their support, and these groups will finally disappear. I haven't given up yet.

Richard Cook

Feargal communes with God. Pic Pennie Smith

ANOTHER SOUL FROM A DIFFERENT MONASTERY

THE UNDERTONES

The Sin Of Pride *(EMI)*

WITH A title like 'The Sin Of Pride' and a cover that depicts the lads in penitent pose against the shadow of a stained glass window there's a generally spiritual air to the Undertones' new release, so perhaps I should start with a confession. In the early days I was never that wild about The Undertones. While others were flooding them with superlatives I remained relatively untouched. 'Get Over You' struck a melodic chord and the first album had its occasional thrill, but I could never see what drove people to such wild levels of excitement. To me The Undertones were just another pop band with their feet firmly stuck in a sub-Ramones rock plod, and little hope of screaming madly into the wild pop beyond.

'Hypnotised' sharpened their *Dandy Annual* appeal but seemed all the more clod-hopping in its arrangements (with the sole exception of 'Wednesday Week'); The Undertones seemed intent on dragging their potential down to a mundane po/rock formula. Then 'It's Gonna Happen' blasted unexpectedly from my radio one spring morning and suddenly the ugly ducklings were soaring on a breakneck burst of horns into an area behind the transitory. It was a sweet soulful release that unharnessed their yearning and turned Undertoning, in one glorious swoop, from a dubious pleasure to a passion that burned ever stronger through the brilliant duration of 'Positive Touch', and which now flames with an unbearable intensity through the hot soul of 'The Sin Of Pride'.

It's an immaculate conception of pop augmented by the gospel spirit of Sylvia And The Sapphires, coursing with searing horns and stretched to a point of beautiful and intricate brittleness by Feargal's molten voice.

'Sin Of Pride' is the most important dive from the ivory tower of pop into the deeper currents of soul music since Costello's 'Get Happy'. Like that album, it kicks off with the single, as a homage to its sources, and continues to take its inspiration into realms beyond — there's an obvious respect here for the spirit of '60s soul, but that respect acts as a genuinely inspiring spirit to drive The Undertones forward. There is no point at which the enormity of the influence becomes too much to handle. The Undertones pull it off, without getting stuck in a bog of awe.

'Got To Have You Back', like The Jam's 'Midnight Hour' and The Slits' 'Grapevine' eschews the superficial gloss pursued by the lesser soul dabblers and cuts straight to the wild, burning, feverish heart of the music.

After such an opening, maintaining the level of intensity should, by all laws of nature, prove difficult, but here it seems effortless. The instant 'Valentine's Treatment' opens with: *"If hate's a pleasure/Then the well meaning isn't meant/Valentine's treatment can make/It all seem heaven sent"* and the band swell with a proud power, and from that point it's just a struggle to catch a breath.

There is always more to this enterprise than a simple speedy bluster, however, and when the pace slows the soul soars with a natural ease that leaves Dexys stranded in the self consciousness of their own emotion. Take a listen to the magic moment on 'Soul Seven' where the moody cool suddenly bursts and Feargal's glass cutting scream floods into *"A tide of emotion that's supposed to show"*. The band rises with a righteous majesty behind him and if your heart doesn't stop then, brother, it wasn't beating in the first place.

File 'The Sin Of Pride' with impunity beside your copy of 'The Isley Brothers' Greatest Hits' — but don't put it near 'The Lexicon Of Love', unless you want the latter artifact reduced to a sticky mess on the carpet.

Don Watson

Shop into Boots

The Cure – "Faith"/"Carnage Visors" ~~£5.75~~ **£4.99**

Fleetwood Mac – "Rumours"/ "Fleetwood Mac" ~~£5.49~~ **£4.99**

Peter Gabriel – "Peter Gabriel 1"/"Peter Gabriel 2" ~~£5.49~~ **£4.99**

The Jam – "All Mod Cons"/ "Setting Sons" ~~£5.75~~ **£4.99**

Shakatak – "Drivin' Hard"/ "Night Birds" ~~£5.75~~ **£4.99**

TWO ALBUMS ON ONE CASSETTE SOUND TWICE AS GOOD AT £4.99

This price on all Double Play Cassettes means that now you can hear even more of your favourite artist. You'll find this great selection and many more at Boots Record Departments.

Spandau Ballet – "Journeys to Glory"/"Diamond" ~~£5.99~~ **£4.99**

Ultravox – "Vienna"/"Rage in Eden" ~~£5.99~~ **£4.99**

Visage – "Visage"/"The Anvil" ~~£5.75~~ **£4.99**

Pat Benatar – "In The Heat of the Night"/"Crimes of Passion" ~~£5.99~~ **£4.99**

Blondie – "Eat To The Beat"/ "Auto American" ~~£5.99~~ **£4.99**

Kim Carnes – "Sailin'"/"Kim Carnes" ~~£5.99~~ **£4.99**

Brian Eno – "Before & After Science"/ "Here Come The Warm Jets" ~~£5.75~~ **£4.99**

The Jam – "This Is The Modern World"/ "In The City" ~~£5.75~~ **£4.99**

Jon & Vangelis – "Short Stories"/ "Friends Of Mr Cairo" ~~£5.49~~ **£4.99**

Gary Numan – "Replicas"/ "Pleasure Principle" ~~£5.49~~ **£4.99**

Police – "Outlandos d'Amour"/ "Zenyatta Mondatta" ~~£5.99~~ **£4.99**

Rainbow – "Down To Earth"/ "Difficult To Cure" ~~£5.99~~ **£4.99**

The Specials – "Specials"/ "More Specials" ~~£5.49~~ **£4.99**

"Supertramp – "Crisis? What Crisis?"/ "Even In The Quietest Moments" ~~£5.49~~ **£4.99**

Talking Heads – "77"/"More Songs About Buildings & Food"

Offer prices apply until 26 March 1983. Available from most branches of Boots. All items subject to stock availability. Prices refer to Great Britain and may not apply in the Channel Islands or Northern Ireland.

Boots

So much more to value

RETURN OF THE WHITE-HOT SOUL SISTER

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

White Heat *(Casablanca import)*

TRULY, THIS is the age of resurrection. Marvin's 'Midnight Love', Curtis' 'Honesty', and now Dusty's 'White Heat'. Five years after 'It Begins Again' marked an official — and patchy — comeback, Dusty Springfield *has* made a record that rivals the power and glory of those awesome '60s singles.

The surprise is she's forsaken the soft soul/MOR tack of her last two LPs for a driving surge of synths, guitars and heavy drums. It works, too — 'White Heat' roars with a relentless energy that galvanizes Dusty into her most confident and *committed* singing for years. That's a real bonus, because Dusty Springfield is about the best pop singer Britain's ever produced.

She hits peak form so many times on this LP: on the rapturous Philly soul of 'Don't Call It Love', a beautiful track that unfolds with the cool urgency of vintage Detroit Spinners; on Elvis Costello's 'Just A Memory' (cheekily retitled 'Losing You'), where the fragmentary feel of the original is transformed into a stunning blues drama; on the breathy disco rampage of 'Donnez Moi', the sheer *poise* of the vocals inverting the lyrics' banal message of need.

Three surefire hits, I'd say; and there are *more* highlights, too. The romantic 'Time And Time Again' and the catchy pop of 'Gotta Get Used To You' are more typical Springfield fare, but the closing 'Soft Core' is a different kettle of fissure — a stark ballad of sexual ambivalence on which her voice superbly underscores a queasy feeling that's equal parts desire and despair.

'White Heat' is essentially *modern* music: the force of those great '60s melodramas has been reignited in an '80s context of synths, voice treatments and upfront sexuality. It's possibly a personal risk — a huge leap away from the relative security of the cabaret circuit into the dangerous currents of pop commercialism — and perhaps that's why 'White Heat' also feeds on a tension that grips from start to finish, and pulls you through the odd hard rock excesses that mar 'Sooner Or Later' and 'Blind Sheep', where the voice is mixed curiously low.

'White Heat' — its occasional heaviness apart — is a brave and brilliant success: a white pop firmly rooted (like nearly all the best white pop is) in a devout affection for black music. And Dusty Springfield, co-producer with Howard Steele and longtime soul aficianado, must take much of the credit for this result.

I can't think of anyone I'd rather welcome back to pop stardom; and after 'White Heat' I can't think of anyone likely to come back with such style and power and grace.

Graham Lock

Dusty Springfield. Illustration Ian Wright

CAN'T STOP LOVING HIM

RAY CHARLES

Wish You Were Here Tonight *(CBS)*

IT'S MORE than two decades since Ray Charles' scorching R&B began earning him the epithet "The Genius" from gape-mouthed admirers. The legion of those he influenced included every budding vocalist, black and white, of the '60s and beyond.

These days he's a man with nothing left to prove, and sounds content enough to stroll through undemanding sets of amiable material such as this. 'Wish You Were Here Tonight' is mostly country music, by no means his first foray into the genre (indeed, two the biggest hits from Charles' slushier period were C&W songs, 'Your Cheatin' Heat' and 'I Can't Stop Loving You').

Bow-tie Daddy

Here, the pace is lazy, the mood a little sentimental, but overall the mix of cornball romance and un-forced humour works likably well. In any event, no amount of syrup can quite conceal the lingering appeal of a true classic voice.

Paul Du Noyer

TAPE IT ON THE UPBEAT

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Street Sounds: Editions 1 & 2 *(PRT/Street Sounds)*

ALL THOSE record companies who throw up such a hysteria at the proliferation of home taping (perhaps the same people who *sold* us the expensive technology and now seem so surprised that we are actually *using* it) — the way to do it...is to make us an offer.

'Street Sounds' — product of Morgan Khan of Record Shack — is intended as a regular venture, which you can either buy separately or subscribe to , in the form of a cassette or fairly cramped LP. What you are offered for your £3.99 is eight full length mixes of almost guaranteed quality soul, most released between one and two months before the compilation itself. If you have a serious interest in soul music and suitable amounts of money to spend, you'll probably already own those you want, but for the uninitiated or those just passing through (please stay!), 'Street Sounds' is a sound economic proposition and your chance to get hooked.

'Street Sounds Number One' has been out for a few months, but is worth mentioning for Shep Pettibone's US-only remix of Inner Life's 'Moment Of My Life', a ten minute straight-plus-accapella mix of The Peech Boys fine 'Don't Make Me Wait' and, for whoever it is that doesn't already own them, Flash's 'The Message' and Raw Silk's 'Do It To The Music'.

Number 2 is even better. Appropriate *NME* recommendations have already been given to Montana Sextet's very 'Heavy Vibes', Melle Mel and Duke Bootee's 'Message 2 (Survival)' — which is very easy to love, despite the suspicions of a formularised discourse that apply equally to 'Message 1' — and Nairobi's electronic update of Manu Dibango's 'Soul Makossa' with Arthur Baker in complete control.

There is also Whodini's 'Magic's Wand', which even under the shadow of Flash, can still have its delights, and, most pleasurably, Gwen McCrae's 'Keep The Fire Burning', a beautiful piece of fast '80s soul and like most of its companions, a suitable sound for both penthouse and pavement.

Marcus Boon

PSEUD'S CUL DE SAC

TEARS FOR FEARS

The Hurting *(Mercury)*

THE STORY so far . . . Roland and Curt are two everyday morose ex Joy Division fans. Sullen, sad and ashen faced they do not feel a part of this world and the idiocy of existence — the eating, the sleeping, the waking, all for what? *More* eating, sleeping and waking?

There's too many complications, too much hurt, sorrow and suffering in this life. Curt and Roland are hip to that so they spend all day gazing into a murky duck pond.

You may laugh but in the circles Roland and Curt move in — or should I say used to move in? They don't do much moving these days, in fact they don't do much of anything — they're considered the coolest kids on the block.

They stand there and gaze into their ugly black mirror on the world and the reflections they see confirm everything they already knew. Let's take a look.

"And I find it kind of funny,/I find it kind of sad,/The dreams in which I'm dying,/Are the best I've ever had." ('Mad World').

"But the pain of birth,/What is it worth,/When it don't turn out the way it should . . ." ('Suffer The Children')

"What can I do,/When history's my cage,/Looking forward to a future in the past." ('Memories Fade')

"Breakdown is a final demand,/(We stand firm with our head in our hands),/As we love to cry,/Half alive." ('Start Of The Breakdown')

What a pair of comedians, and no mistake. I should say at this point that when my editor handed me this LP, he asked that I try not be too negative. After all, it's bound to be very popular with a lot of people out there. Well, when it comes to negativity Tears For Fears (such a meaningful name, don'tcha think) have the game sewn up before we even begin. Sure, they may be popular — so was the Reverend Jim Jones when he took 5000 followers to Guyana to commit mass suicide.

Tears For Fears are the perfect group for all those fucked up, 'what are we going to do with our lives' student types who spend every moment wrapped up in their tiny problems and pathetic existence; the sort of people who read a Kafka book at an early age and never come back.

To paraphrase Neil Young, their problems may be meaningless but that don't make them go away. This record and others like it are a terrible, useless sort of art that makes self pity and futility a commercial proposition. It's certainly a field day for capitalism when people can feel they're getting some sort of fulfilment from the grey blank scratchy pop music of TFF — I can just see the marketing men rubbing their hands as another portentous video rolls into place.

It's escapism of the worst kind; and more a symptom of the happy death, no hope feeling that's starting to grow in Mrs Thatcher's madhouse than most people imagine.

It's to do with a crushed spirit, a hopeless insularity and a heartless isolation. TFF and their listeners sound like they've given up completey, retreating from the practical real world into a fantasy. It's not even a proper dreamy pop fantasy with lots of boys and girls out on the streets and the beaches; no, it's a fantasy that takes place in private, somewhere in the recesses of time and space where doors creak shut never to open and you fall deep, deep deeper into the shadows. Roland and Curt are two little boys locked in the dark room (it's just down the hall from the nursery) and their preoccupations are as sad and solitary as masturbation.

The music is just the sort of doom laden dross you'd expect from the lyrics: rehashed and reheated hollow doom with a bit of Ultravox here, diluted Joy Division poured everywhere, and the title track sounding suspiciously like one of the old pompous outfits with a welter of mellotrons — Barclay James Harvest per chance?

It's inevitable that we're going to have groups like Tears For Fears with their pre-packaged nihilistic nightmare to take advantage of this new depressive chic, this new gloom boom. But perhaps they *really mean it*, perhaps they have gone and put themselves out on the edge for you, gentle listener, asking the age-old question that has haunted men since the beginning of time — "Why are we here?" If so, the answer from this LP is a resounding "We don't bloody know!"

Gavin Martin

Tears For Fears, stuck in the dustbins of existence, contemplate the utter meaninglessness of their new record.

Shop into Boots

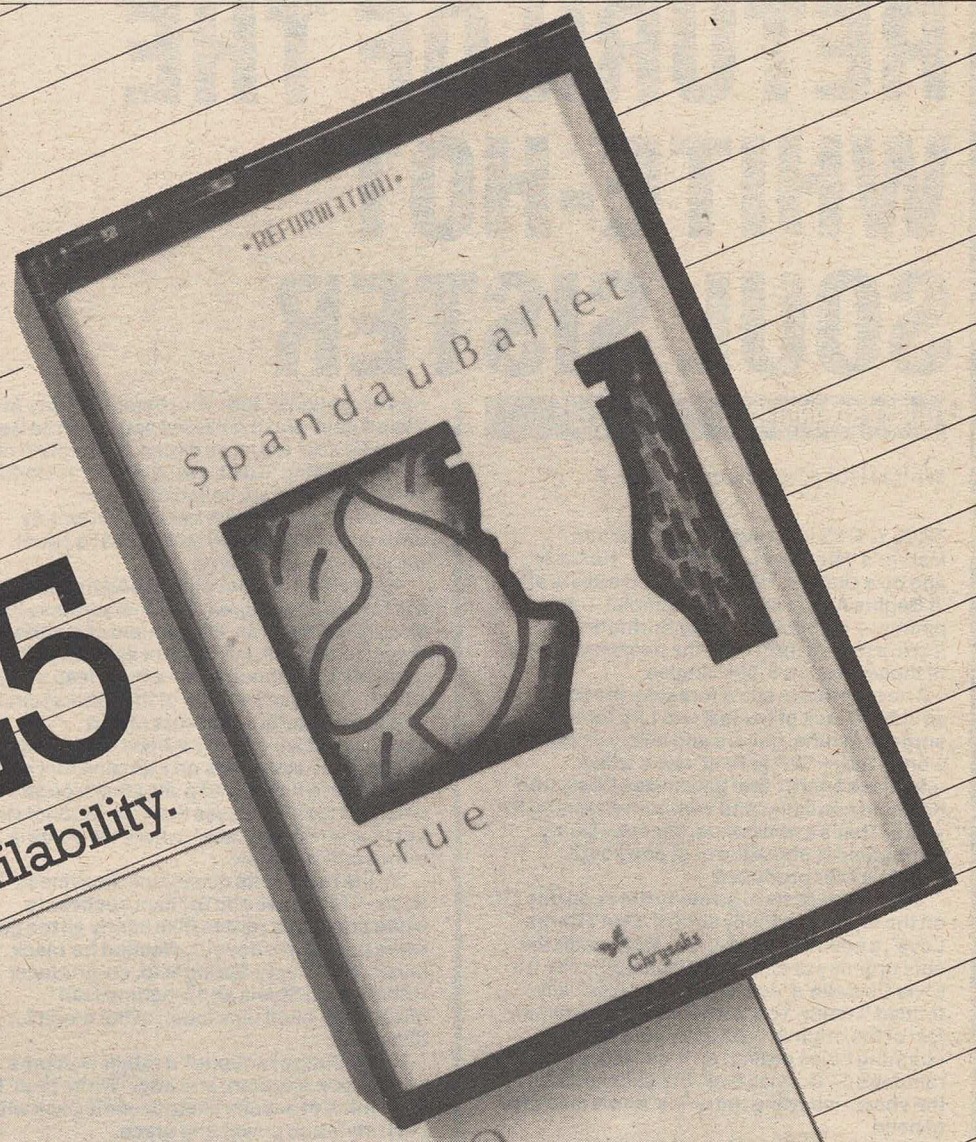
Original soundtrack featuring the hit single "Communication"

Another example of the value you'll find on records and tapes at Boots Record Departments.

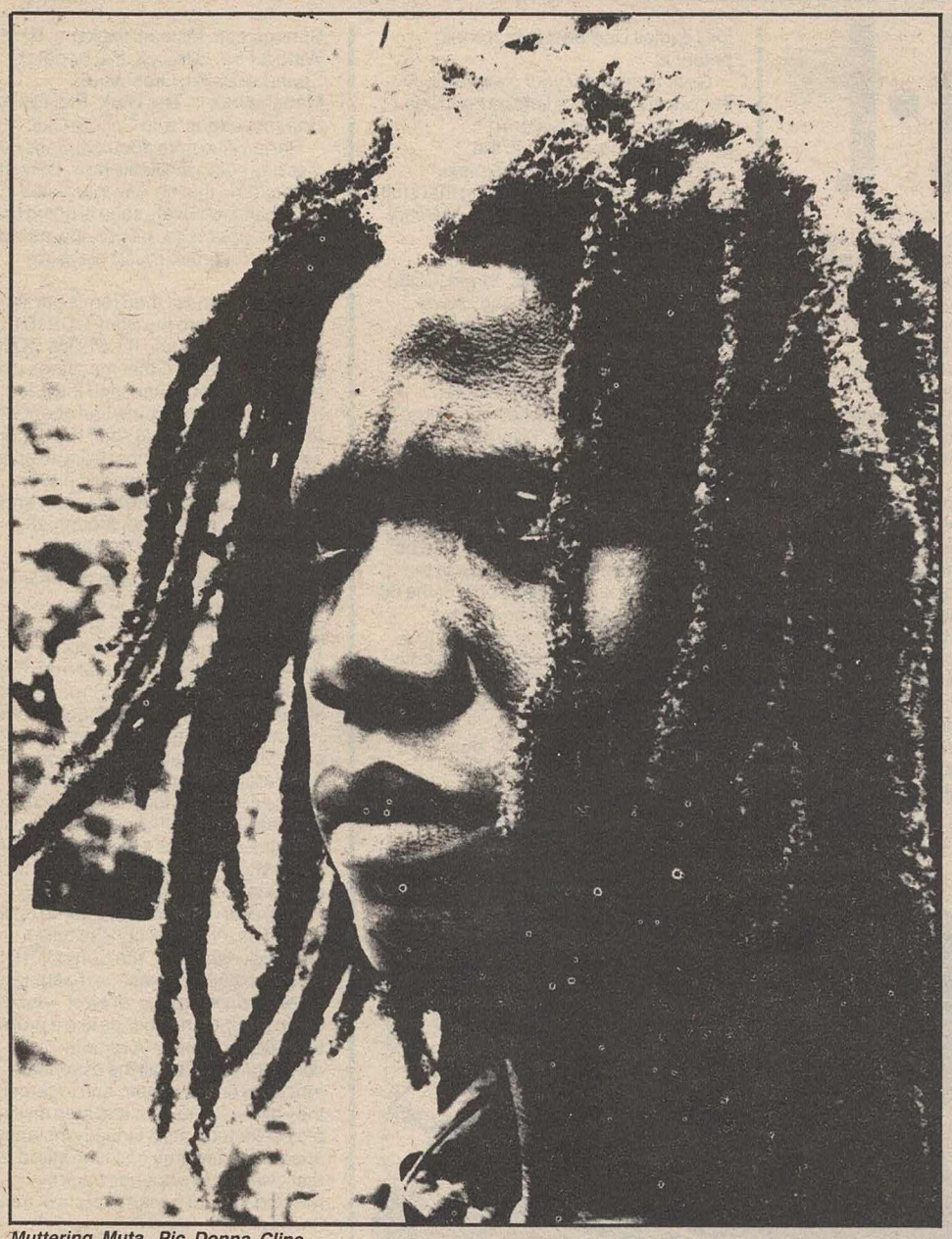
Call in now for a great selection of music at prices you'll love.

TRUE. £4.25

For album or cassette. Subject to stock availability.



Boots So much more to value



Muttering Muta. Pic Donna Cline

A MILITANT EARFUL

MUTABARUKA

Check It *(Alligator Records — import)*

MILITANT GESTURE combines with the harsh realities of sufferation to make Mutabaruka's first album a dynamic addition to the growing body of dub poetry.

Muta's reputation was hinged on his three singles, all included here, and the exclusive *NME* interview last October, but it was seriously boosted by the appearance of the barefooted, shirtless dread stalking across our TV screens during Channel 4's *Reggae Sunsplash* series.

'Check It' was in preparation for over a year and the production and arrangements, credited to Muta and superlative reggae guitarist Chinna Smith, have been carefully crafted with deft musicianship to resolve that difficult task of combining poetry with music.

From the rap intro this album is almost merciless. Casting his verbal net worldwide, 'Check It' (the title track) opens the set, conjuring visions of madness: *"Atlanta killings dip on mi mind, killing children and dumping them like swine, test tube babies them mek now, soon woman gonna breed an have cow..."*. Astride a minimal drum 'n' bass and repeater rhythm he chants in a determined, uncompromised fashion, continuing his aggressive attack as the sharp divide between uptown and downtown comes under scrutiny in 'De System'. He sneers at the middle classes adoption of Marley and beckons that day *"when the pendulum swings . . . when the well runs dry"*.

The drama and lyricism of that first classic single 'Every Time A Ear De Sound' sustains its original impact, but as Pablo's melodica flashes the first few bars of 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' you suddenly find yourself at the mercy of the unwittingly catchy refrain of *"It nuh good fe stay in a whiteman country too long."* A powerful and polemical little number inspired by LKJ's commentaries on the UK, it begs the question of the follow up track 'Whey Mi Belong' — a poem from the early '70s which paints eerie picture set amid a meditative fundae beat and heavenly choirs.

The anti-American sentiments of Muta's 'Angola Invasion' or his indictment of a system sustained through its reproduction of inequality doesn't make Muta "political". He is above all a Ras Tafari and out of his mental self-seeking arises his critical appraisal of the world in which he lives.

Stylistically he doesn't revel in that oral story-telling tradition from which Mikey Smith pulls together a labyrinth of imagery and humour which grips and mesmerises, yet the power and humanity of his work has created an easy match for Smith's 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' LP.

Who could fail to fall hook, line and sinker for that tale of ghetto loving, 'Hard Times Loving'? With an intro lifted from a '60s French pop hit and a dedication to all the sisters in the ghetto, this poem stands tall against DJs' insistence on slack, anti-woman trivia.

'Butta Pan Kulcha' continues the conceptual flow. A tragic yet beautiful exploration of being crushed by the pressures of ghetto life. Written to be performed at Kingson's Belle Vue mental hospital, he takes on the persona of the "mad" man, the sidewalk traveller, naked or dressed in rags whose only possession is a condensed-milk can. It's a highlight of the album, impeccably arranged, and displays some superior guitar by Chinna.

Only the ironic 'Siddung Pon De Wall' is performed without music and excellent it is too... *"him look north, him look south. Ah could see him was in doubt, but ah was sitting in the street, picking out last weeks food from outa me teet..."*. Just a taste.

Mutabaruka is a principled, humanitarian voice of resistance in a country dominated by violent partisan politics and whose role in the Carribean is not unlike Britain's in Europe. The new American imperialism is at hand so as the man says, *"People, people for what it's worth take your face outa the dirt, start the day yours on eart' and don't give up."*

A universal message. Check it.

Paul Bradshaw

DES AIRS

Lunga Notte *(Crammed Discs)*

THE STRINGS

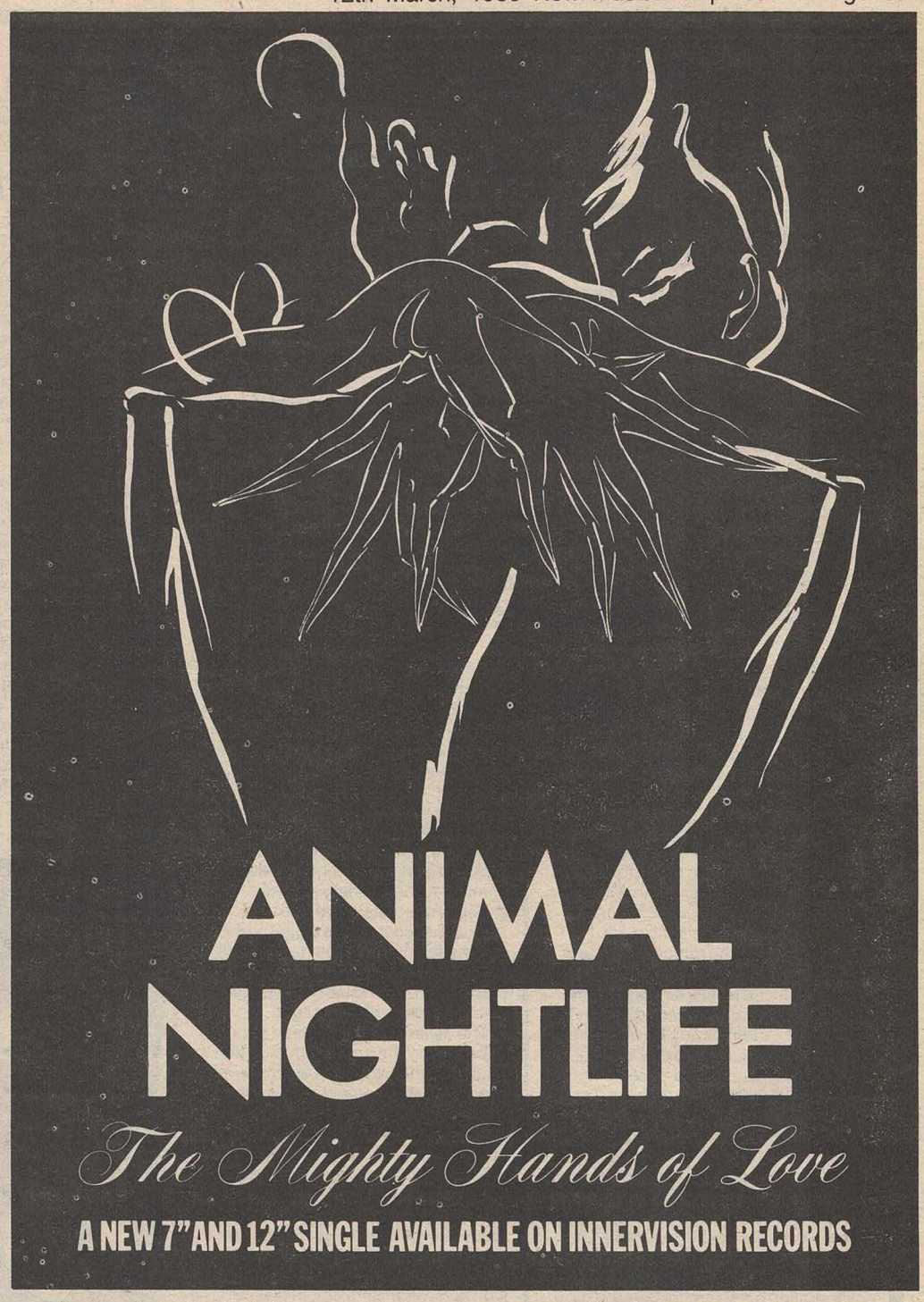
Yum-Yum *(Parsley)*

IF YOU'RE feeling downhearted about the state of British music — and let's face it, a creativity boom there isn't — I can thoroughly recommend that you listen to these two Belgian 12 inches. They'll remind you that things could be worse.

The Strings aren't so much Flem-rock as Phlegm Rock — they try desperately to sound British and fail miserably. Their songs are off-the-peg teen rebellion. Their music is a plodding, pea-brained mish-mash of Bunnymen and Joy Division slopped over an unhealthy admiration for mid-'70s progressive rock. Their idea of exciting sleeve design is to slap a female midriff on the cover. Yum-Yum? Yeuch-Yeuch!

Des Airs, meanwhile, try so hard to be bohemian it's exhausting to listen to them. They share The Virgin Prunes' fondness for sitting around radiators in bare-boarded rooms and getting people to photograph them. They sing songs with studiedly whimsical lyrics in a style more than a little reminiscent of the B-52's. They probably had a few laughs recording these songs — they certainly had more fun than I did listening to them.

Don Watson



BEFORE YOU MAKE A MAJOR INVESTMENT IN SPEAKERS, LISTEN TO THIS.

AR Hear what you've been missing.

Whatever your budget, you can enjoy the best sound in the world. Sound that regularly wins the highest praises of audio publications the world over. For its pure high-range clarity and thunderous bass. Its ideal tonal balance. Its effortless power handling under the most demanding playback conditions.

All it takes is a few of your favourite records. And a few minutes with our AR 28LS bookshelf speaker. Built into this sophisticated listening instrument are the same systems and components used in professional monitoring equipment. You'll find AR-built acoustic suspension woofers and high-dispersion tweeters. Crossover networks designed on AR computers. And a power handling reserve that will take anything a 100-watt amplifier can deliver. What you won't find is an exorbitant price. See your AR dealer. And hear the good news.

For further information and an illustrated leaflet write to:
Dept. N, Teledyne Acoustic Research, High Street, Houghton Regis, Dunstable, Bedfordshire, LU5 5QJ. 0582 603151.

don't touch that D·I·A·L

BY TONY BACON

SONIC REVOLUTION OR SALES HYPE?

The launch of the Compact Disc has met with mixed reactions — from those who see it as heralding the start of a new era in audio technology, to those who suggest it could just boil down to a clever marketing tactic to boost declining sales. Tony Bacon weighs up some of the pros and cons.

IT'S been difficult to escape the noise about a new sound reproduction system called Compact Disc these last few weeks, as advertising agencies bandy about phrases like "Perfect sound that lasts for ever" or "You are now witnessing the beginning of a new era in audio technology".

So stand back, make room, form a queue, and try to remember that it's music we're talking about here, for the varied and grandiose claims made for Compact Disc as the natural successor to the record centre on the *quality* of the sound produced by this digital system.

The system was developed initially by the Dutch electronics firm Philips, allied to their Laservision video disc system. Sony, from Japan, joined forces with Philips in 1979 and since then the two companies have been collaborating to produce a domestic digital playback set-up.

This month sees the launch of Compact Disc in the UK. The system has apparently been a great success in Japan, where it was first launched last year, but a US launch date is still awaited. A pleasant consequence of the collaboration between Philips and Sony is the emergence of a single standard system, unlike the fated 'quadrophonic' escapades of the 1960s when several competing methods were touted (and died in the brief crossfire), or even the more recent 'we know best' attitude of the three competing video systems.

About the only other domestic digital audio set-up I've heard about is American company Soundstream's 'Audiofile' system, which uses a **plastic** card on which to store the digital information, but this is apparently a long way from commercial production.

A Compact Disc player takes up the usual playback role in a normal hi-fi set-up, like a cassette deck or, perhaps more accurately, a turntable. You plug the player into a spare input on your amplifier (but not the standard turntable input, which is unlikely to match the CD player's output).

Various makers are offering players, naturally including Philips and Sony, along with Hitachi, Marantz and others.

The disc itself is silvery, 12cm in diameter, and is slightly flexible. It has no grooves — the digital information is stored in tiny pits on the disc's surface, the whole thing protected by a clear plastic coating and therefore relatively immune to the ordinary record's principal enemies, wear and dust.

Music is recorded as digital pulses, and these pulses are etched into the disc to form the pits which give the disc's playing surface a rainbow-like effect when angled toward the light.

The essential idea to grasp about digital recording and playback is that, by analysing the waveform or 'shape' of the sound at extremely short intervals (a mere 44,100 times a second, in fact) and turning this speedy analysis into numbers, sound is represented as strings of binary zeroes and ones. And on Compact Disc an error correction system even 'replaces' any sections of these strings which might be lost by (unlikely) damage to the disc.

The discs carry information on one side only, offer a maximum playing time of a little over 70 minutes, and are **'decoded'** in the Compact Disc player thanks to its semi-conductor laser which gives off a narrow beam of invisible infra-red light. This type of laser has the useful facility of producing an extremely sharp focus at its minute tip.

The laser tracks across the disc, inside to outside, with its tip focussed on to the pits, and variations in the reflected light rays are converted back into an analogue signal to send out to your amplifier and speakers in the normal way. So the benefit of the laser read-out is high accuracy and a total absence of mechanical contact with the disc.

What you should end up with at the speakers (and you'll need a good quality amp and speakers to get the best from Compact Disc) is a very close copy of the master tape; Compact Disc's specifications compare very favourably with other playback systems, giving a frequency range across (and in most people's cases beyond) the human hearing range, a virtual absence of any kind of minor speed variation on playback, a wide dynamic range reproducing more faithfully the extremes of musical levels, minimal distortion, and a totally noise-free background. All you should hear is the music.

I BORROWED a couple of Compact Disc players and some discs to hear for myself what the system is capable of, and came to mixed conclusions. Initially I was very impressed by the sound — quality can be extremely high, depending largely on the standard of the original recording. Most pop records are not recorded in digital form, and therefore have to undergo a conversion to change their analogue recording to a digital form for Compact Disc. Each transfer of recorded information from one form to another will usually involve some degradation, however slight, so only a completely digital recording will fully exploit Compact Disc's sonic potential.

Getting discs for your player will involve quite severe limitations in this initial period of the system's introduction. Polygram, in the international sense, are the major producers at present, meaning that stuff on labels like Polydor, Vertigo, Mercury and Philips is slowly becoming available, and other companies including RCA, Chrysalis, Virgin, CBS and Arista will have or already have some product available in Compact Disc form.

About 200 different discs are said to be available at present in selected shops, a paltry figure when compared to records or cassettes. They cost around £10 each, and by the end of the year Philips say they expect there will be a further 600 titles available and that "the catalogue will continue to grow rapidly".

To give you an idea of what you'd be able to go out and buy right now in the UK, it's worth mentioning some of the 60 or so artists (which Philips rather quaintly refer to as being among the "popular repertoire") who are currently available in Compact Disc form — from some only a single disc, at most three or four from the same artist.

They include Dire Straits, Van Morrison, Peter Gabriel, Donna Summer, ABC, Dexys Midnight Runners, Visage, Roxy Music, Miles Davis, Weather Report, Bruce Springsteen, Michael Jackson, Earth Wind & Fire, Ultravox, Pat Benatar, Spandau Ballet, Orchestral **Maneouvres In The Dark, Phil Collins,** Human League and Culture Club.

Philips also note about 90 classical discs as being available now. What this all means is that no-one interested in music and relatively sane is going to rely on a Compact Disc player now as his or her only recorded music playback system.

The machines I tried (on separate occasions) were the Sony CDP101 (selling at £549) and the Philips CD200 (selling at £499). Other machines exist, as already mentioned, and the price range at present is between about £430 and £590. Expensive stuff! It is quite within the realms of possibility to spend as much as this, and indeed plenty **more, on top-line turntable, arm and cartridge combination, though of course relatively few people do.**

The best disc I managed to hear (and it's only been possible to cadge about a dozen) was Abba's 'The Visitors', of West German origin and a completely digital recording and master from Polar studio. 'Head Over Heels' from that LP shows off Compact Disc **magnificently,** with a firm bass and a bass drum, crystalline polysynth, clear voices, and a generally vibrant sound. The Sony seemed to play a touch more 'brilliant' and real than the Philips, but I didn't have the machines together — and if I understand it correctly, shouldn't the machines' workings be identical?

However, the facilities offered on the players do differ beyond the basic playback capability: the Sony CD101 is a dark, initially mysterious machine with a gently whirring disc 'drawer' which when it's opening sounds like a prop from *Blade Runner*. A remote controller doubles all the essential functions on the player, and together they allow you to start and stop discs, play selected tracks virtually instantly, check elapsed time and time still to run, fast 'wind' at two speeds back or forward, repeat tracks or parts of tracks, and more.

The Philips CD200 isn't quite as flash as the Sony, and doesn't have a remote. It has the ability to store a programme of tracks and replay them in the required order, and you also have the isn't-science-wonderful advantage of being able to see the disc revolving inside at roughly ten times or more the speed of an ordinary LP.

Those with plenty of spare cash and an interest in sound should buy a Compact Disc immediately. At the moment, those of us with little cash and an interest in music should not. If the former get enough Compact Discs revolving across the land then we might soon have the sonic revolution that many big manufacturers so want Compact Disc to be.

Put simply, prices of players have to come down before the system can enjoy mass appeal, for all its audio finesse. Just now we'll leave the last hopeful words to Sony: "The record industry has welcomed the arrival of Compact Disc, seeing it as a new opportunity to boost declining sales..."

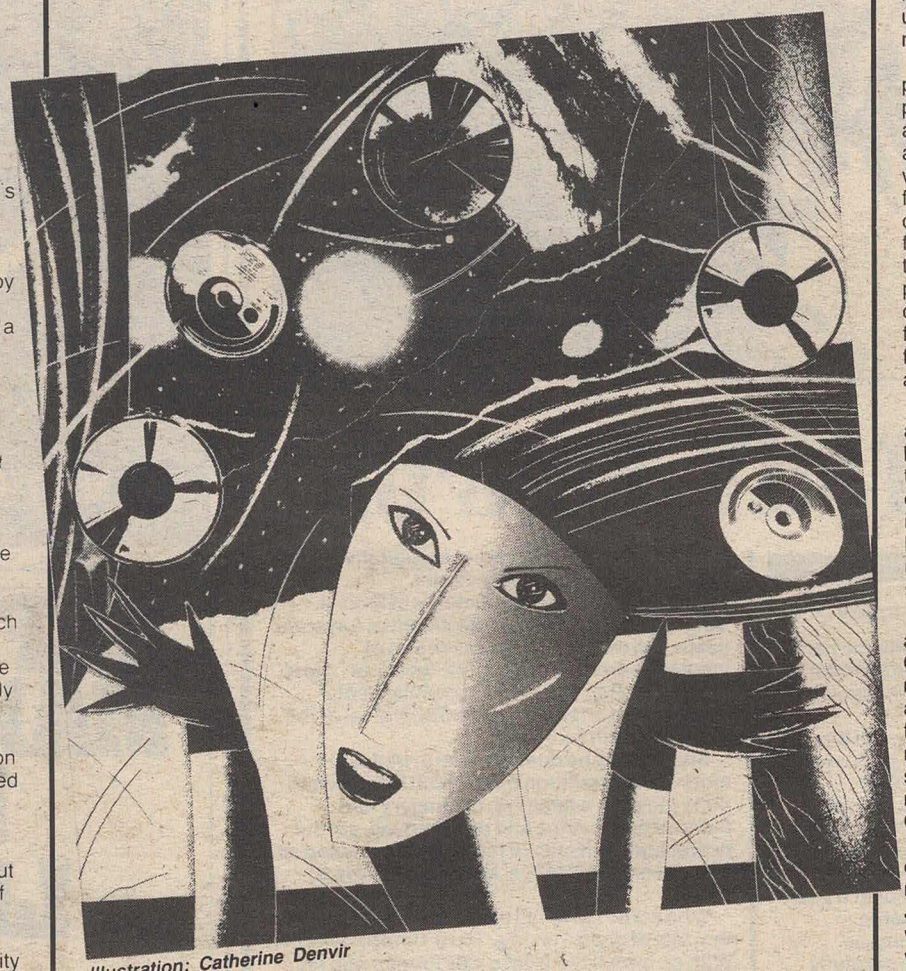


Illustration: Catherine Denvir

NME XPRESS WORD

CLUES ACROSS

1. Stupid sap gets ballad and tune confused with himself — give us a band instead! (7-6)

7. Girl from 1967 associated with sky and diamonds (4)

9. John Foxx single which took him beneath the mainstream of pop traffic (9)

10+32A. 1980 SLF single doubled as an A-side with 'Tin Soldier' (7-4)

11+32D. *"We've done no wrong with our blinkers on — it's safe and calm if you sing along — this is the —"* 1980 (5-5)

12. 1974 Elton John single — perhaps Ken Barlow hummed it when Dreardrie returned? (5-2-4)

18. Eric Burdon's last solo single to chart in 1969 (4-2-4)

20. A nice Jammy present (4)

21+17D. Album which includes tracks entitled 'Time' and 'Money' (4-4-2-3-4)

24. Lindisfarne did this 'for home', but the Bee Gees did it 'to me' (3)

25. Track from the fab Beatles album 'Hard Days Night' — due for rerelease in 1984 presumably (3-1-4-3)

27. American band or Crystal Palace? (6)

28. see 33A

29. Old Bill forms a group (6)

31. Buddy's girlfriend who separated from Peggy (3)

32. see 10A

33+28A. Heavy mob whose original 1970 line-up was Box, Hensley and Kerslake (5-4)

35. Virgin-label group who released punkish version of Cliff's 'The Young Ones' in 1979 (4)

37. Four years after 'Hold The Line' they've managed to ring through with more UK chart success (4)

38. '— Ta Be My Girl' — by the O'Jays (4)

39. Reggae band — another family affair full of little stars (like The Nolans?) (7-8)

40. 'At The —', SLF single (4)

CLUES DOWN

1. Group confusion to halt her nude cuts? (8-5-4)

2. XTC man, but sounds like a bird to be kept within easy reach (4-9)

3. Type of deeds done cheaply by AC/DC (5)

4. Devo single — instruction number one for Dave Robinson (2-5)

5. See 7D

6. White punks on dope or just a load of smarties? (5)

7+5D. New York lass whose groups include Teenage Jesus, Beirut Slump and 8 Eyed Spy (5-5)

8. Marvin Gaye/Adam Ant label (1-1-1)

13. — Bennett And The Rebel Rousers (5)

14. Eddy Grant label (3)

15. Forename of girl who recently quit Vice Squad (4)

16. see 19D

17. see 21A

19+16D. Peter Gabriel in an incontinent state in 1980 (2-4-7)

20. Chelsea's lead singer (sing when he's winning, he only . . .) (4-7)

22. 'City Lights' was not his biggest, but surely his best (the longest anyway) single release (5-5)

23. '— — Day' — Edwin Hawkins Singers hit (2-5)

26. Forenamed Keith, he was a founder member of Yardbirds and Renaissance and also dabbled with Medicine Head (4)

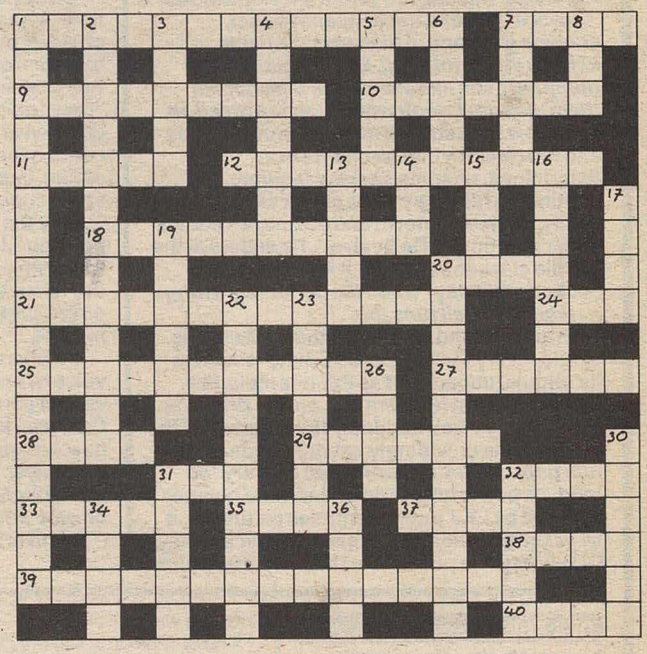
30. see 34D

31. 'See You —', single by Way Of The West (5)

32. see 11A

34+30D. Gary Numan in a Harakiri mood (1-3-3-3)

36. '— By Both Sides' from Magazine (4)



Compiled by **TREVOR HUNGERFORD**

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 and 29D Plastic Surgery, 4 Pickets, 9 Sailor, 11 Martha, 12 Ted, 13 Leather, 14 Red, 15 Sal, 17 Trap, 21 Jazira, 23 Pursey, 26 Name, 28 Nu, 30 Clef, RSO, 34 Reality, 36 Sir, 37 PTV, 38 Island, 39 Castle, 41 Radio On, 42 Vacancy.

DOWN: 1 Pass The, 2 A Kind, 3 Too, 5 Chairs, 6 Enter, 7 Spandau, 8 Cutter, 10 Reel, 13 Latin, 16 Jaz, 17 Tamla, 18 A(nthony) P(rice), 19 Pun, 20 Men, 22 Race, 24 Ruby, 25 Warrior, 27 Eel Pie, 29 See 1 across, 31 Fit, 33 (B)Oiled, 34 Rondo, 35 TVC, 36 Satin, 40 ABC.

OUT OF LONDON SHOPS BIRMINGHAM 74 Bull Street · BRIGHTON 5 Queens Road · BRISTOL 12/14 Merchant Street · CARDIFF 6/7 Duke Street · CROYDON 46 North End · DURHAM Unit 9, Milburn Gate Centre, North Road · EDINBURGH 131 Princes Street · GLASGOW 28/32 Union Street · LEEDS 145 The Briggate · LIVERPOOL Units 4 & 7 Central Shopping Centre, Ranelagh Street · MANCHESTER Unit BB, Arndale Centre, Market Street · MILTON KEYNES 59 Silbury Arcade, Secklow Gate West · NEWCASTLE 10/14 High Friars, Eldon Square · PETERBOROUGH 34 Queensgate Centre · PLYMOUTH 105 Armada Way · PORTSMOUTH Units 69-73 The Tricorn, Charlotte Street · SHEFFIELD 35 High Street · SOUTHAMPTON 16 Bargate Street · **LONDON SHOPS** 9 Marble Arch · MEGASTORE 14-16 Oxford Street · **ALSO AT AMES RECORDS AND TAPES** ACCRINGTON 25A Broadway · ALTRINCHAM 91A George Street · BLACKBURN 19 Market Way · BURNLEY Balcony, Market Square CHESTER 52 Northgate Street · ECCLES 74 Church Street · NELSON Marsden Mall Arndale Centre · PRESTON 12 Fishergate Walk RAWTENSTALL 27 Bank Street · ST. HELENS 8 Palatine Arcade · STOCKPORT 20 Deanery Way · WARRINGTON 2 Dolmans Lane, Market Square

PHIL MOGG

tour NEWS

UFO: set to call it a day

UFO could be the latest big-name band to be on the point of breaking up, and it seems probable that their upcoming British tour — starting on March 21 — will be their last. This follows the collapse last week of lead singer Phil Mogg, midway through the group's European tour — it happened during their concert at Athens Sporting Arena, provoking a near-riot among the 5000 audience, and he is now in hospital recovering from a nervous breakdown.

Mogg has been told that he needs at least a month's rest, but he's determined to go ahead with the British tour, although the rest of UFO's European dates have been cancelled — as has an American tour which was to have followed the UK outing. Guitarist Neil Carter, co-writer with Mogg of most of the songs on the band's current album 'Making Contact', says they will take a break after completing their UK commitments — and the break could well be permanent.

Added Carter: "The band has been in existence for 13 years, though Phil and Andy Parker are the only remaining original members. I think the pressure of keeping it together through so many changes has been too much for Phil. I don't know what will happen after the UK tour — UFO may be back, but nobody is willing to make any more commitments at the moment. I just hope we go out on a high note, and that the tour will be something worth remembering us by".

CHAPMAN SETS OUT

ROGER CHAPMAN & The Shortlist return to the London stage on Wednesday, April 21, when they play the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road — tickets priced £4 and £3.50 are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents. This will be the opening of a 60-date ten-country tour, coinciding with the release of their new album 'Mango Crazy'. The Shortlist is expected to comprise several named musicians, including Boz Burrell and members of Elkie Brooks' band. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

ALBION BANDSTANDS

THE ALBION BAND make one of their rare excursions onto the tour circuit, with dates at Winchester Theatre Royal (tonight, Thursday), Borehamwood Civic Hall (Friday), Telford Madely Court Theatre (March 19), Poynton Folk Centre (20), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (23), London Woolwich Tramshed (28), Workington Carnegie Centre (31), Inverness Festival (April 1-3), Dundee Arts Centre (5), Stirling McRobert Centre (6) and Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (7).

EXTRA ELKIE DATES

ELKIE BROOKS has added three more dates to her extensive UK tour, opening this week — see *Gig Guide*. They are at Liverpool Empire (April 7) and Bristol Hippodrome (8 and 9). Her band for all 32 dates comprises Zal Cleminson (lead guitar), John Giblin (bass), Gerry Conway (drums), Duncan Kinnell (percussion) and Duncan Mackay (MD and keyboards). Elkie has a new single released by A&M this weekend, coupling 'I Just Can't Go On' and 'Forbidden Territory'.

STARS SALUTE FURY

MORE STARS are set to appear in the Billy Fury Tribute Concert at Hayes Beck Theatre on Sunday, April 10 (two performances). In addition to the first three announced — Marty Wilde, Joe Brown and Lynn Paul — the line-up now includes Alvin Stardust, Rocky Sharpe & The Replays, Dave Berry, Mike Read, Tony Prince, Paul Burnett, Brian Poole, Craig Douglas, Helen Shapiro, Danny Rivers, Mick Barry, The Nashville Teens, Chris Andrews and Mike Quinn. All profits go to the Billy Fury Memorial Fund towards research into heart disease.

LINDLEY IN LONDON

DAVID LINDLEY — the renowned Los Angeles guitarist who has worked with the likes of Warren Zevon, Rod Stewart, Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne, Ry Cooder and Crosby & Nash — is making two rare London appearances next month. Together with his band, he plays Camden Dingwalls on April 5 and 6, tickets on sale now priced £4. To coincide with his visit, WEA are producing a six-track live EP, which will be handed ut free in the London area to purchasers of Lindley's current Asylum album 'Win This Record'.

Eric The C gigs at Hammersmith

ERIC CLAPTON has now confirmed the London dates for his previously reported UK tour, his first for three years — he plays four nights at the Hammersmith Odeon on May 16, 17, 18 and 19. Tickets are available immediately by post at £7.80 and £6.80 (including 30p booking fee) from Eric Clapton Box-Office, S & G Promotions, P.O. Box 4NZ, London W1A 4NZ — make cheques and POs payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Limited", write preferred date on the reverse of your application, enclose SAE and allow up to four weeks for delivery. Tickets restricted to four per applicant.

Two more provincial dates have also been added to Clapton's schedule — these are at Manchester Apollo (May 21) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (22). Tickkets for both these shows are £6.50 and £5.50, and they are available now from the box-office and usual agents.

FRANK BEVERLY

MAZE MAKE IT MAY

MAZE, featuring Frankie Beverly, are returning to Britain in the final leg of a European tour. They're playing seven concerts in the UK, including no less than four in London, and it's expected that their new album will be ready for release to coincide with their visit. Their schedule comprises London Hammersmith Odeon (May 5, 6, 7 and 8), Manchester Apollo (10), Nottingham Rock City (11) and Birmingham Odeon (12). Tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4 (London); £5, £4 and £3 Manchester and Birmingham); and £4 advance, £4.50. doors (Nottingham). Promoter is Paul Fenn of Asgard.

ACE SERVICE IN BRIXTON

BRIXTON'S Ace Cinema in South London continues its commendable series of concerts next week, when four more worth-while shows are staged. On Monday (14), the regular reggae night, there's Ras Michael & The Sons Of Negus plus The Ras Messengers (tickets £3). Wednesday, March 16, sees the only London appearance by the Mandingo Griot Society — the group who blend West African mandingo music with the Western sounds of R&B, reggae, Latin and jazz (admission £3.50).

Sex Gang Children headline on Thursday (17), supported by Brigandage, Gene Loves Jezebel and The Sex Beatles — tickets £2.50 (advance), £3 (doors). And on Friday (19), Here & Now play the final date of their UK tour, with Patrik Fitzgerald and The Cardiacs completing the bill (£2). Newly confirmed subsequent shows will feature Peter & The Test Tube Babies (March 23), The Box (25) and Weapon Of Peace (26).

● The Specimen, hosts of The Batcave, play their first major headline show at the Ace on March 31 — with support from Pleasure & The Beast, Test Department and Blood & Roses. Another Batcave night is planned for Charing Cross Heaven on April 25.

Benson hedges out of London for a change

GEORGE BENSON returns here in the early summer to play four concerts — though unlike his last two visits, which were concentrated solely on Wembley Arena, he's chosen to ignore London on this occasion and venture into the provinces. He plays Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (one show nightly on July 1 and 2) and Brighton Centre (two shows on Sunday, July 3, at 6pm and 9pm). He'll be accompanied by his own band, augmented by members of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and he'll have a new album released prior to his arrival. Promoters are Danny Betesh for Kennedy Street Enterprises and PLP.

Tickets at both venues are priced £12.50, £10 and £7.50, and they go on sale to personal callers at the two box-offices from this Saturday (12). This is the only outlet for Brighton, though Birmingham tickets are also available from Saturday at the following agents (subject to booking fee): Cyclops (Birmingham), Mike Lloyd (Newcastle-uner-Lyme and Hanley), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Goulds (Wolverhampton), Lotus (Stafford) and Coventry Apollo Theatre. Birmingham tickets only are also available by post from Kennedy Street Enterprises (to whom Postal Orders should be made payable), P.O.Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ, enclosing SAE.

Fforde's ffresh ffling

LEEDS venue at the Fforde Green Hotel, a thriving rock centre until it closed a year ago, is re-opening next week under the auspices of leading Northern promoter John Keenan. Saturday nights will be devoted to established acts, and those confirmed so far are John Otway (March 19), Pallas (26), Dean Friedman (April 2), Loudon Wainwright III (9), The Enid (16), Saracen (23), Spider and Raven (30) and Stampede and Black Rose (May 14). Two additional shows feature Bo Diddley (March 29) and the Climax Blues Band (Good Friday, April 1).

New bands will be given their chance on Fridays, the first being Discobolisk and Vince Berkeley on March 18 — these Friday shows are staged in conjunction with N.U.D.E. (Northern Underground Dance Enterprise), who have also launched the Nude Records label to feature some of the acts involved. Keenan said that he plans to add a reggae night in the near future.

Miles Davis, MJQ fixed

MILES DAVIS, the near-legendary jazz trumpeter, returns next month to London's Hammersmith Odeon where he played three sell-out concerts last year. Together with his six-piece band, he's at the Odeon on Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28. Tickets are on sale now at the box-ofice and usual agents, priced £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, who re-formed last year and appeared in the 1982 Knebworth Jazz Festival, are undertaking a short tour — visiting Manchester Palace (April 17), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (19), London Tottenham-Court Rd Dominion Theatre (22 and 23) and Plymouth Theatre Royal (24). Dominion tickets are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 — for prices elsewhere, check with the box-offices.

● These two visits have been set up by IMCP, who have also produced three specials from last year's Capital Jazz Festival for sreening by Channel 4 — they feature Ray Charles (April 22), Lionel Hampton (24) and the Modern Jazz Quartet (May 6).

ACTUALITIES AT THE ICA

ACTUAL MUSIC are presenting three concerts this weekend at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall, bringing together some of the leading lights of improvised music, as an appetiser for their six-day summer festival beginning on August 23. Tomorrow (Friday) guitarist Derek Bailey makes his only UK apppearance prior to returning to New York, performing with French bassist Joelle Leandre and Dutch cellist Ernst Reyseger. Saturday night features a programme of musical sketches called *Loose Connections*, with Maggie Nicols, Trevor Watts, Lindsay Cooper and Julie Tippetts, among others. And on Sunday (13), guitarist Fred Frith is teamed with ex-Henry Cow colleague Dagmar Krause, plus Phil Minton, Lol Coxhill and others. Nightly admission is £3 plus ICA membership.

CLIMAX COME BACK

CLIMAX BLUES BAND return to the UK circuit for the first time in four years, promoting their debut album for Virgin Records 'Sample And Hold' and their current single 'Listen To The Night'. Dates so far confirmed are London Marquee Club (April 2, 3 and 4), Hitchin The Regal (5), Blackburn King George's Hall (7), Birmingham Carlton Ballroom (8), Liverpool Empire (9) and Stafford Borough Hall (10). More are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

FAME IS SPREADING

KIDS FROM FAME return at the end of this month, as promised, for a somewhat longer tour than their pre-Christmas visit. They play Blackpool Opera House (March 30), Manchester Apollo (April 1 and 2), Edinburgh Playhouse (3), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (5 and 6), London Wembley Arena (8 and 9), Brighton Centre (12), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (13), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (15) and Southampton Gaumont (16) — two shows nightly, except at Brighton and Birmingham,. Tickets are on sale now, and prices range from £6 to £10 (£11 in London).

DAZZ FOR UK DEBUT

THE DAZZ BAND, who've just won a Grammy Award as The Best R&B Outfit, make their UK debut at London Victoria The Venue on Saturday, March 26 — it's their only British date, as part of a European tour, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £4.50. Hailing from Cleveland, they've long been recognised as one of America's leading jazz-funk and R&B outfits. As a prelude to their visit, their third album for Motown Records titled 'On The One' is released this week, followed by a single of the title track on March 18.

MOOCH REACTIVATED

THE MOOCH CLUB, which has been dormant for some time, is now out of mothballs under the banner of Mooch Inc. Its first two London comeback shows are both headlined by Weekend — the first is at Covent Garden Africa Centre on Friday, March 18, with The Big Combo and Match Me Sidney supporting (tickets £2.50). The second is at Ronnie Scott's Club on Sunday, March 20, when Weekend share the billing with Everything But The Girl (£3.75). Tickets are available from Rough Trade and Rhythm Records of Camden.

MAMBAS CLUB DATE

MARC & THE MAMBAS are one of the first attractions to appear at a new Birmingham venue called The Kiss Club, located in Bradford Street in the city centre — their date is on March 26, and we're told that David Ball will also be in attendance, so it will effectually be a Soft Cell gig. Other Saturday bookings include Frankie Goes To Hollywood (March 19) and Southern Death Cult (April 2). The venue is open to all, and membership is not necessary. Admission will vary between £1.50 and £2.50, according to the act.

STARK CONFESSIONS

REDHILL Lakers Club, which has been running regular Friday shows for two years, has been forced to close down. This follows a gig there by shock-rock group True Life Confessions, which received sensationalist coverage in a local paper — claiming that the two girl singers (Helen April and Any Salvetti) simulated sex and finished their act virtually naked, causing a number of people to walk out in disgust. On the strength of this, the police have closed the club, but promoter Ian Watson is making a formal complaint to the Press Council — maintaining that the newspaper report was inaccurate, the audience loved the show, and nobody walked out.

Hackett's package

STEVE HACKETT headlines his first UK tour for 18 months in mid-spring, playing 21 non-stop gigs. He visits Worthing Pavilion (April 19), Birmingham Odeon (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Manchester Apollo (22), Edinburgh Playhouse (23), Bradford University (25), Liverpool Empire (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Dunstable Queensway Hall (28), Southampton Gaumont (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (30 and May 1), Oxford Apollo (2), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (3), Northampton Derngate Centre (4), Sheffield City Hall (5), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (6), Margate Winter Gardens (7), Poole Arts Centre (8) and Norwich East Anglia University (9). The venue for April 24 has still to be confirmed.

Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50 and £4 (London); £4 only (Southend); and £4 and £3.50 (all other venues) — mail order bookings will also be accepted (with SAE), with cheques and POs made payable to the appropriate venue. The tour follows the March 31 release of his sixth Charisma solo album 'Highly Strung' which, in turn, is preceded by a single from the LP 'Cell 151'/'Time Lapse At Milton Keynes' — and there's also a 12-inch of the single with a bonus track called 'Air Conditioned Nightmare', recorded live at Reading.

KAJAGOOGOO have added a second show at London Hammersmith Odeon to their debut UK tour, due to heavy demand. It's on May 31, and tickets go on sale at the box-office and usual agents from 10am this Saturday (12).

PALLAS have added more dates to their extensive tour, reported two weeks ago — at Newbridge Institute (March 20), Edinburgh Nite Club (24), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (26), Glasgow Night Moves (29) and Aberdeen The Venue (31). The Leeds gig replaces their previously reported show at London Marquee Club, which now moves forward to March 21.

THE HEARTBEATS, RCA's new signing who are fronted by Mari Wilson's brother John, are playing a string of London gigs in support of their debut single 'Magic Man'/'Boys In The Band' (released March 25). They play Chelsea Shanghai Lil's (this Friday, March 19 and 25), London School of Economics (Saturday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (March 14), Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's (15), Covent Garden Rock Garden (28), Kensington Ad Lib (29), Bond St. Embassy Club (30) and Fulham Greyhound (31).

Right: JOHN WILSON

MELBA MOORE is in London this week for promotional appearances on her new single 'Underlove' and current album 'The Other Side Of The Rainbow' — including a guest spot in BBC-1's *Paul Squire Show* this Saturday (12). No live dates are planned for this visit.

FULHAM GREYHOUND, one of the best-known venues on the London pub rock circuit, is to stage a week of benefit gigs in aid of muscular dystrophy. Among acts appearing will be Weapon Or Peace, Rat Scabies and Jackie Leven, and there'll also be special surprise guests. It runs from March 17 to 23, and the full line-up will be announced next week. Nightly admission is £2.

MISTY IN ROOTS have further dates at Salford University (March 19), London Brixton Ace Cinema (20), Edinburgh Coasters (21), Aberdeen Fusion (22), Glasgow Mayfair (24) and Bristol Dingwalls (29).

Surprise, Surprise — it's TV Smith

TV SMITH, formerly of The Adverts and his own band TV Smith Explorers, has signed to Expulsion — the new label formed by ex-Rondelet Records man Alan Campion, who last week announced that their first release on March 11 would be a live album by Mainsqueeze. Smith, whose biggest success to date came with The Adverts' chart hit 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes', makes his Expulsion debut on March 25 with the single 'War Fever' — followed on April 28 by his album 'Surprise, Surprise'. Also due from the label are the Special Duties single 'Punk Rocker' (March 18) and two further albums, 'The 4p's' by Dead Man's Shadow (April 1) and 'See You In Heaven' by Ace Lane (April 15). Distribution is through Stage One.

Laser discs make takeover bid

COMPACT DISCS are officially launched this month, amid massive publicity campaigns by the companies involved. As previously reported, these are the new super fidelity discs played by laser beam, ensuring tip-top quality — and theoretically, they can't be damaged and can never wear out. They cost £10 or a little under, but the main snag is the acquisition of the special player, at present selling at around £500 — though it's expected that prices will come down as demand increases, as with video recorders.

The player and disc was developed by Philips, but the system has now been adopted by Sony, Marantz, Hitachi and other major hi-fi manufacturers. Many people believe that it will be in standard use within a decade, and that the present stylus-on-vinyl will then have become obsolete. HMV is stocking the new equipment and discs in all its 35 shops — initially, about 250 discs will be available which range from classical to rock, but new titles are likely to be added very quickly.

● **Keith Hudson,** the Jamaican artist now based in New York, has a new album out — which he wrote, arranged and produced himself. The ten-track set is called 'Steaming Jungle', and it's on Disc Disk Joint Records, distributed by Jet Star and Ruff Lion. Hudson plans a British tour towards the end of the year.
● **Greg Kihn Band** have their current American hit 'Jeopardy' released here by Berserkley Records (through WEA) on March 18, and it's coupled with 'Fascination'.
● The new **Colin Blunstone** single on PRT Records is 'Touch', released this weekend, with an instrumental version on the flip side. The extended 12-inch version includes a sax solo by Mel Collins.

MAGNUM FORCE EXPAND WITH MAJOR U.S. ACTS

MAGNUM FORCE Records look set for major expansion this year, following the signing of a catalogue deal with Soundwave Inc of Los Angeles — a company which holds rights to material by such rock stars as Chuck Berry, Little Richard and Carl Perkins, as well as country artists like Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings and Dolly Parton. In fact, Magnum Force will be launching a new country label to cope with this influx — and with pop, jazz and blues also involved in the deal, other subsidiary labels could also appear. The first releases under th new agreement will be available within two months.

● 1500 copies of the US dub version of 'Mexican Radio' by **Wall Of Voodoo** have found their way onto the British market by mistake. The intended 12-inch UK extended version is being rushed into the shops by Illegal Records, but the small number of American copies available makes it rare.
● **Hey! Elastica,** the four-piece Edinburgh band who signed to Virgin late last year, release their second single for the label on March 18 — it is 'Suck A Little Honey'/'Suck A Little More', also available as a 12-inch with an extended version of the A-side. The band are currently completing their debut album, and plan to start touring in late April.
● Chesterfield teenage group **Phoenix** debut with a three-track cassette titled 'Branded', soon also to be made available as a seven-inch maxi-single. It's on the independent MHM label, and while a distribution deal is being finalised, it's available by post at £1.50 (including p&p) from MHM Records, 20 Cromwell Road, Newbold, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

160 HITS IN A SWINGING SIXTIES TEN-ELPEE SET

THE SWINGING SIXTIES is the title of the latest collection from The Reader's Digest, containing either ten albums or five double-play cassettes. It comprises no less than 160 original hits from the 1960s — from The Rolling Stones to the Yardbirds, from Dusty Springfield to The Walker Brothers, from Fleetwood Mac to Small Faces. It comes as a boxed set, together with a booklet giving detailed information about all the tracks and artists featured. It's available by post only, costing £29.95 (including p&p), from The Reader's Digest, 7-10 Old Bailey, London EC99 1AA — and state whether albums or cassettes required.

Bowie, Duran singles

DAVID BOWIE has a new single issued next Monday (14), his first since signing to the EMI America label in January. Titled 'Let's Dance', it was written by Bowie and co-produced with Nile Rodgers, and it's coupled with 'Cat People' — both tracks from his upcoming album. There's also a 12-inch format containing a full-length version of the A-side, plus a cassette with full-length versions of both titles.

DURAN DURAN release a brand new single on EMI next week, 'Is There Something I Should Know'/'Faith In This Colour', also available as a 12-inch monster mix. The band's video album, containing their complete history since 'Planet Earth', will be issued later this month and should cost a maximum £20.

PETER TOSH releases his first single for a year on EMI this weekend, his version of the Chuck Berry classic 'Johnny B Goode', which comes in ten-inch form. It's taken from his new album 'Mama Africa', due out in April.

CLANNAD have their first RCA album 'Magical Ring' issued this weekend — it includes their hit 'Theme From Harry's Game', which has been nominated for a British Association of Film and Television Arts (BAFTA) Award as the Best TV Theme Of The Year. Their new single 'I See Red'/'Ta Me Mo Shui' follows on March 25.

LINDA RONSTADT has her new single 'Tell Him', a revival of the old Exciters and Billie Davis hit, released by Asylum on March 18. It's coupled with 'Mr Radio', both tracks being culled from her current album 'Get Closer'. The bonus track on the 12-inch format is her version of the Buddy Holly song 'It' So Easy'.

SAXON release their long-awaited album 'Power And The Glory' on Carrere Records next Monday (14). Recorded in Atlanta, Georgia, it's their first studio recording to feature Nigel Glockler on drums. It's also available as a picture disc and cassette.

NAKED EYES, the hotly-tipped duo from Bath, have their debut album 'Burning Bridges' issued by EMI on March 14. Produced by Tony Mansfied, it contains 11 self-penned tracks (including their current single 'Voices In My Head') plus their version of 'Always Something There To Remind Me'.
NICK HEYWARD's debut solo single 'Whistle Down The Wind'/'Atlantic Monday', announced last week, has also been made available by Arista in 12-inch form — and it contains a bonus six-minute instrumental version of the A-side. Also, for a limited run only, the seven-inch comes in a gatefold sleeve.
THE ROLLING STONES' album '1965-70', containing 14 of their hits from that period, is among the latest batch of releases from IMS (the import division of Polygram). The March supplement also includes '1969 with Lou Reed Live' by VELVET UNDERGROUND.
ANDY BOWN, Status Quo's keyboards player, releases a solo single on EMI next Monday (14) — 'Help Me' coupled with 'Marianne'. Bown, who played Hammond organ on Pink Floyd's new 'Final Cut' LP, is currently recording with Quo in Montserrat.

THE TUDORS are basically what's left of Tenpole Tudor following Eddie's departure. Bob Kingston, Dick Crippen and Gary Long come up with their debut single on Stiff this weekend, a cajun swinger titled 'Tied Up With Lou', produced by the Clanger and Winstanley team. The B-side is 'Cry Baby Cry'.
THE FIRM, whose homage to Arthur Daley earned them a major hit last year, now turn their attention to the sport of kings — and in particular, the Grand National. With the world's greatest steeplechase coming up shortly, they release their new Stiff single 'Long Live The National' this weekend. A large percentage of the proceeds will be donated to the Jockey Club's "Save The National Fund".
EDDY GRANT releases the follow-up to his smash hit single 'Electric Avenue' on March 18, titled 'War Party'. It's also available as a 12-inch, and is on Ice Records, distributed by RCA. Dates are expected to be announced shortly for Grant's upcoming British and European tour.
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN takes another stab at the charts with her latest single 'Tied Up'/'Silvery Rain', issued by EMI this week. It's taken from her 'Greatest Hits' album.

This strange object, looking rather like a squashed snail, is — would you believe? — the name of a band! They've just signed to CBS, and have their debut single 'Doot Doot'/'Hold Me Mother' released on March 18 in both 7" and 12" formats — and the labels show their name just as we have pictured above. For the benefit of disc-jockeys and club comperes, there is also a phonetic interpretation of their name, which is FREUR — though how that can be derived from such a peculiar squiggle is anyone's guess. Certainly gimmicks are the order of the day in the record biz, but one would have thought that this particular gimmick has more disadvantages than advantages.

● The second single from four-piece Belgian group **Luna Twist** is released this week by Statik Records, 'Lookout (You're Falling In Love Again)'/'Fill In The Words', and it's a special UK version sung in English. The 12-inch format carries a bonus track titled 'Statues', and the band's debut album will be issued at the end of this month.
● A new single called 'Tie Your Laces Tight' coupled with 'You Won't Catch Me On The 503' is issued by Eccentric Records this week, with distribution by Pinnacle. It's by the oddly named **Foffo Spearjig,** which is apparently an alias for Wavis O'Shave.

● **Fastway** is the band formed by ex-Motorhead man Fast Eddie Clarke and ex-UFO bassist Pete Way, and the group is retaining its name even though Way has since decided not to remain in the outfit. Clarke has now recruited ex-Humble Pie drummer Jerry Shirley and unknown vocalist David King, and they make their debut on CBS this week with the single 'Easy Livin'/'Say What You Will' — also available in 12-inch with the bonus track 'Far Far From Home'. The band's first album is due in early spring, and tour plans are being finalised.
● **The Ex Tras,** whose last release 'Haven't Been Funked Enough' climbed high in various disco charts and playlists, have their follow-up single 'Can't Keep Still' issued on March 18 in both 7" and 12" formats. It's on Vista Sounds' label Dancefloor Records, with distribution through IDS.
● **The Kinetics,** who include two ex-members of Adam's Ants, have their debut single issued by Charisma this weekend — it is 'Keeping Up With The Jones' coupled with 'Ghost A You', produced by Jon Crawley and Phil Thornally. The band will be playing a number of dates in the London area to promote it.
● Lula Music is a musicians collective based in Newcastle, who have already set up their own publishing and promotion company, and are now seeking a building in which to house a venue, recording studio and rehearsal space. Their first project is the release of an EP titled 'Better Than A Poke In The Eye', featuring four local bands — **Darkness And Jive, A Prayer Before Birth, Kant Kino** and **Illegal Sane.** It's being distributed by Red Rhino.
● **Gabor 'Pici' Presser** — leader of Hungary's top rock band L.G.T., who are currently touring here with 10c.c. — releases a solo single on EMI this week. It couples 'La Baletta' and 'Z Op.1', two tracks from his current album 'Electromantic'.

Trojan reggae bonanza

TROJAN RECORDS, the specialist reggae label, are streamlining their catalogue of 200 titles into a more concentrated form of around 65 albums — and at the same time, stepping up their marketing, distribution and promotion activities. Among albums being reactivated are 'African Herbsman' and 'Rasta Revolution' by **Bob Marley & The Wailers,** 'Volts Of Holt' by **John Holt,** 'All I Have Is Love' by **Gregory Isaacs,** 'Sweet 16 Hits' by **Desmond Dekker,** 'Best Of' by **Toots & The Maytals** and 'Ghetto-ology' by **Sugar Minott.** Additionally, the label is to introduce a number of cassettes by these and other artists, and it will be launching a 'One Plus One' series in the late spring.

Upcoming Trojan rleases in the next few weeks include three 12-inch singles — **Tristan Palmer's** 'Settle Down Girl', 'If I Don't Want Your Loving' by **The Majestarians,** and **Sugar Minott's** extended version of 'Ghetto-ology' — plus the new **Prince Far I** album 'Musical History'. And a number of hit singles are being reissued, including 'Hurt So Good' by **Susan Cadogan,** 'Israelites' by **Desmond Dekker** and 'Young Gifted And Black' by **Bob & Marcia.**

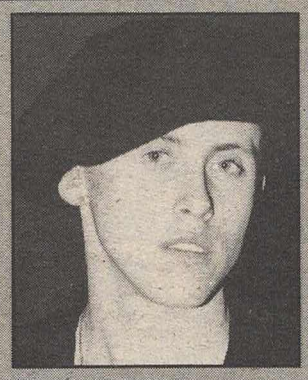
● **Second Image** release their new Polydor single 'Better Take Time' on March 18 — it's taken from their debut album due out in April, but the instrumental mix 'Special Lady' on the B-side is not from the LP. The 12-inch version has a bonus (in limited edition form) of 'Can't Keep Holding On — 83', remixed by producer Pete Winfield. The band will be touring here in April, including several dates supporting American funksters Maze, whose tour is reported on the facing page.

EYELESS IN GAZA take time off from recording their fifth album for Cherry Red to play Hastings Rumours Club (tomorrow, Friday), London Tooting St. George's Hospital (Saturday), London Strand Lyceum with Missing Persons (March 14) and Birmingham Fighting Cocks (19)...and their stablemates THE NIGHTINGALES, who've just released their new single 'Urban Ospreys', have added three dates to their current tour — at Manchester Gallery (tonight, Thursday), Shifnal Star Hotel (this Saturday) and Birmingham Fighting Cocks (March 18).

LARRY MILLER BAND begin a new one-nighter tour at Oxford Penny Farthing (tonight, Thursday), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (March 18), Reading Top Rank (19), Kingston Flippers (22), Tonypandy Naval Club (26) and Guildford Wooden Bridge (31). Matinee Music Records have now finalised a distribution deal with Neon/Bullet for the band's debut album 'Right Chaps' — though it is still available by post at £3.50 (including p&p) from Matinee at 132 Oxford Road, Reading, Berks.

GEORGIE FAME & The Blue Flames are to play a three-night season at London's Phoenix Theatre in Charing Cross Road later this month — on March 24, 25 and 26. They'll be playing two separate sets, with no support act. Tickets are priced £8, £6, £4 and £2.

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS, the Australian nine-piece who've just released their first Virgin single 'Talking To A Stranger', have a series of UK dates at Sheffield Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Dingwalls (Friday), Liverpool Dingwalls (March 18), Bristol Dingwalls (19), London Victoria The Venue (24), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (April 2), Nottingham Asylum (8) and Hull Dingwalls (9), with more being set.

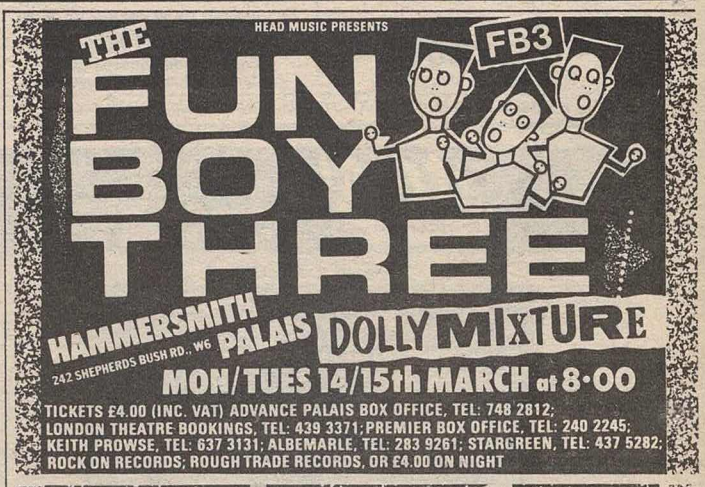


SPEAR OF DESTINY have added a date at Manchester Haclenda Club next Tuesday (15) to their current tour, which promotes their debut Epic single 'Flying Scotsman'. The band, formed last year by Kirk Brandon (above), are planning further gigs in April.

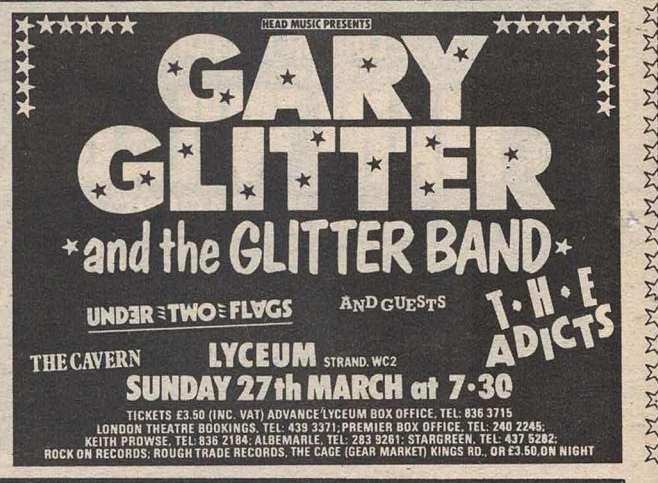
IAN PAICE (ex-Deep Purple, now with Gary Moore), RAT SCABIES (The Damned) and MICK UNDERWOOD (Gillan) come together at London Marquee Club on Monday, March 14, in a special evening for drummers and percusssionists. It's being presented by Paiste Cymbals, and £1 tickets are available at leading drum shops around London.

TV PERSONALITIES, who now seem to have abandoned their announced intention of splitting before Christmas, play this Sunday (13) at the so-called Revolving Point Dream — situated at London's The Other Club in Finsbury Park.

VANITY 6 have been confirmed as support act to their mentor Prince, when he plays his London show at the Dominion Theatre on April 18. The funky girl trio will have a new single, titled 'Drive Me Wild', released by Warners to coincide.


HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
THE FUN BOY THREE
FB3
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
DOLLY MIXTURE
MON/TUES 14/15th MARCH at 8·00
TICKETS £4.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812;
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £4.00 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
THE UNDERTONES
PLUS guests
"Cook Da Books"
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6
SUNDAY 20th MARCH at 7·30
TICKETS £4.00 £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL 748 4081
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282; OR ON NIGHT


HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
GARY GLITTER
and the GLITTER BAND
UNDER TWO FLAGS
AND GUESTS
T·H·E ADDICTS
THE CAVERN
LYCEUM STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 27th MARCH at 7·30
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD., OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,
SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 10th March (Adm £2.50)
AN EVENING OF ROCK & ROLL WITH
THE THE
(Show includes Special guests & starts at 8pm)
Plus guest D.J.

Friday 11th March (Adm £2.50)
PALLAS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 12th March (Adm £2.00)
THE DRIVERS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 13th March (Adm £2.50)
THE TRUTH
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 14th March (Adm £1.50)
PAISTE DRUM CLINIC
Featuring: Ian Paice, Rat Scabies & Mick Underwood

Tuesday 15th March (Adm £2.00)
LE MAT
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 16th March (Adm £2.00)
TWELTH NIGHT
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 17th March (Adm £2.50)
AN EVENING OF ROCK & ROLL WITH
THE THE
(Show includes special guests & starts at 8pm) Plus guest D.J.

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THE LYCEUM

The Strand, London WC2

Derek Block presents
MISSING PERSONS
Roman Holliday
Eyeless In Gaza
Monday 14 th March 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·00 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715 PREMIER BOX OFFICE. LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS. KEITH PROWSE. STAR GREEN AND USUAL AGENTS

THURSDAY

Ladies Night
Free admission for girls

WEDS.
Don't blink! or you'll miss 25p a drink!
all night!
£5 Boys
£4 Girls

TUES.
"NOTHING BUT A PARTY"
Sounds of the swinging 60s
£3

MON
RARE SOUL with Dick Coombes
£3

17 Greek St., London. W1. Tel: 437-5782 night

FRIDAY
Friday night at Le Beat Route with Steve. Dean. Carlo.

EVERY SAT.
is NEW YEAR'S EVE!
Drinks 50p with Free Bubbly at midnight!
Plus live cabaret!
Entrance £5.00
Open 9.00 p.m. to 3.30 a.m.
Licensed until 3.00 a.m.

·LeBEAT·ROUTE·

Right of admission reserved

ACE

Brixton

Tel 274 4663
100 yds — Brixton Tube
(Next to Town Hall)
Brixton Hill SW2

THE ACE PRESENTS

Wednesday 9th March	GBH + THE DESTRUCTORS + ONE WAY SYSTEM	£2.50
Thursday 10th March	RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS SISTERS OF MERCY + THE HIGH FIVE GROUP	£3.00
Monday 14th March	Reggae Night RAS MICHAEL + THE SONS OF NEGUS	£3.00
Wednesday 16th March	1st London Appearance MANDIGO GRIOT SOCIETY	£3.50
Thursday 17th March	SEX GANG CHILDREN + LOOK BACK IN ANGER + PLAY DEAD	£2.50
Friday 18th March	HERE & NOW GROUP	£2.50
Thursday 24th March	THE DAMNED + Guests	£3.00
	COMING SOON	
24th March	THE DAMNED + GUESTS	£3.00
26th March	WEAPONS OF PEACE	£2.50
31st March	Specimin "BAT CAVE NIGHT"	£2.50
6th April	VIRGIN PRUNES + Guests	£3.00
	PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES	£2.50

Tickets on Sale Now — at The Ace + Premier Box Office London Theatre Bookings + Rough Trade + The Cage in the gear Market — Kings Road. — ALL SHOWS DOORS 8.00PM

Flicks

Present
MONDAY 14th MARCH
CHEVALIER BROTHERS
THE FOUR BLAZERS
& RENT A PARTY
Plus Reggae from **GRAFFITI**
TICKETS ON SALE FROM
ROCK-A-CHA (Kensington Market)
& FLICKS FOYER
Admission by ticket £5 in advance.
6.00 p.m. - 2.00a.m.
Kent Road Dartford Kent
tel:25520

LSE ENTS presents & S.O.A.S

AMAZULU
With JOOLS
+ DISCO with Guest D.J.
Monday 14th March Doors open 8.00pm
Concert now at:
School of Oriental and African studies S.U. Malet St, London WC1
Tube; Goodge Street & Russell Square
Tickets £2.00 Advance (Ltd number only) £3.00 door available from
L.S.E. Students Union Shop, Houghton St, London WC2
S.O.A.S. Students Union Shop, Premier Box Office
Enquiries L.S.E. 405 8594 S.O.A.S. 580 0916

London Palladium

• • • DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS • • •
MARI WILSON
with the **WILSATIONS**
FEATURING The Marines AND The Marionettes PLUS SUPPORT
Sunday 27th March 7.30pm
TICKETS £6 £5 £4
FROM BOX OFFICE 01 437 7373 STAR GREEN
KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

NOVAT presents

MARILLION
Plus Special Guest
PETER HAMMILL
READING TOP RANK SUITE
Wednesday 16th March 7.30pm
CARDIFF TOP RANK
Tuesday 22nd March 8.00 pm
Tickets £3.00 advance available from box office—
Reading (0734) 57262 Cardiff (0222) 23908.

Thursday 10th March
RITUAL
Slaughter
THE CAGE
at THE OTHER CLUB
NEXT TO MANOR HOUSE PUB AND TUBE
316 Green Lanes
Finsbury Park, N.4
ENTRANCE IN SEVEN SISTERS ROAD
Doors open 9.00pm till late
EVERY THURSDAY
Thursday 17th March
THE MOB
+ Brigandage

KINGS HEAD

4 FULHAM HIGH ST: 736 1413

Wednesday 9th March	£1.00
BASIL BALLS UP BAND	
Thursday 10th March	£1.50
LONDON APACHES	
Friday 11th March	£1.50
THE 45's	
Saturday 12th March	£1.50
SAM MITCHELL BLUES BAND	
Sunday 13th March	£2.00
TONY McPHEE BAND Ex Groundhogs	
Monday 14th March	£1.00
LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS	
Tuesday 15th March	£1.00
TRIANGLE NILE	

Live Ads. in NME
are read by more people than those in any other music weekly
SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD. W.6

Thursday 10th March	THE COBRAS + Steve Hookers Shakers	£1.50
Friday 11th March	HOLLYWOOD KILLERS +Ghost	£1.50
Saturday 12th March	LE MAT + Zero Zero	£1.50
Sunday 13th March	OUTBOYS + Fall Out	
Monday 14th March	AUNTIE AND THE MEN FROM UNCLE + THE SATELLITES	£1.25
Tuesday 15th March	STRANGER COMFORTS + The Tour	£1.25
Wednesday 16th March	FRAMED featuring Enid Williams from Girlschool + Still Life	£1.25

This 4 x 2 advertisement
on the **LIVE PAGE** costs only **£48**
and will be seen by over
One Million people.
Ring **01-261 6153** for details.

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 10th March £3.00
JOHN WATTS AND PARA MUSIC

Friday 11th March £3.50
SPEAR OF DESTINY
+ Under Two Flags

Saturday 12th March £3.50
FAREWELL PERFORMANCE
KOKOMO
+ The Marines

Tuesday 15th March £2.50
AFRAID OF MICE
+ A Bigger Splash
+ I

Tuesday 16th March £3.00
CHRIS REA
+ A Bigger Splash

Thursday 17th March £4.00
Return by acclaim a solo performance
JOHN CALE

COMING SOON

Friday 18th March £3.00
B.B. + Exposure

Saturday 19th March £4.50
BILLY GRIFFIN

Monday 21st March £3.00
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
+ Shakin Pyramids

Tuesday 22nd March £2.50
THE FALL

Wednesday 23rd march £2.50
Belfast Night With
THE BANKROBBERS
10 PAST 7
VENDETTES

Thursday 24th March £3.00
Return by public demand
HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS
+ Babalouma

CAMDEN JAZZ WEEK

AFTER **JAMES BLOOD ULMER** AND **ORNETTE COLEMAN,** THE FIRST BRITISH APPEARANCE OF THE SMOOTH ELECTRIC FUNK OF

RONALD SHANNON JACKSON
and the **DECODING SOCIETY**
+ **JULIAN BAHULA'S JAZZ AFRICA**
Wednesday 16th March 7.30pm

Tickets from Round House, Chalk Farm Road, NW1
01-267 2564 and Camden Box Office, St Pancras Library
100 Euston Road, NW1. 01-388 7727

PACK JAM

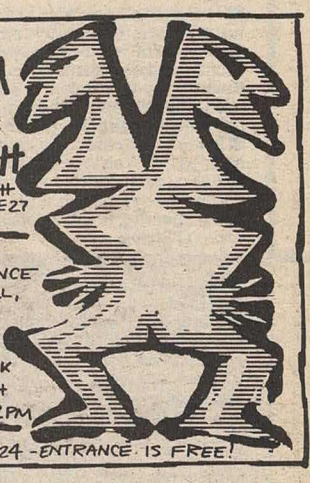
WORKSHOPS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH
DREAD/DUB/RANT - WEDNESDAY 16 MARCH AT NETTLEFOLD HALL, NORWOOD HIGH ST SE27 (ABOVE NORWOOD LIBRARY) 3PM.

JAZIRA WEST AFRICAN DRUM + DANCE
THURSDAY 17TH MARCH AT LONGFIELD HALL, KNATCHBULL ROAD, LONDON SE5. 3PM.

JOOLZ POETRY THAT BITES BACK
FRIDAY 18TH MARCH AT PATMORE YOUTH CLUB, THESSALY ROAD, LONDON SW8. 2PM

FOR MORE INFORMATION TELEPHONE LAMBETH AMENITY SERVICES 622 6655 X 324 - ENTRANCE IS FREE!



FLICKS DISCOTHEQUE

Kent Road, Dartford, Kent

Modern Dance Night Every Thursday

Thursday 10th March
THE TOY SHOP

Thursday 17th March
SWAMP CHILDREN

Thursday 24th March
JOBOXERS

Tel: DARTFORD 25520

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Fun Boys: waiting to tour

FUN BOY THREE are finally on the road, after a three-week delay caused by illness, and it's appropriate that their current hit album should be called 'Waiting'. Their first major headlining tour takes them this week to Poole (Friday), Birmingham (Sunday), London Hammersmith Palais (Monday and Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday).

Two of the hottest lady attractions in the land begin extensive tours at the weekend, with ELKIE BROOKS perhaps the pearl of them all, in terms of box-office magnetism — she kicks off at Brighton (Saturday), Harrogate (Sunday) and Newcastle (Monday and Tuesday) . . . and MARI WILSON, complete with beehive and full entourage, swings into action at St. Austell (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Brighton (Monday) and Poole (Tuesday).

Nostalgia abounds with hit '60s group PETER PAUL & MARY arriving on a jet plane for their comeback tour, opening in Brimingham on Saturday . . . In complete contrast, the latest rave of the hard rock fraternity MARILLION begin their first concert-circuit schedule on Tuesday . . . A glance at the accompanying listings will show that also doing the rounds this week are JOHN CALE, THE PALE FOUNTAINS, THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS, CHRIS REA and THE FARMER'S BOYS, plus the doyen of jazz drummers BUDDY RICH . . . And RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS are back from Europe to play London Brixton (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday) and Sheffield (Saturday).

Three worth-while one-off shows on Friday feature UB-40 (Birmingham), NEW ORDER (London Brixton and the AFRICA '83 cavalcade (London Albert Hall).

FUN BOYS prepare for a frenzied tour schedule

thursday 10th

Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Barnstaple Heanton Court: **Hot On Your Heels**
Belfast Opera House: **Van Morrison**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Birmingham Odeon: **U2**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Kissing The Pink**
Bournemouth Academy: **Eurythmics**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Newtown Neurotics**
Brighton The Centre: **10c.c.**
Brighton New Regent: **The Meteors/Tales From The Tube**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Vital Excursions**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Aztec Camera**
Burnham-on-Sea Bream Leisure Centre: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Canterbury Art College: **The Milkshakes**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **The Enid**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Seething Wells/Little Brother**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Splash**
Dartford Flicks: **The Toy Shop**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Hubbard's Cupboard**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Stallion**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Dave Holdsworth Quintet**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Inn: **Lazy**
Hull Dingwalls: **One The Juggler**
Leeds Blue Moon: **Haze**
Leeds Warehouse: **Danse Society**
Leicester University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Chriss Rea**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Kevin Coyne**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Gymslips/Spy vs. Spy**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Chip Shop Show**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Richard Hell & The Voidoids/The Sisters Of Mercy**
London Brixton The Fridge: **King Kurt**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London City Polytechnic: **B.B.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stanley & The Undesirables**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **John Stevens' Freebop**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Honor Heffernan**
London Crouch End King's Head: **The Lost Marbles/Jazz Butcher**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Chris Difford & Glenn Tilbrook's musical *Labelled With Love* (until Sunday and March 17-20)**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Tamarisk**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sammy Mitchell**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cobras/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Deadbeats**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Marquee Club: **The The**
London Marylebone Cockpit Theatre: **Dolls House/Road Runners/The Apprehensive Coastguards/The O Men**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Juice On The Loose**
London Putney Half Moon: **Geraint Watkins Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Housewives/Michelle Roberts/Peoples Show/Urban Shakedown**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Motion-Lotion with Jo-Ann Kelly**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Twickenham Turks Head: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Watts**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Creamies/Killer Koala**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Hank Wangford Band/Facing West**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Jive Dive: **Roman Holliday**
London W.11 Tropics: **The Exceptions**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Bennie Wallace Trio**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **John Cale**
Manchester Owens Park: **Dr. Filth**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Zanti Misfitz**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Nightingales**
Morley Skyline Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Newcastle City Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Black Roots**
Northampton Arts Centre: **Sunwind**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Vino's Wine Bar: **None So Blind**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Larry Miller Band**
Reading University: **Significant Zeros**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **The Enid**
Scunthorpe Berkeley Hotel: **Tony McPhee Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Hunters & Collectors**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Pale Fountains**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Undertones**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton University: **The Jukes**
Southampton (Woolston) Floaters: **Unicorn**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Rules Of Croquet/By Appointment Only**
Sunderland Heroes: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Watford Bailey's: **Deniece Williams (until Saturday)**
Wokingham Angie's: **G.T. Moore & The Outsiders**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 11th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Aberystwyth University: **The Farmer's Boys**
Bath Moles Club: **Zerra I**
Belfast Opera House: **Van Morrison**
Birmingham Aston University: **Pigbag**
Birmingham Odeon: **UB40**
Birmingham University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Bradford Bibi's: **The Word/Cut-Out Shapes**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Big Country**
Bristol University: **Dr. Feelgood/The Impossible Dreamers**
Canterbury Kent University: **Roman Holliday**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **U2**
Cardiff University: **Ti-Na-Na**
Chelmsford Heroes: **The Mau Maus**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Enid**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Yetties**
Croydon The Cartoon: **A Bigger Splash**
Durham University: **The Undertones**
Feltham Football Club: **The Deltas/Guana Batz**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Dress Of Sorrows**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Danse Society**
Grangemouth New Imperial Club: **Solstice**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Taxx**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Discharge/Charged G.B.H./Antisect**
Harrogate Conference Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Eyeless In Gaza**
High Wycombe Bucks College: **Significant Zeros**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
Hull Dingwalls: **Chris Rea**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Loose Talk**
Lancaster Foxes: **Le Lulu's**
Leeds University: **Zanti Mitfitz**
Leeds University Tartan Bar: **Jazz Hipsters**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Shriekback**
Leicester University: **Gary Glitter**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Liverpool Mountford Hall (lunchtime): **Subtle Hints**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **One The Juggler**
Liverpool University: **Aztec Camera**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Virgin Dance**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Sam Mitchell Band/The Shakers**
London Brent Town Hall: **Hawkeye International**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **New Order/Stockholm Monsters**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Housewives/Michelle Roberts/Peoples Show/Urban Shakedown**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tokyo Olympics/The Illusions**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **The Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **John Hedley & The Popticians**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Nick Evans' Dreamtime/Terry Bourne**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hollywood Killers/Ghost**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Remipeds/Vibesound**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dance Hall Style**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **Pallas**
London Marylebone Cockpit Theatre: **Night People/Humanity/Casual Affair/Warriors/One Style**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **No Dice Still Life**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Don Lee Show**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Southern Comfort**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Royal Albert hall: ***Africa '83* with Osibisa and various African singers, dancers and musicians**
London Royal Veterinary College: **B.B.**
London Sadlers Wells Theatre: **Incantation/Ballet Rambert**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Derek Bailey/Ernst Reyseger/Joelle Leandre**
London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic: **Afraid Of Mice/Ukraine**
London University Union: **The Pale Fountains/Ben Watt**
London Victoria The Venue: **Spear of Destiny**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dance On A Telephone/Solo Sons**
London W.1 (Rathbone Place) Black Horse: **The Faraway Stars**
London W.C.1 Birkbeck College: **George melly & The Feetwarmers**
Macclesfield Lemon Kelly's Bar: **Kid Khaki**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Partecs**
Mansfield Rainworth Miners Welfare: **The Nashville Teens**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Hunters & Collectors**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Sunwind**
Norwich Jacquard: **The Meteors**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Mendes Prey**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Howard Jones**
Poole Arts Centre: **Fun Boy Three**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **Fault**
Scarborough Taboo: **Sad Lovers & Giants**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Limelight**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **2-Fingered Zen**
Southampton Polygon Club: **Unicorn**
Southend Queen's Hotel: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
St. Ives (Cambs) Liberal Hall: **Axe Band**
Stockport College of Technology: **Crosstalk A/V**
Swansea University: **Eurythmics**
Weymouth St. Johns Ambulance Hall: **Subhumans/Cult Maniax/Chaos UK/Born BC/Admass**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Vetos**

saturday 12th

Belfast Opera House: **Van Morrison**
Birmingham Carlton Ballroom: **Weapon Of Peace/As-one**
Birmingham Odeon: **Peter, Paul & Mary**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts centre: **Keith Marsden & Cockersdale**
Bradford University: **The Undertones**
Brighton The Centre: **Elkie Brooks**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Laverne Brown Band**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Jah Warrior**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Ti-Na-Na**
Cardiff Casablanca Club: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **English Rogues**
Christchurch The White Horse: **Unicorn**
Colchester Essex University: **Blue Mosque**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Roman Holliday**
Croydon Cartoon: **Carol Grimes Band**
Derby Lonsdale College: **Dave Kelly Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Enid**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Horizontal Brian**
Hereford The Bull: **Day Of Judgment**
Hull Dingwalls: **Danse Society**
Hull University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Kendal Brewery Arts centre: **Gary & Vera Aspey**
Leeds Astoria: **Black Slate**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Supercharge**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Personal Column**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The 45's/The Exceptions**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave/Facade**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Central Polytechnic: **Zerra I**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **The Electric Guitars/The Dancing Did/B.B.**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Le Mat/Zero Zero**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Highlife International/Aldeoni E Amigos**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Zanti Misfitz/The Stills**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
London Harlesden The Old Crown: **A Bigger Splash**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **John Etheridge & Terry Dizley**
London Marylebone Cockpit Theatre: **Limpopo/John Calculus & Richard Roman/Ceptix/Wet Paint**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Stu Hamer Band**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Housewives/Michelle Roberts/Peoples Show/Urban Shakedown**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Alan Elsdon Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Proper Little Madams**
London Roehampton Froebel Institute: **The Mobiles**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Dave Quincy & Terry Smith Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Maggie Nichols/Pete Nu/Lindsay Cooper/Julie Tippetts etc**
London Tooting St. George's Hospital: **Eyeless In Gaza**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Roy Hutchins/Jenny Eclair/Keith Jefferson/Outbarsqueek**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo/The Marines**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **National Gold**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **Amazulu/The Ivory Coasters/The Heartbeats**
Loughborough University: **Pigbag**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **No Thanks**
Manchester Polytechnic Students Union: **The Farmer's Boys**
Manchester The Gallery: **Ulterior Motives**
Morecambe Bonkers Nightspot: **Le LuLu's**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Chris Rea**
Newcastle University: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Northampton County Ground: **Gary Glitter**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Eurythmics**
Norwich Premises Arts Centre: **Sunwind**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Discharge**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Paisley College of Textiles: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Peterborough St. John's Hall: **The Minor Arcana**
Preston Polytechnic: **Genocides**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Retford Porterhouse: **Pallas**
Salford University: **Aztec Camera**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Sheffield Gaumont Theatre: **10c.c.**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Shriekback**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Nightingales**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
St. Ives The Centre: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Ed Banger**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Dr. Feelgood**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Misty In Roots**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Mike Mann**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Solstice**
Wokingham Angie's: **Naughty Thoughts/Potentially Disasterous**
York Bay Horse Inn: **Haze**

sunday 13th

Bathgate Caim Park Hotel: **Solstice**
Birmingham Odeon: **Fun Boy Three**
Blackpool Opera House: **Bucks Fizz**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Top Rank: **U2**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff UWIST Traherne Hall: **Ti-Na-Na**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **10c.c.**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Juvessance (lunchtime)/Short Stories (evening)**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Ronnie Golden/Anerley Park/Norman Lovett**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Man At The Window/Valerie & The Week Of Wonders**
Harrogate Conference Centre: **Elkie Brooks**
Hayes Beck Theatre: **Sydney Devine**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finchley Torrington: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Finsbury Park The Other Club: **TV Personalities**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys/Fall Out**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Rae James Quintet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Furniture/1926**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Deniece Williams**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salisbury Stompers Concert Orchestra**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Country Joe McDonald/Little Sister**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Eurythmics/One The Juggler/The Choir**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Fred Frith/Dagmar Krause/Roger Turner/Lol Coxhill etc.**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Housewives/Michelle Roberts/Peoples Show/Urban Shakedown**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **K. K. Khan**
London W.C.2 (Earlham St) The Warehouse: **The Lost Jockey**
Manchester Palace Theatre: **Peter, Paul & Mary**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **The Inline**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **B.B.**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Party Day**
Shepperton The Goat: **The Nashville Teens**
Wokingham Angie's: **Splash**
Workington Carnegie Theatre: **The Enid**
York Theatre Royal: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**

monday 14th

Birmingham The Grapes: **Mojo Navigator/Scarlet Lynx**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **The Room/Play Dead**

CONTINUES OVER

MORE GIG GUIDE

Bradford University: **The Farmer's Boys**
Brighton The Centre: **Van Morrison**
Brighton Dome: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Dogs To Watch/Stone Lovers**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Undertones**
Cardiff University: **Significant Zeros**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Tek Morek**
Dartford Flicks: **The Chevalier Brothers/The Four Blazers**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Peter, Paul & Mary**
Exeter University: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Solstice**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
High Wycombe College of Higher Education: **JoBoxers/The Mighty Strypes**
Hull College of Further Education: **Sunwind**
Hull Dingwalls: **The M.G.B.'s**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester Horsefair Disco: **Danse Society**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Nervous Days/The Shaking Violets**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Ras Michael**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Felix & The Cats/Websters/Rhetoric**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Gil Evans Orchestra/Benny Wallace Trio**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Philip Jap**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Big Ancestor**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stranger Comforts**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Quadrants**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liason**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Auntie & The Men From Uncle/The Satellites**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Scanner Darkly/The Orson Family**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **U2**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Fun Boy Three/Dolly Mixture**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Marquee Club: **Ian Paice/Rat Scabies/Mick Underwood**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Gazebo**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Eddie Prevost Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band**
London Sadlers Wells Theatre: **Incantation/Ballet Rambert**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby & The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Missing Persons/Roman Holliday/Eyeless In Gaza**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Johnny McEvoy/Mary O'Hara**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **the Heartbeats**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Actor**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Enid (until Wednesday)**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Second Sight**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **10 c.c.**
Preston Guildhall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Preston The 99 Club: **Le Lulu's**
Sheffield University: **Alice Goes Pop**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Wellingborough Raffles Bar: **Precious Little Idols**

tuesday 15th

Bath University: **Significant Zeros**
Birmingham Odeon: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Van Morrison**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Five Leaf Clover**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Bristol Dingwalls: **John Cale**
Cardiff St. Davids Hall: **10 c.c**
Cardiff University: **Gary Glitter**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Croydon Green Dragon: **Roman Holliday**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Parisienne Lifestyle**
Croydon The Greyhound: **The Mississippi Sheiks**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Luddites**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **U2**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Room/Play Dead**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Different View/Indecision**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Jamie Rowan**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **20–20 Vision/Belladonna**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jay Stapley & The Chiswick Flyovers**
London Camden Palace: **Mighty Atom & Roy**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Gil Evans Orchestra & Bobby Wellings Quartet**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Guest Stars**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Billy Jenkins Collective**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Stranger Comforts/The Tour**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Fun Boy Three/Dolly Mixture**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Kentish Town North London Polytechnic: **The Impossible Dreamers**

ELKIE BROOKS (left) and MARI WILSON begin major tours on Saturday

London Leicester-Square The Subway: **The Satellites**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Broadcast**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Aztec Camera/Famer's Boys/Screen 3/The Daintees**
London Victoria The Venue: **Afraid Of Mice A Bigger Splash**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie & His Rhythm Aces**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **One The Juggler**
Middlesbrough Ossie's Bar: **Rules of Croquet**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Sex Gang Children**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Marillion**
Poole Arts Centre: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Reading University: **The Undertones**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Wayward Boys**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The 7th Son**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 16th

Aylesbury Nursery Club: **The Blood Oranges**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Newtown Neurotics**
Bradford Fagins: **John's Radio/The Gathering**
Brampton Fountain Club: **Soldier**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Fabulous Thunderbirds**
Broxburn Astor Club: **Solstice**
Canterbury Queens Club: **The Milkshakes**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Fun Boy Three**
Croydon The Cartoon: **En Route**
Derby Blue Note: **Aztec Camera**
Druham University: **Significant Zeros**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Pale Fountains**
Halifax Somewhere Else Club: **Chinese Gangster Element/Final Approach**
Hereford The Bull: **Final Demand**
Hitchin The Regal: **Joan Armatrading**
Leamington Spa Hinton's: **Fashion Of Assort/Seven-Eleven**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Adicts/The Xpozez**
Leeds Pack horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Music For Pleasure**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Taxi/Grub Street**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Deirdre Simpson**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Host Of Toasters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Klick**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Ronnie Ross Quartet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Grehound: **Framed/Still Life**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **10 c.c.**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Martin Simpson**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Twelfth Night**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Piccadilly Theatre: **Roy Hill Band (at midnight, until March 26)**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Neapolitans**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Bill Nelson/Yorkshire Actors Company/Mick Karn**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Rea**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Lenny Henry**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Joolz Slade The Leveller**
Loughborough University: **The Undertones**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **One The Juggler**
Middlesbrough Polytechnic: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **B.B.**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Spanish Fly**
Nottingham Rock City: **Gary Glitter**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Shriekback**
Reading Top Rank: **Marillion**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **John Cale**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Haze**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Sunwind**
Southampton University: **The Farmer's Boys**
Southport New Theatre: **Peter, Paul & Mary**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon Centre: **Angelic Upstarts**

This 6 x 2 advertisement on the **LIVE PAGE** costs only **£72** and will be seen by over **One Million people.** Ring **01-261 6153** for details

PLP Presents
BILL NELSON'S INVISIBILITY EXHIBITION
featuring
BILL NELSON
THE FRANK CHICKENS
THE YORKSHIRE ACTORS
plus friends
DOMINION THEATRE
Wed. 16th March 7.30pm
tkts. £4, from Dominion Box Office, Tottenham Court Rd., W1, 01 580 9562 usual agents

HEAVEN
VILLIERS STREET, WC2
Derek Block presents
Shriekback
+ SPECIAL GUESTS **THE BOX**
MONDAY 21st MARCH
9-30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, ROUGH TRADE, STAR GREEN, AND USUAL AGENTS

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Thursday 10th March **DANSE SOCIETY**	Thursday 17th March **ONE THE JUGGLER**
Wednesday 16th March **MUSIC FOR PLEASURE**	Sunday 20th March **AZTEC CAMERA**

LATE BAR 9-2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m-10.30p.m.

U. L. U. PRESENTS
PALE FOUNTAINS + BEN WATT
Friday 11th March 7.30p.m.
Tickets £2.50 Advance £3.00 door
U. L. U. MALET STREET, LONDON WC1
Tubes: Goodge Street, Euston Sq & Russell Sq

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA
Thursday 3rd March
THE EURYTHMICS
Wednesday 9th March
PALE FOUNTAINS
Thursday 10th March
JOHN CALE
Tuesday 15th March
SPEAR OF DESTINY
Wednesday 16th March
ONE THE JUGGLER
Wednesday 23rd March
ORANGE JUICE
Wednesday 30th March
THE UNDERTONES
N.B. Monday-Thursday Admission Free to Members before 11.00pm. This does not apply to nights Live acts appear.
Monday night is now funk night with HEWAN CLARKE and special guests.
11-13 Whitworth St., West, Manchester
061-236 5051

Actualities
Friday 11th March at 8pm
DEREK BAILEY · JOELLE LEANDRE · ERNST REYZIGER
Saturday 12th March at 8pm:
LOOSE CONNECTIONS — *AN EVENING WITH MAGGIE NICOLS & FRIENDS*
MAGGIE NICOLS · JULIE TIPPETTS · TERRY DAY
LINDSAY COOPER · PETER NU · MARCIO MATTOS
CORINE LIENSOL · TREVOR WATTS
Sunday 13th March at 8pm
FRED FRITH · DAGMAR KRAUSE · LOL COXHILL
ROGER TURNER · KEITH ROWE · PHIL MINTON
at the ICA Theatre, The Mall, London SW1
bookings and enquiries 01 930 3647
Admission

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE LYCEUM
STRAND
DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS
AZTEC CAMERA
SCREEN 3
THE FARMERS BOYS
THE DAINTIES
TUESDAY 15th MARCH 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·00 FROM BOX OFFICE 01 836 3715 STAR GREEN KEITH PROWSE
PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

T.P.S.U. GIGS N' THINGS
presents
GARY GLITTER
+ THE CAVERN
at ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Wednesday 16th March,
9.00pm - 2.00am
Tickets: £2.50 Students,
£3.00 non-students
Available from Trent Poly S.U., Selectadiscs, Revolver and Victoria Box Office. For further details ring Nottingham 46725.

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 10th March	BARNEY'S 50's DISCO	£1.00
Friday 11th March	THE REMIPEDS + The Vibesound	£1.50
Saturday 12th March	ZANTIMISFITZ + The Stills	£1.50
Sunday 13th March	FURNITURE + 1926	£1.00
Monday 14th March	A SCANNER DARKLY + The Orson Family	£1.00
Tuesday 15th March	IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY	50p
Wednesday 16th March	SOLO SONS + Hunter	£1.00

Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm

Live Ads. in NME
are read by more
people than those
in any other music weekly
SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

Maximus
Discotheque
14 LEICESTER SQ, LONDON WC2
Every Monday Rock Night
With D.J. FRANK SAMMS
Live This Week
ITEM 5
doors open 8.30 p.m.
£3.00 Admission. Drinks 50p

This 6 x 1
advertisement on the
LIVE PAGE
costs only
£36
and will be
seen by over
One Million
people.
Ring
01-261 6153
for details.

QUEENSWAY HALL
DUNSTABLE
(0582) 603326
WORDS
BARRY CLARKE
Friday March 11 7.45pm
CAROLINE ROADSHOW
D.J.'S ROBB EDEN + TONY
+ Phil Holden (Chiltern Radio)
+ STRAY
Tuesday March 15 7.30pm
THE STOP BAND
+ FAT DORIS
+ WICKED LADY
Tickets from Box Office, F.L. Moores, Dunstable, Record City, Luton, Classical Rock Harpenden, Record Room St Albans, EGE, Watford 42493 or on doors.

PRESTON WAREHOUSE
St John's Place
0772 53216
Thursday March 16th
THE NIGHTINGALES
+ Support
Doors Open 7.30 p.m.
On Stage 9.15 p.m.
Tickets £2.50

Derek Block presents
The LYCEUM The Strand London WC2
EURYTHMICS
PLUS One the Juggler
PLUS THE CHOIR
Sunday 13th March 7.30pm
Tickets £3.25 in advance £3.50 on door
FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715 PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
KEITH PROWSE STAR GREEN AND USUAL AGENTS

ACME TOUR PRODUCTS
Designers, Producers and Suppliers of the very best in creative group merchandise are presently on tour with . . .
MADNESS
U2
FUN BOY THREE
SIMPLE MINDS
Concertgoers should remember that 'band approved' teeshirts, programmes and posters are available ONLY inside the venues.
For full details of teeshirts, sweatshirts, badges, posters etc. sold for any of the above groups please send an S.A.E. to the address below for full details.
If you want your band to have the best in Worldwide Tour Merchandising, Fan Club servicing and Wholesale Distribution please contact Chris Parkes today.
ACME TOUR PRODUCTS LTD.
26-40 ST. ANDREWS ST., NORTHAMPTON, U.K.
Telephone: 0604 36888, 20411/2/3 Telex: 312517

This 4 x 2 advertisement
on the LIVE PAGE costs only £48
and will be seen by over
One Million people.
Ring 01-261 6153 for details.

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

LONDON
Camden Lock Chalk Farm Road London NW1
2674967
WED 9
AFRICAN RHYTHMS NIGHT
ORCHESTE JAZIRA
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THUR 10
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
SUPPORTED BY
THE HAPPY LEPERS
FRI 11
TOKYO OLYMPICS
SUPPORTED BY
THE ILLUSIONS
SAT 12
JUAN FOOTE 'N' THE GRAVE
AND SUPPORT
MON 14
FELIX & THE CATS
WEBSTERS
RHETORIC
TUES 15
20/20 VISION
BELLADONNA
WED 16
THE HOST OF TOASTERS
REGGAE DANCEHALL
STYLEE DISCO
THUR 17
THE INMATES
SUPPORTED BY
WIPEOUT
WED 23
BO DIDDLEY
THUR 24
HELEN SHAPIRO

NEWCASTLE
Waterloo St. City Centre, Newcastle-Upon Tyne.
Tel. 0632 324156
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
THUR 10
REGGAE SPECIAL
BLACK ROOTS
FRI 11
FROM AUSTRALIA
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
SAT 12
NEWCASTLE SPECIAL
CHRIS REA
TUES 15
SEX GANG CHILDREN
WED 16
B.B.
THUR 17
REGGAE SPECIAL
TRIBESMAN
FRI 18
JOHN COOPER ~CLARKE
COMING SOON
TUES 22
THE DAMNED
FRI 25
THE METEORS
SAT 26
ORANGE JUICE

BRISTOL
The Pithay, All Saints St. City Centre, Bristol.
Tel. 0272 294312
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 9
KISSING THE PINK
THUR 10
VITAL EXCURSIONS
FRI 11
BIG COUNTRY
SAT 12
LAVERNE BROWN
MON 14
RADIO BRISTOL
6 O'CLOCK ROCK SHOW
PRESENTS
DOGS TO WATCH STONE LOVERS
TUES 15
FROM USA
JOHN CALE
WED 16
FROM USA
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
THUR 17
CHRIS REA
FRI 18
MAIN SQUEEZE
COMING SOON
THUR 24
FROM USA
BO DIDDLEY

LIVERPOOL
Brownlow Hill, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool 3.
Tel. 051 708 8815
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
THUR 10
CHRIS REA
FRI 11
RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
SAT 12
SUPERCHARGE
MON 14
PHIL EASTON'S CITY SHOWCASE, LAWNMOWER, BEAT THAT DRUM, ULTERIOR MOTIVE
THUR 17
FROM USA
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
FRI 18
FROM AUSTRALIA-
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
SAT 19
MAIN SQUEEZE
FRI 25
FROM USA
BO DIDDLEY

SHEFFIELD
Unit 3, Furnival House, Furnival St. Sheffield.
Tel. 0742 21807
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 9
TOY SHOP
THUR 10
FROM AUSTRALIA
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
FRI 11
LIMELIGHT, DES BAILEY BROTHERS
SAT 12
RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
TUES 15
SEVENTH SON
WED 16
FROM USA
JOHN CALE
THUR 17
THE URBAN PEARLS
FRI 18
FROM USA
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
SAT 19
JOHN COOPER ~CLARKE
WED 23
THE DAMNED
SAT 26
BO DIDDLEY

HULL
38 46 George St. Hull
Tel. 0482 20048
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 9
BLACK ROOTS
THUR 10
ONE THE JUGGLER
FRI 11
CHRIS REA
SAT 12
DANSE SOCIETY
MON 14
M.G.B.'s
TUES 15
THE LUDDITES
WED 16
REGGAE SPECIAL
TRIBESMAN
THUR 17
B.B.
FRI 18
THE ENID
SAT 19
FROM USA
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
MON 21
THE DAMNED
THUR 24
THE METEORS
TUES 29
ORANGE JUICE

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE LYCEUM
The Strand, London WC2
Derek Block presents
Orange Juice
THE MARINE GIRLS
THE GO-BETWEENS
Thursday 31st March 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE KEITHPROWSE STAR GREEN AND USUAL AGENTS

This 4 x 2 advertisement on the **LIVE PAGE** costs only **£48** and will be seen by over **One Million people.** Ring **01-261 6153** for details.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MARCH
13 The Eurythmics
14, 15 Funboy 3
15 Aztec Camera
16, 17 10CC
17 Peter, Paul & Mary
17 John Cale
19 Pat Metheny Group
20 The Undertones
20 Loudon Wainwright III
21 Shriekback
22, 23, 24 Elkie Brooks
24 The Damned
25, 26 Roy Ayers
27 Mari Wilson
27 Gary Glitter
28, 29 Dolly Parton
APRIL
4, 5 Bucks Fizz
6, 7 Joan Armatrading
7, 8, 9, 10 Leo Sayer
8, 9 Kids From Fame
12 Planxty
13, 14 Manfred Mann
14 U.F.O.
14 Spandau Ballet
15, 16 Gil Scott Heron
16 Jerry Lee Lewis
17, 18 Marillion
18 Prince
18 Tears For Fears
19 Twisted Sister
19,20 OMD
21 Roger Chapman
22, 23 MJQ
23, 24 Joni Mitchell
26 Flock of Seagulls
27, 28 Miles Davies
30, 31 Steve Hackett
MAY
2, 3, 4 Santana
5,6,7,8 Maze
9 Philip Jap
9 OMD
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis
13, 14 Dionne Warwick
16 - 29 Liza Minelli
17, 18 and 20 Rush
21, 22 London Blues Festival
26, 27, 28 Iron Maiden
28 Aswad
30 Kajagoogoo
JULY
4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Jasper Carrot

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME
SEND S.A.E. FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftsbury Avenue W.1 Phone 439 3371
Open Sundays 11.00 a.m.-5.00 p.m. for Telephone Credit Card Bookings

ROCK CITY
Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel 0602 412544
Open 8pm-2am
Sunday 13th March £2.50 adv
JAZZ/FUNK ALL DAYER
Ring venue for details
Wednesday 16th March £3.00 adv
GARY GLITTER
Wednesday 23rd March £3.00 adv
UFO
Thursday 24th March £3.00 adv
ORANGE JUICE
Tuesday 29th March £3.00 adv
THE UNDERTONES
Wednesday 30th March £3.00 adv
MARILLION + Peter Hamill
Thursday 7th April £3.00 adv
TWISTED SISTER
Wednesday 11th May £4.00 adv
MAZE Featuring Frankie Beverley
Wednesday 25th May £3.00 adv
HANOI ROCKS
Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords & Way Ahead Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Mirage, Leicester. The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing SAE.

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE
MAGERY STREET., LONDON WC1
(Five minutes Kings Cross Stn)
Thursday 10th March £1.00
THE MOTIVATORS
Friday 11th March £1.00
DOG DOG DOG
+ From The Finland Station
Saturday 12th March £1.00
NATIONAL GOLD
+ Bird Of Prey
Sunday 13th March £1.00
K. K. KHAN
Monday 14th March £1.00
REACTER
+ Glass Ties
Tuesday 15th March £1.00
AGENT ORANGE
+ Room 13

THE NEW MOONLIGHT
100 West End Lane
(West Hampstead Tube)
Thursday 10th March £1.50
THE CREAMIES
+ Killer Koala
Friday 11th March £1.50
WILD ABOUT HARRY
+ Solo Sons
+ Any Anxious Colour
Saturday 12th March £1.50
THE LOW MONKEYS
+ Big Fun
Sunday 13th March £1.50
BAD DETECTIVE
+ Hush Hush
Monday 14th March £1.50
THE HEARTBEATS
+ Open Channel D
Tuesday 15th March £1.50
MERCIFUL FATE
+ Seducer
Wednesday 16th March £1.50
THE PARTY
+ Reset + Spy VS Spy
Thursday 17th March £1.50
JAZZ SLUTS
+ The Seychelles

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
STANLEY AND THE UNDESIRABLES
THU.10.MAR. L.A. based band who like the Cramps, believe in discomforting the senses. Fun on a good night!
ROGER McGOUGH
FRI.11.MAR. Liverpool poet, broadcaster writer, wit. Currently writing the lyrics for the Broadway production of 'The Wind in the Willows'. Unquestionably Britain's foremost performance poet. Supported by POEME ELECTRONIQUE
ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS
SAT.12.MAR. "are rooted in R&B, but edge towards funk in one direction, Cajun / Country in the other... expert, eclectic good time," wrote Time Out.
SUN. PRIMECUT + PRIMARY
MON. THINKING MAN'S ALTERNATIVE
TUE. WICKED KITCHEN STAFF + TOTIE FAY HAYDEN
VITAL EXCURSIONS
WED.16. Vigorous, muscular dance music from respected Bristollian horn player, Tony Wrafter, and his new hot combo.
AFRAID of MICE
THU.17.MAR. Liverpudlian 5-piece whose poppy, keyboard based songs have been augmented recently by the Rumour's horn section.
WHY YOU NOW HAVE TO DRESS UP TO GO DOWN THE ROCKGARDEN
For a music venue which used to advise people to wear as little as possible, it's perhaps a degree arrogant suddenly to expect people to look sharp.
The story is this: before Xmas the R'Garden closed for 6 weeks. During that time the venue underwent a dramatic change. The days of a song and a dance in a mixed sauna were confined forever to legend. Now the only thing that's hot at the RockGarden is the band.
The place is airy, cool, very comfortable. We've installed video and computerised disco lighting. In fact, if you turned up in your gardening gear, you'd look out of place. And if you reckon we should have done it all years ago come and enjoy your victory.
THE ROCKGARDEN
The best little club in Covent Garden, maybe London.
THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1229 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO:- 240 3961

CONCERT PROMOTIONS LTD bring you
ROD STEWART
Live in Paris June 12th/13th
A CHOICE OF TWO CONCERTS IN PARIS:
With departures from UK on Sat 11th (returning 13th June) or departing Sun 12th June (returning 14th June)
ELTON JOHN
Live in Paris June 27th
Departure Sun. 26th June, returning Tue. 28th June.
YOUR CONCERT PRICE INCLUDES:
* Return travel by luxury coach with video. * Departures from London & 9 Provincial Cities. * Cross channel ferry. * One nights hotel accommodation in Paris. * Ticket to the concert. * Half day excursion of Paris (optional). * Cancellation insurance.
DEPARTURE POINTS AND PRICES:

LONDON	£57	SHEFFIELD	£64	NEWCASTLE	£68
BRISTOL	£59	LEEDS	£66	LIVERPOOL	£68
NORTHAMPTON	£59	MANCHESTER	£64	GLASGOW	£70
BIRMINGHAM	£61				

A deposit of £20 per person will secure your place. Simply complete the coupon below and return it to us:-
NAME
ADDRESS
I wish to book ... place(s) for the ..... CONCERT on ..... 1983 with coach travel from .....
I enclose herewith the sum of £..... (being deposit(s) of £20.— per person); or please debit this amount from my credit card:-
BARCLAYCARD/ACCESS No:
All cheques to be made payable to Michaelangelo Travel Ltd.
SIGNED: DATE:
to: CONCERT PROMOTIONS LIMITED,
c/o Michaelangelo Travel Ltd., 19 Castilian St Northampton NN1 1JS
Telephone: (0604) 27352 & 24826/7

Live in Paris
BAUHAUS
April 11th
£59
Concert price includes as listed above.
Departure Sun. 10th April, returning Tue. 12th April.
Departures from N'pton, Leics & London. Use above booking form.

HALF MOON, PUTNEY
Exclusive London Date
COUNTRY JOE MCDONALD
+ LITTLE SISTER
Sunday 13th March
Tickets 01-788 2387

MUSIC LESSONS
BRENT BLACK MUSIC CO-OP
Practical or Theory
DRUMS—All Styles—Beginners to Advanced
BASS—Beginners to Advanced
GUITAR—Beginners to Advanced
REEDS—Beginners to Advanced
KEYBOARDS—Beginners to Intermediate
TRUMPET/TROMBONE—Beginners to Advanced to Intermediate
VOCALS & DJ TOASTING—Beginners to Experienced
YOUTH BAND TUITION—Black Music Styles
Enrolment & Enquiries
383 High Road Willesden N.W.10
451 0376 & 459 8357 Mon-Fri 10.30-6.30
Classes 1.30-9.00 Mon to Sat

REGGAE RUNNINGS

(Jumping Jack) Jack Sprat him couldn't eat no fat.
(Shake your cup) and his Queen she couldn't eat no lean.

FREDDIE McGREGOR finally resolves his 'When I'm Ready' statement for Studio 1 a couple of years back with an album recorded at Brentford Road entitled 'I Am Ready'.

Featuring ten tracks with superior backup vocals provided by the common pool of Johnny Osbourne, Jennifer Lara and Devon Russel, the set is McGregor's second for the label, his previous 'Boby Babylon' containing some of the singer's earliest recordings with 'Rasta Man Camp' and 'I'm A Revolutionist'. The title track of this latest effort is based on The Heptones' 'Ready To Learn' song, while the LP also includes recent slate release 'Africa Here I Come'.

The singer is also attracting action with his new pre single for Thompson Sounds 'Jumping Jack', a song very much in the Don Carlos 'Dice Cup' mould, while a further issue on Crazy Joe finds him liberally adapting Bob Marley's 'Rock The Boat' for 'Step It All Over' with a young toaster **Jah Berry** interrupting his short lived delivery.

Other pre include the return of **Maytones** in the footsteps of Ranking Dread for 'Mr Gateman' (Hit); a stirring 'Stop The War' from **Peter Roots** c/w **Sly & Robbie,** 'Belfast' (Taxi); **Tommy Cowan** proferring Rasta hymn 'Iya Coming' (MC); **Bunny Wailer,** 'The Conqueror' (Solomonic); **The Interpreter,** 'Serious Time' (Gog); **Unique Vision,** 'Stand By Your Love' (Stage); **Tiger,** 'Love Line' (Spiderman); **George Beauford,** 'Candice' (Ashandan); **Bunny Lye Lye,** 'Girl You Hold Me' (Belmont) and **Triston Palmer,** 'Woman Don't Make Me Cry' (Thompson Sounds).

New toast pre include: **Slaughter & Tippa,** 'Oh Yes' (Pablo Eagle); **John Wayne,** 'Swimming Pool' (Volcano); **Buru,** 'Jah Guide' (Gog); **Nigger Kojak,** 'Big Iron' (Joe Gibbs); **Moja,** 'Make We Rock' (Penumbra); **Spliffy Dan,** 'Credel' (Circle Throne); **Jah Walton,** 'It In A Me' (Lorna); **Ranking Toyan,** 'Creamy Corner' (Volcano) and **Ranking Magnum,** 'Rubadub Talker' (Grimm Ben).

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — search, Thea, search!...every Friday afternoon the Sassafras Theatre hold drama workshops at the Strand Centre, Brixton, SW2. Registration £1. Open 2pm to 6...**and tell me, if thou seest a certain shape or shadow**...early session this Friday — 7pm till 12 — at Seven Sisters School, Rosslyn Road, off West Green, Tottenham, N15 with live on the dance floor Wisdom Hi Power and City Dred Hi Power. Refreshments. Adm: £1...**making way with wings or chariot fierce to repossess a heaven he lost erstwhile**...and at Brent Town Hall on Friday is the local Black Music Co-op with sounds by Hawkeye International. 8pm to 1am. Adm: £3...**it must — it must be of ripe progress — Saturn must be King**...also on Friday is a live show and dance at the Africa Centre, 38 King Street, WC2 — 8pm to 3 am — onstage the return appearance of Makka + sounds by Errol T Connection and Samaritan Rockers. Licensed bar and restaurant. Tickets £2.30 available from Dub Vendor and Page 43 (Oval) record shops or ring 01-720 4089. At the door: £2.80...**yes, there must be a golden victory**...on Saturday afternoon — 2.30pm to 5 — is held a Caribbean Afternoon at Battersea Town Lower Hall featuring steelband, video show etc...**there must be Gods thrown down**...and on Saturday roots and culture present a night of experience — from 7.30pm until 2am — with Wailing Souls last UK appearance plus sounds by Frontline International to be held at the Coliseum Suite, Manor Park Road, Harlesden, NW10. Tickets from Upfront, Hawkeye, Dub Vendor and usual outlets...**and trumpets blown of triumph calm**...also on Saturday at London Transport Training Centre, Wood Lane, W12 — from 7.30pm until late — Zagada Band plus Prince Challenger Hi-Fi. Tickets £3.50 in advance on 01-761 0263 or £4 at the door...**and hymns of festival upon the gold clouds metropolitan**...and at the Jackson Lane Community Centre on Saturday at 8pm is a special appearance by American jazz tap dancer Will Gaines...**voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir of strings in hollow shells**...at the Ace in Brixton on Monday is live onstage Ras Michael and the Sons of Negus, plus support by the Ras Messengers. Sounds by Nasty Rockers from 7.30pm...**and there shall be beautiful things made new, for the surprise of the sky-children**...finally, according to the *Gleaner* one of the gifts received by QEII at the end of her visit to Jamaica was a gold coin from the Mystic Revelation of Rastafari. The coin was one of two that had been given to MRR by Emporer Haile Selassie during his 1966 Jamaican visit. It "was presented as a special token of their affection and regard for the Queen" for whom they played at her Devon House reception...**One Love**...

THE MAGNIFICENT 7th SENSE!

LIVE MADNESS

WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN BOYS!

MADNESS!
London Dominion

WALLOP! When Skaville hits the smoke all hell breaks loose. Those precious rhythms stir young bodies, upful and enervating, penetrating to the deepest recesses of the seventh sense and unleashing a whirling mass of energetic celebration, dance carnage. Stomping boots and shuffling sneakers, Madness is all in the feet.

Skaville hit the smoke Monday night at the Lyceum; Tuesday night at the Dominion is more like a matinee, presented in Tottenham Court Road's best pantomime setting, complete with 6.30 start and a Saturday Club audience buying popcorn in the foyer. Whereas the Lyceum gig was a rough and rowdy skankig free-for-all, the Dominion show was a tidy extravaganza, a supremely professional package for all the bairns perched smiling on the back of their seats. Madness at the Dominion was a BIG performance, grand theatre polished till it shone.

Shame then that they took so long to get there...

MADNESS!: House Of Fun *(Nutty Crackers)* For a big opener, 'House Of Fun' is pretty small. A panel rises in the backdrop and Madness emerge, light streaming thru' the hatchway and scattering 'midst the clouds of dry ice (courtesy Close Encounters Of The Nutty Kind) as the boys tumble down the gangway to launch into the song of their first number one video.

MADNESS!:My Girl *(Nutty Crackers)*
MADNESS!: Blue Skinned Beast *(Nutty Crackers)* 'My Girl', their third single and biggest chart success before 'House Of Fun', is also dogged by tiredness. An under-the-weather Magnificent 7 were joined by a string quartet, busily bowing their violins behind the backdrop, but tho' Madness struggle to inject some sparkle 'My Girl' was restrained where it should jump, a shadow of a great single.

'Blue Skinned Beast' will be yet another great Madness single. Promise. I shall rush out tomorrow morning and book it in for two weeks at No 1 and its rightful place in history alongside 'Ghost Town' and 'Lunatics' as a smash-hit manifesto. At the Dominion it comes complete with its own video, mixing clips of war in the trenches with caricatures of Thatcher and flashing the figure of 8,000,000 dead on the big-screen backdrop. Tuesday night it bumps along pleasantly enough but sorely lacking the singular urgency it promised on 'Rise And Fall', their weakest album to date.

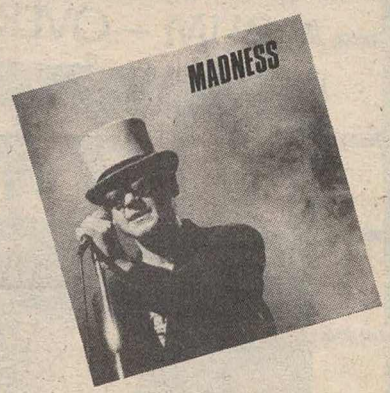
MADNESS!: Embarrassment *(Nutty Crackers)*
MADNESS!: Rise And Fall *(Nutty Crackers)*
MADNESS!: Grey Day *(Nutty Crackers)* Suggs tries hard to shake off the drowsiness of bad flu but e'en the winners sound weak-spirited. 'Embarassment' passes by painlessly, without the quiet, sweet hooklines and that strange, rare sadness ever really biting. 'Grey Day' unwinds solemnly.

Offbeat speed, coupled to Barso's splendid melodies, was always Madness' greatest asset and their more deliberate pop compositions suffer badly from the weariness. When 'Rise and Fall' lets loose it never really lets rip; Carl and Suggs sit smoking, resting on the riser while Lee takes a turn, but the initial outburst of skanking has now lapsed to a gentle bobbing. Repeated calls for a stomper like 'Swan Lake' are met by tamer standards, neatly delivered but all too polite.

The weenies' determination to dance-and-to-hell-with-restraint isn't helped by the nauseous, officious bouncers. Everytime some kid shoulders his young sister or a mini-skin strays from his seat to dance in the sisle some Hitler with a beergut sours their enjoyment. (Brownshirts are *out,* cacky blue tracksuit tops with ESS Services written on the back are *in*).

Sure, matinee performances always lacked the thrill of a night out, but whatever happened to Madness — The Greatest Show On Earth?

Carl and friend — *All pics: Anton Corbijn*



MANDESS!: Shut Up *(Nutty Crackers)*
Suddenly the spark is there. Speed, dance and showmanship...Behind every great Madness single is a great video and in front of every great Madness gig is a great mess of flailing limbs. Flail away, o weeny ones!

Where minutes before they dragged, Madness *tear* thru' 'Shut Up', one of their finest singles, maybe the most perfectly structured Nutty Cracker — a superlative contradiction indeed. It's as simple as Carl swivelling on his heels and counting to three. "One Two Three!" he counts (clever, huh?) and the audience responds. Madness!

MADNESS!: Baggy Trousers *(Nutty Crackers)*
MADNESS!: Madness *(Nutty Crackers)*
MADNESS!: Our House *(Nutty Crackers)*
Sublime — 'Baggy Trousers' was, is and always will be. The Dominion has erupted in a dance explosion and the bairns are unstoppable, flailing madly and revelling in those little pangs of pleasure that only Madness can spark. Having set all the senses tingling, Madness finally stir the seventh sense, *dance,* and leave the house grinning...

MADNESS!: Primrose Hill *(Nutty Crackers)*
MADNESS!: It Must Be Love *(Nutty Crackers)*...They return with a brass band. Pulling every trick and winning every time, Suggsy and Carl double-act like crazies, spurred on by an audience now similarly inclined.

MADNESS!: Night Boat To Cairo *(Nutty Crackers)*
ELVIS!!: Tomorrow's Just Another Day *(Solid Gold)*
MADNESS!: One Step Beyond *(Nutty Crackers)* With band and audience finally on form, you know Madness will be back for a second encore. When Lee signals the 7's return with *that* long low blast of foghorn you know they'll be back for a third.

'Night Boat To Cairo', from its moment of release, joined the list of ska classics; within it is contained the secret of pop — that moment when the skank slows to Woody's cymbals and Lee's sax and you just *know*...Wallop! That punctuated second waiting for the glorious thing to start again is the most wonderful moment this side of waiting for Elvis Presley to finish one of his long drawn out Sun-session vowels.

Madness stretch the celebration by bringing on Elvis Costello to surpass his own treatment of 'Tomorrow's Just Another Day' on the new 12". Suffice to say it was it was a masterful performance, vastly superior to the version Madness had played earlier in the evening.

Elvis, ergo fabulous — Costello's voice is invariably overrated (the lad isn't exactly Howard Tate) and his songs have often seemed designed more to be studied as exercises in lyricism than to be sung, but tonight he made perfect sense to me. Costello was impressive even if Carl wins on good looks...

'One Step Beyond' mercifully fell on hard and fast times in the latter part of the set. Shuffling fast and furious, taking time out from skit-miming to bellow the title at the rapt audience, Carl is contagious. The clamour for more when he jaunts off stage is as instantaneous as it is inevitable.

MADNESS!: Mr Speaker *(Nutty Crackers)*
MADNESS!: The Return Of The Los Palmas 7 *(Nutty Crackers)*...Carl comes back to address the young ones from a pulpit and Madness return for another encore. *Whatever* they play, they've won.

They choose to bustle thru' 'Mr Speaker' (far stronger live than on record) and finish by playing a return visit to their fourth single, that cool, classy showcase for Barson's piano and Thompson's sax. They win easy.

With the Selector split, The Beat apparently sunk and the Specials factions following other trails, Madness are all that remains of '79's dance explosion, the last train to Skaville. And though it was late arriving tonight, when it came, it came in skanking Trojan style.

For all their wealth of recent four-square beat singles, offbeat Madnes is still the best — those upful rhythms all the more precious in synth-ridden '83. It was those rhythms and their immaculate pop sensibilities that brought Madness singles by the chart-load and turned this evening at the Dominion from show to glorious showcase.

Madness, the last of the skatellites, have followed a crucial tradition and built themselves an essential band, a corporal sound, a golden combination — Camden Motown. Not in terms of style or strength of emotion but, truly, in the seventh sense.

Madness are Britain's finest dance band and the young ones know it.

X Wallop!

Neville Funboy — *Pic: Roger Ball*

PREMIER PERFORMANCE — FIRST TIME FUN!

FUNBOY THREE
Leeds University

Terry Hall turns from the back of the stage to face the audience, trousers swinging just below knee level revealing a length of black stockinged leg looking like the ultimate post-punk Chaplinesque clown. Behind him the band are swinging through a deranged fairground lurch, the soundtrack to a lurid wave of technicolour nausea.

The penny has suddenly droped for the minority of the audience previously unaware of the lyrical content of 'Well Fancy That' and as the terrifyingly personal tale of child abuse unfolds, the jovial swinging hands in the crowd are lowered and jaws sag. Terry watches and smiles. It's a smile that might be ironic if it looked deliberate — as it is, it's like an inkling of genuine dementia, a fixed and horrendously impenetrable mask concealing a turmoil of terror.

It's a frightening moment, all the more so set against the showbiz flash of the remainder of the Funboys' set, an indication of the black extremes to which they can take their art of entrtainment.

Agonising about why the Funboys can sing about telephones one minute and children crying in the rubble of Northern Ireland the next misses the point, put together in the context of their truly *great* live show their wild variety makes instinctive sense. If they veer towards triviality it is only out of an awareness of how desperate things are. Their jokes have a poignancy of their own in that they exist to keep the balance of their creators' collective sanity — and that, of late,is a difficult job indeed.

The one doubt that stood over the band's first live performance was in their ability to translate a recorded sound that often relies on smart production to tease the melodies from the deceptive montony of the rhythmic backwash. In the end, though, there were more than enough moments of sharply staged vaudeville and opposing undercurrents of pathos to make this into more than a run-through of the songs.

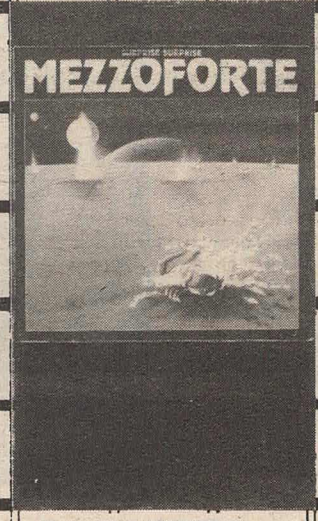
In a superbly understated reversal of standard roles they use an all-female band to provide a punchy backing to the front boy three. Terry stands static as always, the reluctant star embarrassed by the teeny following's chants, he emits a deadpan sarcastic charisma (the sneers of a clown), providing a foil to Neville's gregarious percussive flurries. Meanwhile Lynval bounces around like an animated bendy toy.

'Gangsters', included no doubt as a tribute to their recently departed manager, stands not only as a reminder of where this all started but just how much both Dammers and the Funboys have proved themselves since they were wrongly accused of being condescending youth preachers in the early days. With the Funboys and Dammers now sharing management, talk of a reunion is bound to be in the air, but why settle for one great band when as it stands we have two.

Don Watson

MEZZOFORTE ARE HOT

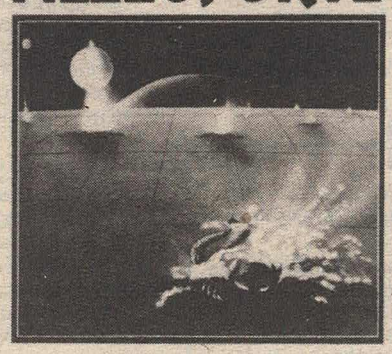
ALBUM – OVER 45 MINUTES PLAYING TIME



CASSETTE

7" SINGLE

MEZZOFORTE



GARDEN PARTY

MEZZOFORTE

GARDEN PARTY

12" SINGLE

YOU WON'T HEAR A BETTER 'DRIVETIME' JAZZ/FUNK ALBUM THIS YEAR

STEINAR (UK) RECORDS DISTRIBUTED BY PINNACLE

OL' BLUESOLOGY

Lew Lewis Pic: Chris Clunn

WILKO JOHNSON AND LEW LEWIS

Brixton Ace

1983 MAY be the year of the r'n'b revival (slight return), but for some it never went away. As it is, I can't see them joining the stylish "hard times" cavalcade of JoBoxers, Pride and the rest, but Johnson and Lewis probably won't lose much sleep over *that*.

They presented their refresher course in bluesology much as they've always done and will, no doubt, continue to do. A formula of course, but it's a winning one which they invest with manic energy and well-practised skill.

The reassuring trademarks are all present and correct. Wilko is *still* wearing that disreputable black suit and chopping at his faithful Telecaster. The Henry V haircut may be a little shaggier but he seems hardly to have aged in nine years. Likewise, Lew's mouth-harp wail and belting vocals, perfectly balancing Wilko as did Lee Brilleaux in the old Feelgood days, remain undiminished. And the rhythm section is as tight as a tick.

But one or two things have changed since I last saw Wilko in action, three years ago with the Solid Senders. He has less to prove and so is more rleaxed. The relentless, glass-eyed intensity of those days is only occasionally hinted at now. Every so often in one of those audience-strafing cross-stage runs, you can glimpse the mesmerising dementia which screams danger at the same time as being funny and exciting.

Amongst the set are a couple of reggaefied numbers, perhaps suggesting a widening of the old format, but the chestnuts still sounded the best. These included the paranoid 'Walking On The Edge', that three-chord wonder 'Roxette' and an exuberant version of the Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs' classic 'Woolly Bully'.

He may be stuck in a time-warp, but Wilko sounds as good now as he did way back before anyone realised just how influential he would be.

Mat Snow

DAS REINER

Liverpool Masonic

I WAS threatened one night by a gang called the Pistols, but I got away. So I had to laugh when Das Reiner said they were coming down mob-handed to fix me.

We clashed in the Masonic pub. Five of them laid into me with a musical manifesto covering glue sniffing, mindless violence, anarchy (not too loud now, Johnny might hear you) and all the other empty clichés of the adolescent menopause.

Petty political posturing can be forgiven — Weller made a career out of it — but punk bands who play to audiences who remain seated are failures. Das Reiner have had all their tidy little notions about punk neatly manicured — all fizz and no bang. Which just goes to prove that there are punks and people who call themselves punks.

It's foot-tapping stuff this anarchy, so just as they were about to slip into their second Simon & Garfunkel number, I slipped out.

"Where have you been?"

"Fightin' with punks."

"Punks!... you're lucky to be alive."

"Yeah sure Ma."

Billy Mann

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

New York

THE MAN from the *Times* had a good line. Said they looked like "a road company of *Oliver.*" Yes, well, but . . . .

Let's look vaguely silly and still make this precious. From the first bowed strains of 'Old', Dexy's infuse their music with a dramatic sweep, a feel of creating something epic, moving and meaningful. What I really love is the texture of the sound. The combination of violins and brass is ingenious. It creates a well-mannered combustion of sound, full of layers and flavours.

The melodies Rowland has given this band are perfect for this peculiar combination of Irish folk and Memphis soul. They never fall completely flat, even if they drag in a moment or two, and sometimes they positively soar. And dungarees or no, Dexy's onstage look like a group pulling together, putting the family first.

Ah, but Kevin Rowland, he does strain credulity a bit. He just pushes the histrionics, the displays, the tortured soul pose, and keeps pushing, and almost completely wears it out. But then he must be some kind of genius, because he doesn't quite wear it out. At the end of the night I'm still with him, still following him through his dramatic pauses and flourishes, his strained singing always set in a key slightly above what his voice can reach.

Rowland equates dramatics with soulfulness, and everything he does is for dramatic effect. But in the end, rather than the hollow ring you might expect from such a strategy, he gets a resonance of genuine emotion. It's a testament to how much of himself Rowland has invested in this Dexy's thing, and how much power his outsized belief has to sweep us up and away.

Richard Grabel

▼ Neurotic Pic: Leon Morris

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS

London Pub

TOO MANY bands flunk many a grand introduction — some bands get a three-page feature in the *NME* and it still sounds like a dull invitation to a crummy party. The bands that matter have only to gatecrash the smallest stage, no introduction and to hell with invites...The Neurotics always engineer a fine entrance and, splat, there they are!

Newtown Neurotics in a small upstairs room in a London pub are an electric, caged defiance, overcoming all the odds, speeding on a mighty spirit and a rare pride. They start firing with 'Wake Up!', a glorious composition — three parts dance-instrumental and one part inspirational verbalising — and proceed from the glorious to the supreme. The Neurotics have taken the punk polemic of Crisis and let it loose on the dancefloor.

The vocals sound like the second-hand noise of someone else's personal stereo, the tinpot teapot of a PA falls over and the amps keep cutting out but the Neurotics' spirit still cuts through.

There are only two positive punk bands and right now the Newtown Neurotics are both of them — upful sexbeat driving dance songs and lyrics to pump red blood to your heart. Body and soul.

The Neurotics tell tales of a life of struggle; if Clause IV is the libretto, this band are punk soap opera stars.

X Moore

KEVIN TURVEY AND THE BASTARD SQUAD

Nottingham Sherwood Rooms

THE KIDS think it's a scream but it's only comedy. Aggressive and anarchic extremism perhaps, but who cares? It's atavistic. It's safe. It's just funny. Right? Wrong. For a few weeks, The Young Ones turned the world of the flaccid TV sit-com upside down. Adopting the same purge-like attitudes as punk and building on inroads already laid down by The Goons and, even, Monty Python, this comedy troupe tore up the make-them-laugh blueprint and came up with an unprecedented hybrid of ghastly, revamped slapstick.

Where we were normally weaned on nice, middle class, Habitat realism, The Young Ones shoved squalor, neuroses and scatalogical obsession down our throats by the bucket-full. Somewhere along the line, the slick conventions of The Joke were irreverently dumped and, suddenly, instead of interminable sexual innuendo and plastic farce, we were confronted by Atom bombs in our living rooms, suicide and Tampax...and no Joke.

Now, with the exception of the Bulowski family (Alexei Sayle) and Mike, they're all here to proffer an in-the-flesh extension of that riotous gibberish. And presiding over the three hours of shambolic Wheeltappers and Shunters style cabaret is Rik Mayall's bumbling brummie idiot, Kevin Turvey.

With Turvey, Mayall plays on his presentation of a basic comic precept; that of a regional stereotype with a distinctive accent. But aside from that, nothing in Turvey's agonisingly slow monologue is strictly funny and neither is the odd gag (*"There's several kinds of fish I don't like. And do you know what they've got in common? That's right. They're all crap!"*). Instead he persists in idiosyncratic chit chat or just plain trivia.

Much like John Cleese with Basil Fawlty, Mayall exploits the comic value of this, the truest sit-com, with a brilliant cunning. His caricature shifts uneasily from ridiculous to lunatic and ends up as perversely hilarious and liberating.

After a lengthy warm-up of song and dance cartoonery with guest appearances from the legendary Keith Marshall and squealing songstress Amanda Simons, the trio of Young Ones invade the stage with a fanfare of snorting (Rick), farting (Vyvyan) and shuffling (Neil).

Neil scurries on like a morose Paddington Bear. Wrapped up in a greatcoat, the anachronistic malcontent showers the throng with lentils as he whinges on about the '60's and diarrhoea ("*You could say I spent the '60's getting my shit together.*"). Vyvyan brings the subject up again as they career through a caterwauling version of 'My Generation'.

Rick: *"You've farted Vyvyan.* (Snort) *What have you been eating you filthy sod?"*

Vyvyan: *"Dogshit! I did it for a bet. I saw a pile on the pavement and thought, I bet that tastes horrible. And it did."*

Onstage they terrorise and embarrass the audience into laughter to compensate for the macabre animations and devious sideswipes of the television programme. On the face of it, the three sartorial mavericks look nothing more than grotesque, chest-beating, panto protagonists prepared to exchange insults and death threats until the cows come home (or at least until they get their pay cheques). But look just once beneath the veneer of manic aggression and you see an insidious cabaret of credible characters trying doggedly to effect their own particular misguided solutions to a set of very familiar problems: philosophical, social and mundane.

So what became of the Joke? Vyv's answer is, if it moves stick an axe in it. Neil solves all with his lentil curry and Rick can overcome any dilemma with his anarchic, anti-sexist poetry.

When the house lights flicker on and a semblance of sobriety returns, there's more than a passing feeling that, in the process of mutilating the milksop realism of conventional humour, The Young Ones have turned over a gross surrealism far closer to the bone: an extreme but recognisable truth. It may be a scream but it certainly isn't just comedy.

Amrik Rai

▲ Bananabastardsquad

▶▶ "...And this one here gives you 1% of the Human League's gross earnings for the rest of your life."

▲ Rik Mayall as Kevin Turvey as a little piece of cheese

ALL PICS: KEVIN CUMMINS

YOUNG ONES

DISC 7
FILE 16

Catch: NME MX91 (Lenny H)

LENNY

VICTOR ROMERO EVANS
Stratford E15 Theatre Royal

SCREAMING GIRLS wrapped in furs greeted Denis Bovell, the evening's compere, as he announced to the mixed gathering of smart young blacks and curious white student-types, *"You better get ready to rock steady"*. The screaming and whistling grew louder because Victor Romeo Evans is a star, a leading light in the lovers scene, as well as a hero from the TV screen. Probably better known for his acting than singing, Victor (currently starring in Channel 4's sit-com *No problem*) has a wonderful voice. His backing group, The I-Talians, delivered a faultless rock-steady beat which had everyone tapping their feet.

Victor's songs are short scenarios from everyday life. The loud and proud black street style is celebrated in 'Slacks and Sovereigns', in which flash Victor proclaims *"in crocodile shoes I cannot lose"*. Last year's minor lovers classic 'Miss Attractive' had them dancing in the aisles — *"such a slender waistline and I am glad it's all mine"*. Acting out the songs in a kind of animated skank, his well-paced set built up to a great finale. The ideal night out, 'At The Club', was followed by the black declaration *"You can't be roots in football boots"*. Vibrating Benjamin Zephaniah, who had earlier whipped up the audience, joined Victor in a storming finish *"they taught us how to shoot but not about our roots."*

A fun-packed evening which proved there's still a lot of life in British reggae. The final word was left to the compere, *"This is reggae music, so please don't refuse it."*

Alan Marke

LENNY HENRY
Uxbridge Brunel University

BILLED AS a 'Disco Hoot'. Quite a hoot; but what a disco! Packed with sweaty students and local kids, the steaming mass staggered about to a K-Tel collection of current sounds. Dire Strait, Laura Branigan, Toto — dance music for those who wished they could.

The looney in charge of the evening's proceedings demanded the audience to sit down on a beer swimming floor before Lenny Henry could start. Young Lenny is not exactly a dwarf, so what one would miss from standing was hard to imagine. (Maybe his intricate footwork.) Our compere had probably attended too many Camel concerts, but his perverse request was obeyed by half those present.

Mr Henry has moved on from being a novelty impersonator (the novelty being that Lenny's black) to a character comedian. *Three Of A Kind* was the perfect quick-fire showcase for Lenny Henry's talents, and the show's favourites were all on display. Bellamy rapped on against the behaviour of students, *"I've just escaped from a bar brawl between the Peace Campaigners and Whales Against The Bomb"*. The "el studenta pillockas" laughed themselves silly as they lapped up the good natured abuse. It seems to be a trait of the mddle class, this constant desire to have the piss taken out of themselves — Alexei Sayle, Rik Mayall and Lenny Henry all do it with great success. Maybe it's a painless relief of guilt felt by the privileged.

Between the characters Lenny did his stand-up comic routine. *"Yeh, I've just got back from LA — Lower Accrington. Couldn't handle the 'coke' situation — bottle fell out of my nose"... "Had this ride on an amazing roller-coaster, during the loop-the-loop you get hit by your own vomit."*

Buck Cherry palyed his cardboard guitar, the music being supplied by Lenny's friend Tom on keyboards and guitar. The pace was fast and the jokes relentless. PC Ganja gave a lecture on community policing, *"Bang! Stop or I'll shoot"*. Then told us the problems facing West Indians — they have to weight-train because their ghetto-blasters are so heavy, talcum powder makes them look like dehydrated elephants and the Japanese breed them for tests in their hi-tech labs. Everyone was in sympathetic stitches.

After Reverend Nathaniel Westminster led a spiritual called 'Spiritual', Chief Katanga launched into an electro-boogie rap during which the PA broke down. Lenny, the true trooper, carried on, the audience by now falling about to an ad-lib *Top Cat* routine. South London hipster, Delbert Williams complained that *"all that Herpes is making me itch"* before the long turn (an hour and a half) was wound up by Algernon Razzamataz.

At the end it was hard to tell who was more exhausted, the crowd or Lenny Henry. In traditional comic nature, Lenny finished with a 'straight' encore, a footstompin' rendition of 'Knock On Wood'. Henry's a hoot and a rare treasure.

Alan Marke

Lenny after an exchange of pleasantries with the elusive Ian 'Shake Hands' Penman *Pic: Lawrence Watson*

Three Van der Johns get on down in a Dutch bunker *Pic: Stuka Lee*

PINKO PINUPS

THE THREE JOHNS
Bradford Textile Hall

HOW DO you describe a band as complex, worrying and disastrously original as The Three Johns? Ignore the obvious 'hack' interpretations that limit their appearance on the Leeds music scene as typical of the Northern tradition of 'stern-faced politicos' and 'boring art-grad Marxists'. This is the naive critic's niche, a safe retreat from confronting the fact that The Three Johns are one of the best bands in Leeds today.

They confuse and are often illogical, straining the imagination and overloading the speakers with a solid dangerous sound that has forced desperate comparisons that range from The Doors to The Mekons, PIL and early Skids. It's the bewildering diversity and strange articulation of their ideas (eg. 'Men Like Monkeys') that prevents the instant flat recognition that meets so much of the contrived pap fed up as 'unique shared experience' to passive, ripe young markets.

Quick-fire conversation between bass and lead guitars get cynical anarchists on their feet in heads-down dancing. Hyatt's elastic vocal chords stretch whining and sliding from quirky sarcasm to general hysteria. It's the formidable Langford on lead guitar who puts Beefheart belligerence into the vocals of 'English White Boy Engineer' and 'Fruitflies'.

So far The Three Johns have attracted attention from all strains of youth cultures but aren't interested in leading another: they encourage the audience to get involved. Positive ideas are put into action — they're currently running a weekly course 'It's Only Rock 'n Roll' for the unemployed.

It's easy to be objective about the usual unimaginative band fixed by its own limits of style and pretention. It's painstaking and aggravating trying to decide how to describe The Three Johns. Get a chance to see them or hear the newly released single 'Pink Headed Bug' and take on the challenge.

Julie Brandon

EXTRA

THE BOX
THE MIRROR CRACK'D
Sheffield University

THE BRASS behind BBC North's forthcoming 'Bubblin' Under' series (a timely hop onto C4's 'Whatever You Want' wagon) could hardly have planned for a more feverish start than this.

This year's shiny yellow things, The Mirror Crack'd are clear cut, clean shaven and weaned on alphabetti spaghetti. Like Vice Versa, they've changed to suit the prevailing mood. From faceless funk to the new topical soul. The ridiculously cute lead singer is now thankfully edged away from the spotlight by two girl back-ups, in lurid red dresses, who sing 'honey' but make it sound like 'Hallelujah'.

The Mirror Crack'd compound a paradigm of 1983's chartbound necessities. The heady rush of Wigan, the fire of gospel and the white naif sex appeal and sartorial niceties of every *Oh Boy!* pin-up. And although the interest currently being invested in them should be enough to see them into 1983's tip top one hundred haircuts, this slice of formularised pop is still about as exciting as watching Astroturf grow.

In direct contrast, The Box run havoc like bloodshot bulls out for the pop toreador's throat. Beneath the clinical eyes of the camera, the most immediate impression is that they don't fall apart like they used to. The chaos and the abstraction appears to have waned in the face of a new, rigorous self-discipline; an unwelcome, ascetic orthodoxy. I wonder if the bane of jazz will be the downfall of The Box too.

Thankfully the sobriety collapses as the title track of their current ep, 'No Time For Talk', calls time. Time for the stampede. Charlie Collins' saxophones spray a squealing, asthmatic fury; a torch to convention sandwiched between uncouth, scorching rhythms. If you think the puny slap of 'Boxerbeat' is hot, you haven't heard 'No Time For Talk'.

The Box at their best are a treacherous amalgam of furious punk, prurient funk and a bastard jazz. The drums beat out a distant rage. The bass, all fret and fever, forages for space against the trill, tremelo guitar runs as The Box meander, with destruction on their lips, through the improvised glut of 'Limpope'. When The Box shred their rhythms like this, there isn't a rock band anywhere that can reach them.

Amrik Rai

THE METEORS
SPECIMEN
ALIEN SEX FIEND
London Lyceum

THINGS LOOKED bad, or at least ugly. It's strange how The Meteors' fans have deteriorated in tune to the musical collapse of the band. Once proud, cocky psycho-billies indulging in tongue-in-cheek rowdiness have now been replaced by sullen caricatures. Flabby and with heads partly shaven, they patrol, (or rather *clump*) round the Lyceum with nary a smile between them — likewise the new incarnation of The Meteors.

As the image gets hollower and more transparent so it resorts to nastier, less adventurous attractions. Their (fake) blood-spattered lyrics and glow-in-the-dark rhythms have lost their sparkle — hardly surprising when you realise their best tunes were written by folk no longer within the band. Of course, don't tell that to their followers, The Wrecking Crew, who spent most of their venom barracking Bat Cave fave raves Specimen.

First band on, Alien Sex Fiend, escaped the wrath-children's spite mainly by coming on so early that almost no one was there. Their sound is an impressive brew of brash Bau Hausian posturing and a wall of harsh synth/drum attack — the other half of their attitude drawing nourishment from the more extreme edges of trashabilly — sort of Alice Cooper with a quiff.

By the time Specimen came out to parade their glossy punkoid glam the hordes were not happy. Any Bat Cave afficionados were out-swamped and did those plastic-glasses fly! This idea of Specimen's to get to a new audience unfortunately re-inforced rather than dismantled the barricades. Voice-man Ollie seemed to lose his affability in the face of such real animosity. Bad news indeed, capped by the gross grand finale of Jonathan Guitarist clambering off-stage to whap his guitar around one particularly persistent malcontent. Blood and poses, the atmosphere was not glorious believe me. And of course, after this we had The Meteors — when meat-head city made life a tad precarious, as mentioned above.

"Someday I guess I'll find myself/A lovely little girl to take the place of my true love" sing The Meteors on their new single, fittingly as most veteran Meteors followers have now departed for newer "lovely little girls" who don't need to rely on covering old standards to hide their inadequacies.

So long as The Meteors seem satisfied with unashamed banality, all they'll get is this unadventurous crowd of little silly-billies. As the man said, *"Turn the jukebox off, it's time to go."*

Tony D

Shop into Boots

Dazzle Ships by Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark is another example of the value you'll find on records and tapes at Boots Record Departments. Call in now for a great selection of music by your favourite artist.

DAZZLE SHIPS £4.49

For Album or Cassette. Subject to stock availability.

Boots So much more to value

Exotic Briefs For men

PARIS
Continental cut in nylon with very narrow high fitting sides. Highly recommended. Black, Blue, Red, White, See-through Flesh.
Sizes — S, M, L.
£3.50 each, £6.50 two pairs

JAMES
A backless pouch in tri-satin. Freedom with comfort and support.
Black, White.
Sizes — S, M, L.
£4.25 each, £7.00 two pairs.

Full refund if not completely satisfied.
State waist size. **FREE** Paris briefs worth £3.50 with orders over £10.
FREE Brochure with orders or send 50p for brochure only.
Add 25p p + p to orders.
VERY FAST SERVICE

kiniki
Dept. NME
20 Stubbs Gate
Newcastle
Staffs
ST5 1LU

BAGGY BOOT
pointed toe, Kitten Heel Style 1500 colours Black, White, Orange leather, Black, Red, Pink, Green, Electric Blue, Turquoise, Grey and Purple Suede and Leopard Fabric.
Sizes 3-7 ***(including ½ sizes)***
£25.99 (inclusive of P&P)
Please quote second colour choice
Please send for full colour brochure

schuh
9 North Bridge Arcade
Edinburgh

SUBSCRIBE NME BY POST

UK (inland) 1 year £29 ★ **CANADA & USA 1 year $97** ★ **OTHER COUNTRIES 1 year £35**

CUT OUT AND SEND COMPLETED FORM TO:

J. WATTS,
NME SUBSCRIPTION,
IPC MAGAZINES, ROOM 2613,
KINGS REACH TOWER, STAMFORD ST.
LONDON SE1 9LS

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

BUY DIRECT FROM CARNABY STREET

Pointed Buckle Boot £22.99 MS1903
Sizes 6-11 inc. ½'s
Available in Black, Grey, LT Blue, Green Leathers Black Suede

Kidd Boot £39.99 MS1154
Sizes 6-11 inc. ½'s.
Black leather boot with black stripe on Red/Grey/Blue/White Canvas inserts
MS1156 also available with snakeskin canvas inserts in same colour range.

Send for Colour Catalogue for full range of Suits, Baggies, Shirts, Ladies & Mens Winkle Picker Boots & Shoes and much much more.

£9.99 SH3306

£19.99 MS1100
Pointed Toe Buckle Creeper
Sizes 5-11 inc. ½'s Available in Black, Red, Blue, Grey or Purple Suede Also Lace up.

Double Breasted Stud Shirt
Sizes S/M/L
Black, White, Grey

£19.99 MS1239

£17.99 MS1106
Lace up Heavy Resin Soled Shoe
Sizes 6-11 inc. ½'s. Available in Black, Blue, Grey, Red Leathers & Suedes Also buckle up.

Pointed Side Lace Shoe
Sizes 5-11 inc. ½'s
Available in Black or White Leathers Black, Red, Blue, Grey Suedes

Jam Tour Jumpers
Sizes XS/S/M/L
Available in Red/White/Blue, Black/White/Grey, Blue/Black/Blue, Black/Red/Black, Black/White/Black

£11.99 K7002

Printed Canvas Straight Leg Jeans £12.99 TR5230
Sizes 26-34
Available in Black/White, Blue/Black, Red/Black, Green/Black, Gold/Black Yellow/Black
Block Stripe Design, Zebra/Tiger Design
New Red, White, Blue Union Jack Stripe

"WE SUPPLY THE JAM"

£11.99 BUTTON DOWNS
BD310 BD315 BD344
Polka Dot/Striped/Paisley B/D Shirts
Sizes S/M/L Black, Red, Blue, Green, Grey (Also Red/White/Blue Stripe, Union Jack Colours)

£14.99 MS1113

£14.99 MS1112
Bowling Shoe
Sizes 4-11 No ½'s Black Suede, Black Leather, Blue/Black, Burgundy/Black, Red/Black, Black/Red, Black/Blue, Black/White, Red/White/Blue Leather
Jam Shoe
Sizes 5-11 inc. ½'s Black/White, Navy/White, Red/White/Blue, Grey/Grey, Black/Black, Royal/White

£19.99 J4137
Jean Jacket in White only
Sizes S/M/L

SEND TO: MELANDDI, 43 CARNABY ST., LONDON W1

All goods despatched 7-28 days from receipt of order.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Style No..... Col..... Size..... No Req.....
Style No..... Col..... Size..... No Req.....
Style No..... Col..... Size..... No Req.....

I enclose Cheque/P.O. for £..... do not send cash!

Add £1.50 P&P (Per Item) UK orders–20% of order value overseas
For large orders use plain paper.

Tick box ☐ for NME 23 brochure only

FREE COLOUR CATALOGUE WITH FIRST ORDER OR SEND £1 REFUNDABLE ON FIRST PURCHASE

Melanddi

VISIT OUR SHOPS AT Nos. 10 & 43 Carnaby Street. 10 am - 7 pm Mon - Sat.

MAIL ORDER ADS IN NME ARE READ BY MORE PEOPLE THAN THOSE IN ANY OTHER MUSIC WEEKLY

Source NRS Jan/June 1982

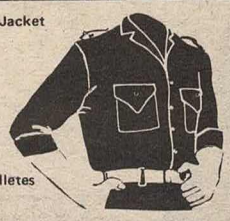
FOR DETAILS OF MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING RING 01-261 6172

TO ADVERTISE IN THIS SECTION RING 01-261 6172

BLACK COMBAT JACKET & SHIRT

Genuine British Army Combat Jacket in Heavy Serge — Dyed Black
ONLY £9.95 inc. p&p

Sizes S.M.L.



Spanish Army Shirts
Dyed Black with Epaulletes
ONLY £5.50 inc.p&p

Send SAE for our alternative clothing catalogue Wholesale enquiries welcome.
Send Postal Orders/Cheques or International Money Orders to:
MARK LORD PROMOTIONS (Mail Order)
Airfield Industrial Estate, Wellesbourne, Warwicks CV35 9JJ

SPOTS-PIMPLES

Every year thousands of young men and women between the ages of 14-24 can find their life made miserable by the horrid spots and pimples of acne. And every year many thousands discover how to clear them up simply and quickly with Torbetol.

TORBETOL
From your Chemist

For a free leaflet on spots and pimples please fill in the coupon and send it to: TORBET LABORATORIES LTD. 4 ADAM SQUARE, BRUCEFIELD, LIVINGSTON.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NME

KILLER VIDEO

	PAL SYSTEM ONLY NO NTSC No: VHS	No: BETA
HUMAN LEAGUE—20 minute 3 track special	£9.45	....
RAINBOW—LIVE BETWEEN THE EYES	£24.95	....
THE POLICE—AROUND THE WORLD	£19.95	....
THE TEMPEST (starring Toyah)	£29.95	....
TOYAH—GOOD MORNING UNIVERSE (Live, Drury Lane 1981)	£39.95	....
THE GREAT ROCK & ROLL SWINDLE (Sex Pistols)	£29.95	....
DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS—THE BRIDGE	£24.95	....
ROXY MUSIC—THE HIGH ROAD	£24.95	....
THE STRANGLERS VIDEO COLLECTION	£29.95	....
MADNESS—COMPLETE MADNESS	£19.95	....
GENESIS—THREE SIDES LIVE	£19.95	....
ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN—Shine So Hard, Le Via Luonge	£24.95	....
NEWMAN NUMAN—Gary Numan's Greatest Hits	£19.95	....
GRACE JONES: A ONE MAN SHOW	£24.95	....
BLACK SABBATH LIVE—Inc 'Never Say Die', 'Paranoid'	£19.95	....
DEEP PURPLE—ROCK FLASHBACK	£39.95	....
THE JAM—TRANSGLOBAL UNITY EXPRESS (Live, April 1982)	£19.95	....
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES—ONCE UPON A TIME—THE SINGLES	£19.95	....
ADAM AND THE ANTS—Prince Charming Revue	£25.95	....
GARY NUMAN—MICROMUSIC—Concert, Wembley 1981	£24.95	....
XTC—Look Look	£19.95	....
MADNESS—TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT (Feature film)	£19.50	....

£19.95

Full range of titles from ZOMBIE FLESHEATERS (strong un-cut version) to DIVA and many more music titles available from KILLER VIDEO.
EXPORT and WHOLESALE enquiries welcome.
POSTAGE: Please add the following for each tape you order: UK — £2.50 (Recorded Delivery). EUROPE — £3.50. OUTSIDE EUROPE — £7.50. EACH TAPE PACKED INDIVIDUALLY FOR EXTRA SECURITY. FOR FULL CATALOGUE SEND: UK & EUROPE £2.50.....OUTSIDE EUROPE £3.50.....
MAIL ORDER ONLY—NO CALLERS PLEASE **ALLOW MINIMUM 14 DAYS DELIVERY**

I enclose cheque/PO to the value of £.....payable to KILLER VIDEO

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Return completed form to: KILLER VIDEO (Dept NME) KACE INTERNATIONAL LTD, 32 AVON TRADING ESTATE, AVONMORE ROAD, LONDON W14.

IT'S THE INSTANT TATTOO!

Instant Tattoo is a great new idea to get your message on your arm **instantly!**

Instant Tattoo is a bold, tough transfer that uses the **colours and designs of real tattoos** so it looks just like the real thing!

It's so tough you can **wash, bend and stretch it**, yet it comes off after **two days** (sooner, if you want).

Because the images are so striking, they're a great talking point, for parties, for clubs, for bands — our designs cover everything from classic tattoos to up-to-the-minute ones like **CND** or **Harley-Davidson**.

In every pack there's **three copies of the design** (one large, two small), a little **test tattoo** and a whole sheet of **letters** so you can add someone's name or your slogan or message.

So get our art onto your arm — with an Instant Tattoo!

Trade & overseas enquiries welcome too!

1 Eagle; 2 Skull & Dagger; 3/Dragon & Anchor; 4/Dagger 'True Till Death'; 5/Harley-Davidson; 6 Swallow; 7 Skull & Wings; 8 Nude & Scroll 9 SAS Dagger; 10/Rose & Scroll; 11 Easy Rider; 12 Parrott; 13/Bulldog; 14 Red Indian; 15 Mermaid; 16/CND; 17 Serpent; 18/Ship & Anchor; 19/Skull & Dice; 20/Butterflies.

Order INSTANT TATTOO here!

How to order
Send this coupon, with your cheque P.O., to:
Sprinzel Limited
Unit D
37-39 North Acton Road
London NW10 6PF
(Allow 14 days for delivery)

If for any reason you are not completely satisfied after applying your Test Tattoo, simply return the rest of you pack, stating the problem and your money will be refunded in full.

Please send packs:

£1.50 each plus 30p P&P NME/X

TOTAL ENCLOSED £.....

Name.....

Address.....

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Courting disaster

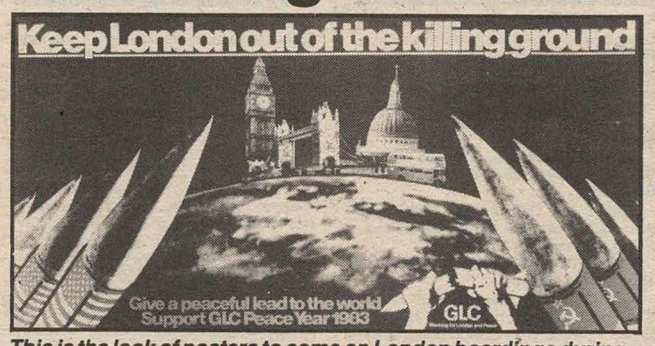
● Any anti-nuclear news round-up these days is beginning to read like a combination of the *Police Gazette* and turn of the century issues of *The Suffragette*. Thirty women supporters of Greenham Common who served 14 days each in prison as 'term of conscience' have now been released. Some went straight back to the peace camp in Berkshire — while others had yet more court appearances to make.

Some of these were among the ten women who appeared on charges of obstruction last Wednesday at Newbury Magistrates Court (12 women were called to appear but two refused to attend). Six there pleaded not guilty to charges of wilfully obstructing the works entrance to the Berkshire air base where Cruise is to be sited; the remaining four admitted the offence — which occurred January 25.

All ten women and the six who denied guilt were convicted. Nine women will pay £15 each plus £10 costs; one protestor with a previous "similar conviction" in 1982 has £25 plus the £10 to pay. All have been given 28 days in which to pay their fines.

● In the case of protestors from the Upper Heyford base — who appeared last Thursday before magistrates in North Oxfordshire on charges of obstructing workmen by building a fence around the US air base extension site — nine defendants denied the offence and seven have been gaoled for seven days. One, Ms Anne Quick, was found not guilty and another, Stephen Barwick, agreed to be bound over to keep the peace for six months for a sum of £50.

One of the protestors who refused the bindover told *NME* that "we informed the magistrates that our campaign has asked time and time again for a public enquiry into this extension (designed to house eight new hangars for EF1-11 planes, which allow nuclear bombers to fly into enemy airspace undetected). Time and time again we have been ignored". It was way back in September of 1982 that Plutonium Blondes received a letter from Stephen Barwick, informing us that the Upper Heyford Peace Camp was being set up "to prevent American nuclear bases from expanding in this way, right under the noses of local people". Donations to the Upper Heyford Peace Campaign may be sent to The Upper Heyford Peace Camp, Outside USAF Upper Heyford, Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire; ditto messages of support for those currently in prison.



This is the look of posters to come on London hoardings during the next three months. Photomontage by Peter Kennard.

● Back to the freed Greenham Common protestors, several of them have been in touch to say that they refused the food in prison, "because of its poor quality". Grandmother Nelly Logan, 73, refused food for nine days after the requests for a vegetarian menu were refused — until four days before she was due to make her appearance back in public outside Holloway. "Then I got both vegetarian food and fresh fruit". "I feel fine," Ms Logan reiterated to the press in general: "I would do it all over again if I needed to".

Quaker Sylvia Boyts, a mother of four, also refused food — for the entire 14-day term of her imprisonment. "I would *not* wish to go through prison again," stated Ms Boyt, who survived on glucose and water. "But I suppose if I had to again, I also would. But it is a petty and illogical procedure which put us there".

● On March 9, around 200 women are expected to be called to court in connection with a third attempt to evict the Peace Camp from Greenham Common. Now, however, the Law Society has reversed an earlier decision to refuse legal aid to any of the protestors. And aid has been granted in order that a barrister may put the women's case against the injunctions and evictions sought by the court.

● CND's national campaign will also recognise Greenham Common as a rallying point for the Easter weekend mobilisation it is currently planning. On the 31 of March, CND will be holding two blockades: a women's blockade at Greenham Common and a 'mixed blockade' 14 miles away at the Royal Ordance Factory, Burghfield, Berkshire. On April 1 (Good Friday) a human chain will link the two blockades over a distance of 14 miles, with the historic Aldermaston at its centre. Currently, says CND spokesperson Christine King, plans are as follows: "We don't expect everyone to turn up for the two separate blockades, but we will need as many people as possible to accomplish the Good Friday demo,"

● "Anyone taking part in either of the mixed blockades is asked to come *with* some previous instruction in non-violence, as we want to minimise publicity of the sort incurred when Heseltine got jostled. Such training is available from local CND groups — with whom individuals are asked to affiliate themselves if they want to join the two blockades on the 31st. If they have no local CND group in the area, they should feel free to ring me, Christine King, on 01-263 0977." *Anyone who plans to join either blockade the day before Good Friday should plan to arrive on the 30th.*

● For the larger, April 1, 'human chain' anyone is welcome, but they are asked to try and arrive between 10-12 noon on April 1st — so that the link between Burghfield, Greenham, and Aldermaston can be established "by 2pm at the latest". To mark its completion, balloons will be released (anyone who wants is encouraged to bring those, too) and afterwards, everyone is invited to the mid-point at Aldermaston "for a mini-festival".

● Meanwhile in London, Westminster CND plan their annual general meeting for March 16 at St Saviour's School, Shirland Rd (nearest tube Warwick Ave), London W9 at 7.30 pm. It will culminate with a film featuring the noted anti-nuclear campaigner Dr Helen Caldicott, with information about the medical effects of nuclear weapons. Timely, in light of the fact that the British Medical Association has at last decided to follow its American counterpart in stressing that there can be no 'survival' after any nuclear attack.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Scrambled Egg Box

NME IN NEXT WEEK

ECHO & THE SOFT BLANCMANGE

A two-piece synth band come to terms with...Sorry, let's try that again.

BUNNY & THE ECHOBLONGE

Mysterioso rock from...Aw, ketchup!

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

Cook Richard stews up rabbit pie and chips with a side order of long raincoats and white faces.

BLANCMANGE

A special New York flavoured dessert from Cosmo-Neopolitan master chef Hulo Paowitt.

Also on the boil: galactic meatballs à la ***SUN RA;*** jazz fondu of ***RONALD SHANNON JACKSON;*** plus ***TAPPER ZUKIE*** on toast and ***SOFT CELL*** and custard.

From a crotchet to a crouton... **NME**

BEST EATS IN TOWN!

Wide Boy Awake

the new single

BONA VENTURE

7" + LIMITED EDITION 4 TRACK 12"

NME CLASSIFIEDS

For further details ring
JILL HORNE (01-261 6122)
or write to
New Musical Express
Classified Advertisements,
Room 2535, King's Reach Tower,
Stamford Street, London SE1.

READ BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MUSIC WEEKLY IN THIS COUNTRY

Source: NRS

Music Courses Wavendon

The Stables Wavendon, Milton Keynes MK17 8LT
Tel: Milton Keynes (0908) 582522

ALLMUSIC EASTER COURSE 2-9 April 1983
Fee £130. Grant aid available.
A unique course covering jazz, classical, pop, folk, etc. Vocalists and instrumentalists.
Tutors include Phil Lee, John Zaradin, Bill Le Sage, Tony Coe, Don Rendell, Jim Dower, Peter Clack, Trevor Tomkins, and Lindsay Benson.

JOHN DANKWORTH/CLEO LAINE AWARD
Scholarship at Berklee College, USA, will be awarded to this year's outstanding student.

Early application advisable. Details from above address, or telephone Dorothy Cooper on Bedford (0234) 856216.

JUMBO STUDIOS REOPENED!!

Air conditioned rooms professional sound systems, games & TV Rooms.
Backline Hire available.
387 CHAPTER RD, WILLESDEN
ADJACENT DOLLIS HILL TUBE
01-459 7256/7 anytime

biggles music ltd.

professional services to the entertainment industry

BRISTOL (0272) 552147 READING (0734) 584945 DEVON (0752) 29858

MAD MARCH KEYBOARD SALE S/H + EX DEMO

SYNTHS	ORGANS	CASIO
Roland SH-5A £395	Elgam 249 £245	CT 1000P £315
Roland SH-3A £195	Farfisa VIP £225	CT 701 (new) £449
Roland SH-09 £195	Elka Rhapsody £265	CT 602 (ex demo) £345
Roland Jupiter 8 (ex Hire) £2,495	Hammond T400 £695	MT 65 (new) £149
Korg Micro £195	Yamaha B20R £375	MT 45 (new) £99
Yamaha CS 15 £245	Vox Cont £245	MT 11 £49
	Crumar Organiser £195	PT 30 £65
	Roland VK-09 £245	And Many More

Phone any shop for details of location, etc.

Take Inter Rail and discover Europe

If you're under 26, the Inter Rail card gives unlimited rail travel for 1 month through 19 countries for just £115* – incredible value if you're travelling round Europe or making longer journeys.
Inter Rail allows free travel on the rail networks of most Western European countries (including Scandinavia) and Morocco and half price rail tickets in Great Britain and Ireland, as well as on Sealink and B&I shipping services.
Further information from principal rail stations, appointed travel agents or phone 01-348 1212 for a free brochure.

Europe

*Subject to alteration due to currency fluctuations.

FOR SALE

ABBA SALE S.A.E. for massive list. Steve Middleton, 237 Harborough Road, Northampton.

AMERICAN STYLE College jackets, navy blue or maroon body with real leather white sleeves. £25.00 including carriage, or S.A.E. for our Rock & Roll Catalogue. Jack Geach, 25 Station Road, Harrow, Middlesex. Phone 01-863 1704

ARMY STRING vests, white, S.M.L. £5.50, Bullet belts 35" long £8.50, free delivery U.K. Quartermaster Stores, 207 Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

BOWIE FANS!! Place your order now for **'STARZONE'** six featuring world exclusive photo-preview on **'THE HUNGER'** Bowie in 174 + lots more. £1.00 + A5 S.A.E. from PO Box 225, Watford, Hertfordshire, WD1 7QG

INTERESTING RARE and unusual material on Bowie, Led Zep, K. Bush, Queen, S. Easton, Police, Japan, Stones, Abba, Blondie, K. Wilde plus many others (also Movie Stars). S.A.E. for details (stating interests). To S/I/P(Dept N.M.E.), 17 Tottenham Court Road, London W1.

MOTORHEAD GIRLSCHOOL, Tank, Twisted Sister, Rose Tatoo, official tour souvenirs. Send S.A.E. to C/O Holy T. Shirts 15 Great Western Road, London W.9

NME'S 1976-1983 (300) offers. 21 Edington Street, Liverpool 15.

SIMMONS DRUMS £1,250,00. Worthing 211393 evenings.

SIMPLE MINDS acetates. 01-249 4317.

40 WATT P.A. amp plus spekers £100 o.n.o. Premier drum kit £375 o.n.o. Mr Bennet.

RECORDS WANTED

A BETTER DEAL. All you Punks, Romantics, Nattydreads, Mods, Rockers, Skinheads. Send your unwanted L.P.s, singles, cassettes, or lists to:- **RED ALERT RECORDS,** Tenby, Wales.

ABSOLUTELY ALL your L.P.s, singles & cassettes (pre-recorded or used blanks) bought or exchanged. 1p—£2.50 each paid (more for video-cassettes & rarities). **NONE REFUSED!!** Bring **ANY** quantity in **ANY** condition to Record, Tape & Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11. (Shop open 7 days, 10am-8pm: tel. 01-727 3539). Or **SEND** any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash — none returned once sent; we decide fair price; (large quantities collected **ANYWHERE!** — phone 01-727 3538. 10am-8pm)

LOU REED Sally. Metal Machine. Burnley 31292.

RARE ZAPPA records wanted. Fournel, 3 Rue Berlioz 35132 Vezin, France.

RIPOFF RECORDS. High Street, Lampeter, Dyfed. All albums, cassettes, singles accepted. Top prices paid. Send direct or SAE for quote.

TOP PRICES paid for L.P.'s cassettes. Any quality. Send details plus S.A.E. for quotations — Gema Records. P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Reading, Berkshire.

SITUATIONS WANTED

YOUNG MAN (22) seeks interesting position as PA/Man Friday, although disabled, completely mobile and very versatile, adaptable with a pleasant personality. Box No. 4792.

RECORD FAIRS

NEWBURY RECORD Fair, Saturday 12th March, Arts Workshop, Northcroft Lane 11-4 p.m. 30p enquiries. 0734 481671.

TEESIDE RECORD Fair, March 12th, Town Hall Crypt, Middlesborough, 11am-5pm. Admission 25p, (Pre-Admission 10am £1) 1000's of Records to buy, sell or exchange. Enquiries. 0632-610749.

CRYSTAL PALACE FC RECORD COLLECTORS FAIR IN VIP LOUNGE AND TUDOR ROOM
(Above main stand)
SUNDAY MARCH 13TH 1983
Main line British Rail, Norwood Junction, Thornton Heath High Street and Whitehouse Road (large car park)

Early preview 11.00-12.00 £1.50 (or with this advert it's a quid) 12.00-17.00 50p (accompanied children free)
REFRESHMENTS AVAILABLE ALL DAY
CROYDON RECORD FAIRS CANCELLED.
For details phone (0634) 74067

RECORDS FOR SALE

A HUGE selection of used/unused record, tape & video bargains available at Record, Tape & Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11. (01-727 3539). Deletions/Rarities **UPSTAIRS.**

ALBUM HIRE, widest choice, postal service. S.A.E. Taw Records, Calver, Sheffield.

BEATLES, BYRDS, Costello rarities. SAE Molland, 8 Fullands Avenue, Taunton, Somerset.

BOWIE JOY Division, New Order, Roxy Jam, Buzzcocks. S.A.E. 14 Peterborough Street, Manchester M18 8TF.

FACTORY SAMPLE, Orange Juice flexi, Minds. 0742 367184.

HIT SINGLES, recent and oldies. Thousands available, prices from 30p. Send S.A.E. P. Cowley, 45 Boston Road, Kirton, Boston, Lincs.

JOY DIVISION, Cabs, Durutti, Factory, sample offers. 0532 671484.

NEW ORDER/Joy Division rarities. Your wants from the list reproduced on high quality tape. Additions. S.A.E. for details. 34 Stanwey, Heavitree, Exeter.

RARE RECORDS, Beatles, Bowie, Pistols, Stones, Blondie, Saints, Bolan, Hendrix, Who etc., etc., promos, Bootlegs, foreign pressings, all mint. Genuine rarities. S.A.E. Colin, 10 Ashpark House, Norbiton Road, Poplar, E14.

WANTED

CULTURE CLUB tickets (London Dominion) 0424 219302. Tim.

FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS: tapes, t-shirts, anything. I. Corbridge, 4 Buttonhill, Sheffield S11 9HH.

FACE 1-5 inclusive, I.D. 1 and 2. State price. 9 Melton Road, Birmingham B14 7DA.

LAURIE ANDERSON Dominion complete show tapes top quality only. Buy/swap. 72 Anderton Park Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

MOTORCYCLES WANTED FOR IMMEDIATE CASH. Buyer collects. 01-348 3659.

PINK FLOYD programmes, materials. Looking for rare/early live recordings. (Many Floyd/others for swap). Danilo Steffanina, CSO Regina, 9 10124 Turin, Italy.

ZEPPELIN, QUEEN, GABRIEL, YES, SANTANA, TAPES. Buy or swap. Paul, 38 Harrow Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham. (0602 812985 after 6 p.m.)

FAN CLUBS

BILL NELSON Club '83. Exclusive records, magazines, merchandise, Send S.A.E. to PO Box 134A1, Thames Ditton Surrey.

LET US keep you in touch with your favourite Star/Groups. **SIMPLY** send a stamped addressed envelope to The International Association of Fan Clubs, Dept 12, 478 Fulham Road, London SW6 1BY.

U2 OFFICIAL Info Service — Send S.A.E. to U2 info, PO Box 48, London N6 5RU.

MUSICAL SERVICES

ABSOLUTELY FREE "Songwriter Magazine" interviews famous songwriters, explains copyright, promotion, publishing, recording contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without paying etc. Sample absolutely free from International Songwriters Association (NME), Limerick City, Ireland.

CASSETTE COPYING, fast, efficient service. Mastering, any quantity. Phone Anarres 01-251 6830.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St Albans Avenue, London W4.

SONGWRITERS, IF you have original material and are looking for a publishing deal, please send a cassette demo to: Candyman Music, 6 Cavendish Square, London W.1. Please enclose sae for return of cassette.

SURVIVAL BIBLE PART 1

i-D Magazine **No. 11** the world **wi-De** manual of Style ■packed full of ideas and useless information.
If not available in your area send £1 plus 25p p+p. payable to i-D. MAGAZINE 71 SHERRIFF ROAD, LONDON NW6 2AS.

SITUATIONS VACANT

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES with record companies, radio stations, advertising agencies, etc. Full-time, part-time. Experience unnecessary. Read 'Music Employment Guide', 'Careers in Radio' 'Careers in Advertising.' £1.50 each. All three £4.00. Dept 31, Hamilton House Publishing, Creaton, Northampton.

JOBS AT SEA OR WORKING HOLIDAYS. Get out of the rat race or dole queue and into the sun. Working holidays in UK, Europe, USA, Middle East, etc. Good pay, low taxes. Experience usually unecessary. Plus jobs on liners, oil rigs, etc. High pay, both sexes. Send £1.95 for both guides. **PEEWHITE** (A2), 12 Hartington Road, Twickenham, TW1 3EN.

JOBS ON oil rigs, ships & overseas. For details of guides. Send £1 (refundable). Quality Supplies, (NME1) 4, Tower Street, York.

PART-TIME AND week-end project work for 18-23 age range, London area. Subject: Unemployment. Details: send SAE to Chris Wood, BM B2000. London WC1N 3XX.

WANT TO Work abroad, perhaps we can help. Send for our Directory of Unskilled overseas employment giving many openings in both Europe and America. Most need no previous experience. Send £1.95 to Datamax Ltd., Department D P.O. Box 44, Derby.

PERSONAL

DATELINE COMPUTER DATING for successful compatible relationships. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline, (Dept NME), 23 Abingdon Road, London W.8. 01-938 1011.

FEMALE SEEKS new mates, Manchester area, likes clubs concerts, music, including Higsons, Orange Juice etc. Box No. 4791.

FRIENDS/MARRIAGE: Postal intros all areas/ages. Write: Orion Introductions, A12, Waltham, Grimsby, DN37 0DP.

GIRL 21, seeks girls, chaps for gigs, evenings out. North London/Herts. Box No. 4793.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introduction opposite sex with Sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North St. Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BM1 3GJ.

NIGEL DOBSON — Happy 25th, Cheri. Love, Southside. XXX

THOMSON TWINS H. Palais. Blonde guy near front — we held hands last song. Please contact Barbie 444 8750.

SPECIAL NOTICES

ABSOLUTELY FREE songwriting booklet from International Songwriters Association (NME2), Limerick City, Ireland.

ELVIS COSTELLO Information service magazine. Second great year. S.A.E. for details. I. Cheetham, 14 Woodgrange Close, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex. HA3 OXH.

IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS please contact me and you'll find out! Marlies Ter Stege. Rozengracht. 150 Amsterdam, Holland.

JAM FANS send me your tributes, gig review, photos etc so I can put them into a book. S. Cassidy, 2 Aylesbury Court, Benhillwood Road, Sutton, Surrey.

THE UNDERTONES welcome back. Looking forward to seeing you live again. Best Wishes.

RECORDING STUDIOS

CENTRAL LONDON 1 IN 8-Track £6.90 p.h. Korg MS20. Trident, Roland TR808, CSQ600 SH2. Vocoder, Harmonizer, much more available. 01-286 0642.

SOUTH COAST. Toucan studios. 8-Track. £5 p.hr. + VAT. No tape hire charge. Hayling Is. (07016) 67734.

MUSICIANS WANTED

MUSICIANS
NME outsells
Melody Maker
by more than 2 to 1*
Make your money go further — Advertise in
NME
(*Source ABC Jul-Dec 1982)

"BANDS WANTED". "Interesting things!! Send Photo/s Tape/s any quality, own tapes acceptable. Possible U.S.A. trip. Offer limited to first 500 replies. S.A.E. John Wells International, P.O. Box 33, Basingstoke, Hants".

BASS PLAYER with roots and funk for feelpop. 959 4544 (Pete).

DEAD, WILD Vocalist seeks musicians into black clothes, bones, Gothic Dirge, wild Rockabilly, 60's, Punk. Gary 01-575 5573.

DRUMMER: YOUNG talented, energetic, innovative, for The Fall Haven, ready for concerts/recording. Equipment, style and modern adaptable outlook essential. 'John'. 01-399 4259.

FEMALE PERCUSSIONIST/instrumentalist come voce for colourful multi-faceted London group. 205 3048.

IMAGINATIVE/CLASSY Sax, Fiddle, Bodhran, etc. for small band. 01-740 6388.

ROCK 'N' ROLL Elvis style, wanted for form group. Drummer two bass guitarists. Must have own equipment. Send photo write to Lawrence Sanders, Lyndhurst Park Hotel, Lyndhurst, SU4 7NL, Hampshire.

VOCALIST, MALE required. New Band. Brentwood (Essex) 227889 or 220731 before 5.

VOCALIST REQUIRED for New Wave rock band. Rainham 59335.

VIDEO

ANARRES — FOR Video. 01-251 6830.

ATT. ALL groups/performers, for as little as £150 we can record your performance on Video. Phone Cyan Video Ltd. 01-948 5488.

TUITION

DRUM TUITION offered, Midlands teacher. Stoke-on-Trent. 0782 814381.

SYNTHESISER TUITION 947 0454.

PA & LIGHTS

MIRAGE LIGHTING — Innovative design; Comprehensive range of rigs 6Kw-400Kw. For hire or permanent installation. Tel (0462) 733388 Mon-Sat 10am-7pm.

DISCOTHEQUES

DAVE JANSEN. 01-690 7636.

FLAMES — MOBILE — MERSEYSIDE. 051-430 7375, 051-709 2691.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

ANDY'S GUITAR CENTRE — American & Vintage secondhands, also amps, effects, etc. Pro guitar & amp repair workshops, customising, making. **GUITARS & AMPS BOUGHT ANY CONDITION.** 27, Denmark Street, W.C.2 01-836 0899, 01-379 3491.

MARSHALL 100W Supabass. V.G.C. £119.00. Fender 4 x 12 bass, cabinet £99.00. Phone St. Albans 65324.

PRO ONE mint condition £275.00 with flight case. Hatfield, Herts 65998.

VIDEO FILMS for SALE

FACTORY FRESH-NO PIRATES!

VHS or BETA

Human League Video Single	£10.99	Elkie Brooks: Pearls	£26.50
Complete Madness	£18.95	Stiff Visions Compilation	£18.95
Complete Beatles	£36.00	Thin Lizzy: Live & Dangerous	£21.50
Rod Stewart:Tonight He's Yours	£18.95	Pink Floyd: Live at Pompeii	£26.00
Genesis: 3 Sides Live	£18.95	Orchestral Manoeuvres	£23.50
The Stranglers Video Collection	£18.95	Gary Numan: Micromusic	£29.95
The Jam: Live Transglobal	£18.95	Bob Marley at the Rainbow	£27.00
Videostars	£18.95	Blue Suede Shoes	£26.95
Grace Jones: One Man Show	£18.95	Atlantic City—Burt Lancaster	£18.95
Iron Maiden	£18.95	Zero to Sixty—Joan Collins	£18.95
Madness: Take It Or Leave It	£18.95	Adam & The Ants Live in Japan	£18.95
Videotheque	£18.95	Absolution—Billy Connolly	£18.95
Gary Numan: Best Of	£23.50	The Manipulator—James Coburn	£18.95

BLANK TAPES

VHS	E120	E180	BETA	L500	L750
Ampex	£4.10	£5.45	Ampex	£4.69	–
Scotch	–	£5.80	Sony	£4.95	£6.75
Maxell	£4.80	£5.89			

Post & Packing FREE.
Despatched by Recorded Delivery.
ESTUARY AUDIO + VIDEO (Dept NME), 1 HIGHBURY STATION, HIGHBURY CORNER, LONDON N5

ESTUARY AUDIO & VIDEO
(Dept NME) 1 HIGHBURY STATION, HIGHBURY CORNER, LONDON N5

THE CLASSIFIEDS ORDER FORM

RATES
ALL HEADINGS FOR PRIVATE ADVERTISERS
25p per word
TRADERS ANNOUNCEMENTS,
PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENTS
38p per word

BOX NO. FEE £2.50 PER INSERTION

HEAVY BLOCK CAPITALS after the first two words are charged at double rate.
Write your ad here in block capitals. One word per box.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK CAPITALLS)
.....
.....
.....
DAYTIME PHONE NO .....
If you wish your name and address in your ad it must be included in the cost. If you have a box number it must be counted as three words.
All advertisements must be pre-paid.
I enclose PO/Cheque value £ .....

Post to: NME CLASSIFIEDS ROOM 2535, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

HEADING:				

VIDEO

Adrians

36 HIGH ST, WICKFORD, ESSEX
PLEASE STATE CLEARLY VHS OR BETAMAX

FIRST EVER VIDEO SINGLE ONLY 9.95
VIDEO HUMAN LEAGUE M Mac L Actos Don't you want 20 m s

VIDEO CONCERTS UNDER £15

VIDEO A W B Sh ow 90m V2	14.95
VIDEO ROGER DALTREY R des a Rock Horse 130m V2	14.95
VIDEO EDDIE GRANT Live Not ng H 130m V2	14.95
VIDEO MONKEES Do ey Jones His 130m V2	14.95
VIDEO MARI WILSON & SUPREMES 130m V2	14.95

VIDEO CONCERTS UNDER £20

VIDEO ASHFORD & SIMPSON The V deo (60)	19.95
VIDEO APRIL WINE Live n London (60)	19.95
VIDEO AMERICA Live Centra Park (60)	19.95
VIDEO BLACK SABBATH Never Say D e (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO BOOMTOWN RATS Tonc For Troops (50) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO KATE BUSH Live Hammersm th (52)	19.95
VIDEO E L O Live (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO GARY GLITTER At The Ra bow (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO HOT GOSSIP Live V deo & Sum (35)	19.95
VIDEO IRON MAIDEN Live At Ra bow (30)	19.95
VIDEO ELTON JOHN Live Centra Park (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO JACKSONS In Concert (Ear y 145) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO JAM Trans Globa (90)	19.95
VIDEO LITTLE RIVER BAND Live Oic 81 (80)	19.95
VIDEO JOHN MILES Live A Dert Ha (52) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO MADNESS Comp ete H story (3 tracks)	19.95
VIDEO McCARTNEY & WINGS Rockshow (102)	19.95
VIDEO MAZE Live New Orleans (60)	19.95
VIDEO MADNESS Take on Leave Tour (6 tracks)	19.95
VIDEO GARY NUMAN Tour Of Pol ce (75)	19.95
VIDEO OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN Physical (60)	19.95
VIDEO NAZARETH Live His ory (56) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO M D Live Drury Lane (52)	19.95
VIDEO QUEEN Greatest V deos	19.95
VIDEO CLIFF RICHARD Thank U Very Much (52)	19.95
VIDEO SIOUXSIE & BANSHEES (Once Upon A Time (30)	19.95
VIDEO BILLY SQUIER In Concert (60)	19.95
VIDEO THIN LIZZY Live & Dangerous (50) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO 10 C C Live n Concert (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO TUBES The Tubes Video (53)	19.95
VIDEO SHEENA EASTON Live n Peace Hy ywood (60)	19.95
VIDEO ROD STEWART Tonight He's Yours (90) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO XTC Live Over H ere	19.95
VIDEO ADAM + ANTS Live	19.95

CURRENT TOP 10 VIDEOS

1 STRANGLERS Co ection (Hy s) (58)	19.95
2 POLICE Around The World (60)	19.95
3 RAINBOW Live Because In The Eyes (75) (Stereo)	22.95
4 ROXY MUSIC High Rd (Stereo) (Fu 75 m ss)	22.95
5 DEXYS M. RUNNERS The Bridge (Live Mus c) (60) (St)	22.95
6 GENESIS 3D (Live Lon don)	19.95
7 SEX PISTOLS R & Rol Swindon The E nd	29.95
8 BEATLES Compila ion (2 Hr. gues & documentary)	37.95
9 REO SPEEDWAGON Live (1 2 hours)	29.95
10 GARY NUMAN Machine (Hy s)	29.95

Note: FREE poster (approx 27cm x 38cm) of 3 Rainbow, Roxy Music & Dexys

VIDEO CONCERTS UNDER £30

VIDEO ADAM & ANTS Pr nces ip ng Rey ear	25.95
VIDEO BLONDIE Exc ange Ibiza Bea	each 29.95
VIDEO ELKIE BROOKS Pr nces & Mo e (75)	29.95
VIDEO ALICE COOPER Stage Case of (75)	29.95
VIDEO DEVO Ma - Amo Make The Mus c (55)	29.95
VIDEO ELTON JOHN Tro Ey - (40)	29.95
VIDEO GRACE JONES One Wo an's Stru (60)	29.95
VIDEO HALL & OATES Ou Ho se (45)	29.95
VIDEO KIDS LIKE ME & YOU 3 tracks (1 JAM 3 s, SHAM 3 s) ULTRAVOX (Adrenalin Rea hing 73s) V2	29.95
VIDEO MOTORHEAD Live (60) V2	29.95
VIDEO VAN MORRISON Hi (45) V2	29.95
VIDEO GARY NUMAN Machine (Hy ways) (60) V2	29.95
VIDEO MIKE OLDFIELD Essential s (70)	29.95
VIDEO PINK FLOYD Live Pompe i (55)	29.95
VIDEO MICHAEL NESMITH Elephan Parts (60)	29.95

MORE CONCERT VIDEOS

VIDEO TOYAH Good Morn ng Babylon V2	39.95
VIDEO TOYAH Live A Rainbow V2	39.95
VIDEO ABBA Mus c Show Vo 1 & 2 V2	each 39.95
VIDEO MADNESS Take (70) V2	39.95
VIDEO ALICE COOPER Welcome my Nightmare 83	39.95
VIDEO DEEP PURPLE Ca fornia Jam 1974 V2	39.95
VIDEO E L P Pictures of a Cit	44.95

VIDEO FILMS & SPECIAL INTEREST

VIDEO THE EVIL DEAD Nov ce hou s on Hor m	39.95
VIDEO ZABRISKIE POINT The F m Mus c by P Floyd	44.95
VIDEO KIDS ARE ALRIGHT The F m (90)	39.95
VIDEO QUADROPHENIA The F m Mus c by The Who	39.95
VIDEO NEIL YOUNG Rust Never S eeps	39.95
VIDEO ROCK GUITAR Gu tar Techn ques SCHENKER, RON WOOD	29.95
VIDEO RUDE BOY The F m Unreleased CLASH mus c	39.95
VIDEO THE JAZZ SINGER Ne Diamond m	29.95
VIDEO FLASH GORDON The F m Mus c by Queen	29.95
VIDEO THE BIG BOSS FIST OF FURY (KAY OF THE DRAGON 3 ha c ength) BRUCE LEE f m (V2)	each 44.95
VIDEO CALIGULA Hamous Art m. Over 2 hours	49.95
VIDEO KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE m at mus c m	39.95
VIDEO FILMS The ec ion of top ve ews ANIMAL HOUSE BLUES BROS CHAMP CRUISING CLASH OF THE TITANS GOING STEADY LEMON POPSICLE SMOKEY & BANDIT 1 or 2 TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE WARRIORS	each 29.95
VIDEO FILMS The ec ion of top ve ews AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON DEADLY ERASERHEAD HILLS HAVE EYES JASPER CARROT LIVE SCUM WANGERERS ZOMBIE FLESHEATERS	each 29.95

COMING SOON — NOT RELEASED YET
ABBA THE MOVIE DURAN DURAN ve KATE BUSH n s and 60's 70's mus c Rock 'n' ve a Thon Our Fa Trad ng Po cy ge ave - no offer v deos for sale un they are re eased.

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY
- *We do not advertise Videos before they are released.
- *All videos are sent in strong top quality cardboard packaging specially designed for sending videos by post.
- *We do not issue credit notes unless you ask. If we cannot supply what you require — *We refund your money.*
- *All Videos advertised are new & factory fresh.
- *Personal callers always welcome.

(All VHS films are on the PAL system) V2 Also on V2000 (Please add £2 to the price of each for V2000 format) Note A number in brackets after the concert is the running time in minutes. **LOTS MORE CONCERTS AND FILMS IN OUR CATALOGUE. POSTAGE & PACKAGING: INLAND** (includes lireland & BFPO) 1-45 any quantity recorded delivery. **OVERSEAS** Europe (Air) 2 50 each Outside Europe (Surface) 2 50 each Outside Europe (Air) 7 50 each. **EIRE** Please add 25p for every £1 non cost of videos & postage) to cover rate of exchange.
PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES.
(Postal Orders can mean quicker delivery)

WANTED

CASH PAID FOR YOUR UNWANTED ALBUMS AND TAPES OR WE WILL PART-EXCHANGE THEM FOR ANY BRAND NEW ITEMS OF YOUR OWN CHOICE.
Send list & S.A.E. to us for an offer. If you require part-exchange, please ask for our catalogue.

WORLDWIDE SERVICE **COB RECORDS** **Tax Free Overseas**
Mail Order Dept N7, Porthmadog, Gwynedd, U.K. Tel: (0766) 2170/3185

All currently available albums and tapes supplied at discount. Top sellers from £2.90. COB's Top 1,000 evergreen singles. TDK blank tapes. All items supplied guaranteed brand new. Write (enclosing sae) or phone for free catalogue listing c5,000 titles.

FOR SALE

RECORD CORNER 27 Bedford Hill, Balham SW12 9EX

Presents one of the finest

RECORD CATALOG
OLDIES, COUNTRY, ROCK, BLACK MUSIC

- We Specialize In American Music. We Stock The American Charts. (Country Rock Pop Black Music)
- Same Day Service Over 15,000 Titles Updated Daily
- Rare Records. Our Latest Lists Have. Jam. Genesis. Whitesnake. Queen. Abba + Other Top Name Artists (Demo's)
- Overseas Customers Send 10 IRC For Lists.
- **HOT IMPORT SINGLES**

Tom Petty — Heart Breakers Beach Party (PS) / Jerry Lee Lewis — Circumstantial Evidence / The Who It's Hard / J. Giels Band — Land Of A Thousand Dances / The Jam — Heatwave. Saturday Kids / Kiss — I Love It Loud (PS) / The GoGo's — This Old Feeling / Pat Benatar — Little Too Late (PS) / Dave Edmunds — Run Rudolph Run (PS) / Yoko Ono — Never Say Goodbye / Tony Basil — Shoppin From A To Z (PS) / Jefferson Starship — Wind Of Change / Soft Cell-Lovin You, Hatin Me (PS) / Red Rider — Human Race (PS) / Missing Persons — Walkin In L.A.

Plus Many More £1.65 each inc postage.

- **NEW IMPORT ALBUMS** By Hank Williams Jnr Willie Nelson John Stewart Jerry Lee Lewis Buddy Holly (Never before issued tracks) £7.20 each inc postage.

To get our next list send a large SAE or to get one years supply of lists just send £1.50 (UK) £2.50 (OVERSEAS)
We ship everywhere

Adrians

Ref N, 36 HIGH STREET, WICKFORD, ESSEX
Have you paid us a visit yet? Wickford is only 40 mins direct from Liverpool St Station. Open: Mon-Sat 9-6. Sunday 10am-1pm

THIS WEEK'S NEW FASHIONS

L.P. STRANGLERS Lost Strangle Stranglers Continued. Don't Bring Harry (French) In shadows (live) Bear Cage (short) Bear Cage (long) Shah Shah (long) Who want world Men in black Top Secret Man in white Vietnam Love 20 Strange Little Girl Cruel Garden (Splendid Jap) - (lyrics) 11.95
7" UFO When it's time to rock (- patch) (P) 1.50
12" CHURCH Sing Songs e.p. (5 tracks) (P) 2.50
12" WILD WILLY BARRETT Old Joe Clarke (E) 2.50
7" JOHN WATTS I smell roses Need action (- 2 (dble 7" (P) 1.50
10" LES PAUL MARY FORD How high the moon - 2 (P) 1.50
12" JAPAN All Tomorrows Parties (1983 remix) Deviation (live) Obscure Alternatives (live) (P) 2.35
12" UNDERTONES Got to have you T-blue Bye Bye Baby (P) 1.50
7" KISSING THE PINK Last film Shine Water in the eye G. Parties (dble 7" (P) 1.50
12" JOE JACKSON Breaking us in two 14.57) - 2 (P) 2.25
L.P. STRANGLERS Feline (- Golden Brown) (I) 8.49
7" TOM PETTY Change of heart Beach party (Red vinyl) 1.99
7" D. PURPLE Hallelujah Love help me Bird has flown (I) (P) 2.50
7" KISS N.Y. Groove Radioactive Hold me Don't let me (I) (P) 2.50
7" KISS L. Gun Beth Strutter 78 Let me go R&R (I) (P) 2.50
7" KISS Tomorrow Sure know Christine 16 Ella (I) (P) 2.50
7" KISS Let me go Detroit N. to lose Made for love (I) (P) 2.50
7" KISS Shandi Mr. Make Firehouse R&R all nite (I) (P) 2.50
7" CAB VOLTAIRE Fool's game Out of level (I) (P) 2.99
12" JOURNEY Separate Ways Solutions (E) Frontiers (P) 2.25
12" HUNTERS & COLLECTORS Talking to stranger (7.30) (P) 2.25
12" TH. OF HATE F. Scotsman Africa Man who tunes (- poster) (P) 2.25
12" RED LIPSTIQUE Oscar Wilde Wilde Greek More G.D.M. (P) 1.99
12" HIGSONS Run me down (7.22) (Inst) Put the Punk (P) 1.99
12" KISS Christine 16 Dirty living (5.58) (I) (Red or Green vinyl) 5.49
12" SAMSON Red Skies (P) 2.20
12" SOFT CELL Numbers (E) Barriers (P) 1.99
12" LANDSCAPE 3 So good so pure (E) Neutrinos (E) (P) 2.50
12" MADNESS Tomorrow's just Blue Beast - 2 (P) 2.25
CASSETTE DEAD KENNEDYS Plastic Surgery Disasters (- Sat. Night Holocaust & Life Sentence) (- 28 Page book) (P - P as for 12") 4.99
12" RUTS Accusation Militant Weak the ant 1.99
7" ADAMANT Place In The Country Desperate (I) 1.85
7" D. EDMUNDS Run Rudolph Run (I) (P) 1.85
7" T. DOLBY Flying North Science (I) 1.85
7" B. MANILOW Heaven Some kind of friend (I) 1.85
7" SOFT CELL Loving You, Hating Me Mugs game (I) (P) 1.85
7" TOM PETTY Change of heart Beach party (I) (P) 1.85
7" SPIDER Why d ya lie to me (Pic - sew on patch) 1.50
12" SPIDER (Why d'ya) 9 5 Footloose (P) 2.50
12" B.W.WOW Do you wanna hold me - 2 (P) 2.50
7" SCARLET PARTY Eyes of Ice (Clear Vinyl) (P) 1.50
L.P. MOTORHEAD Wordsworth (Live 1978) ..... Only 2.99
12" STRANGLERS Mid. Summer Dream (10.36) Paradise (I) .. 4.99
12" STRANGLERS Mid. Summer Dream (E) Vladimir (P) 2.25
7" HAWKWIND Your Last Chance e.p. (P) 1.50
7" ROD STEWART Little Miss Understood (P) 1.50
12" B. J. HARVEST Mockingbird (6.34) Vanessa Simm (I) (P) 3.99
12" D. SUMMER Woman in me Wanderer - 1 (Blue Vinyl) 2.50
12" SH. STEVENS Elvis medley (6.10) (4.25) (I) (P) 3.99
12" A. PARSONS Lucifer (5.09) Rather be a man (I) (P) 3.99
12" MEN AT WORK Down Under (I) (P) 3.99
7" P. FURS S. Europe (- 12" Pink We love you D. Waiters (P) .. 2.25
7" ABBA S. Trouper Lay Love Winner One of us (P) 2.25
7" S. STEVENS Ole House Drive Crazy G. Door Oh Julie (P) ... 2.25
7" A. IMAGES H. Birthday Be Happy Dead Pop Days Wait (P) .. 2.25
7" MEATLOAF Bat Gonna love Deadringer read 'em (P) 2.25
12" G. MOORE Falling in love (Inst) Wishing Well (P) 2.25
12" ROCK GODDESS My Angel - 2 (- free flexi & poster) (P) .. 2.25
12" BANANARAMA Na Hey Hey na dub Tell tale (P) 1.50
7" S. GUO Rockin' all over the world Rain (I) (P) 2.25
7" GENESIS Follow you follow me (I) (P) 2.25
12" ROMANCE High life - 2 (- Poster) (P) 1.99
L.P. A. COOPER Collection (Diff tracks to star Collection & Different sleeve) (German) (I) 5.99
12" CHICAGO Hard to say (5.06) Love me Tom (E) 1-1 (P) 3.99
12" MUS. YOUTH Never give you up (6.28) Rub 'n dub (E) (P) 2.35
12" BIRTH. PARTY Sonnys burning W. World Fears - 1 (P) 2.25
7" L. IZZY S. Sweet Rabbits Angel & D. Believe (live) (P) 1.50
L.P. STRANGLERS Great Lost Stranglers Choosey Suzie Peasant Go Buddy Straighten 5 Mins Rock It Shut Up Walk on by Tits Mean to me Old Codger Fools Yellow Cake Sverige (Jap) 1 - lyrics) 11.50

PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS

7" M. OLDFIELD Mistakes / 7" O.M.D. Genetic Engineering ..... each 1.99
7" CULTURE CLUB Time; 7" MUS. YOUTH Never gonna give ..... each 1.99
7" SPANDAU BALLET Communication 2.25
7" SHARPE Wannabe happy; 7" METEORS Johnny Remember ..... each 1.50
7" F. MAC On Diane; 7" M. ROMANCE High life ..... each 2.50
7" JOBOXERS Boxerbeat (Square shaped!) 1.99
10" BUCKS FIZZ Run for your life 1.99
LP U2 War 5.49
L.P. DARYL HALL JOHN OATES H20 ..... 5.99
L.P. RAY CHARLES If I give you my love; L.P. JERRY LEE LEWIS Breathless; L.P. FATS DOMINO Jambalaya; L.P. SH. STEVENS Baby blue etc (All I) ..... each 4.99
7" G. MOORE Falling in love; 7" SAMSON Red Skies ..... each 1.50
7" CAVA Brother Bright (Palette shaped) (p&p as for 1) 1.99
7" TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS Don't call me chicken head 1.99
7" METEORS Johnny Remember me 1.50
7" ADAM ANT Desperate; Friend of Foe; Goody 2; Antrap ..... each 1.99
7" ICE Hey Little Girl; "EURYTHMICS S. Dreams ..... each 1.99
7" BELLE STARS Sign of the times; Iko Iko; Clapping Song ..... each 1.99
7" MADNESS Our House; House of fun; Driving in my car ..... each 1.99
7" SP. BALLET Lifeline; 7" ULTRAVOX Hymn; 7" H. LEAGUE Mirror Man; 7" GARY MOORE Always love you; 7" VISAGE Pleasure Boys; 7" SLADE Okey Cokey; 7" B. SABBATH Paranoid Iron Man; 7" RUSH Subdivisions; 7" P. GABRIEL Shock the monkey; 7" O.N. JOHN Magic; 7" VISAGE Night train; 7" BANANARAMA Shy boy; 7" BAUHAUS Spirit; 7" JAPAN Ghosts; 7" IRON MAIDEN Run to the hills; 7" TOYAH Brave New World; 7" BUCKS FIZZ If you can't stand the heat; 7" CULTURE CLUB Time; 7" FLOCK OF SEAGULLS Wishing; 7" PHIL COLINS Thru these walls; 7" JOHN FOXX Endlessly ..... each 1.99
7" KID CREOLE S. Pigeon; W. Thing; Annie; Dear Addy ..... each 1.99
7" MADNESS Tomorrow's another day; 7" CAVA CAVA Brother bright; 7" CHINA CRISIS Christian; 7" E. PRESLEY J. Rock Elvis Medley; 7" DOBIE GRAY Out on floor; 7" HAYSI Shiny; 7" WHODINI Magic's Wand; 7" IMAGINATION Changes; 7" EURYTHMICS Love is stranger; 7" SIMPLE MINDS Someone somewhere; 7" L. LOVICH It's you only you; 7" PALE FOUNTAINS Thank you ..... each 1.50
7" STRANGLERS European female; 7" SQUEEZE When hangover strikes; 7" ABBA Under attack; 7" BEATLES Love Me Do; 7" CLASH Rock The Casbah; 7" CLASH Should I stay; 7" ASIA Only time will tell; 12" SHEILA B. DEVOTION 7 Lonely days (I); 7" E.W.F. Fall in love with me ..... each 2.99
7" HAWKWIND Silver Machine; 7" BEATLES Please please me; 7" NAZARETH 4 track hits; 7" TALK TALK Talk Talk; ..... each 2.25
7" A. IMAGES I could be happy; 7" ABBA One of us ..... each 99p
7" TOYAH Ieya (1st pic) 1.99 7" TOYAH Ieya Helium (2nd pic) 1.95
7" JULUKA Scatterlings of Africa (Africa shaped) (P&P as for 12") 2.50
7" BOWIE Set of 10 Pic Discs in wallet (P&P £2 U.K.) 27.00
L.P. ABBA First 10 years (2 Recs in box etc) (P&P £2 U.K.) 11.99
L.P. JOHNNY CASH Great songs (I) 4.99 L.P. HENDRIX interview (I) 6.99
L.P. BUDDY HOLLY 11 track hits (I) 3.99 L.P. BOB MARLEY Kaya etc (12 tracks) (I) 3.99 L.P. ULTRAVOX Quartet 5.99 L.P. SCORPIONS Love Drive (I) 5.99 L.P. BELLE STARS 5.49
12" FREE All right now; 12" TOYAH Be Loud ..... each 2.50
12" JULUKA Scatterlings of Africa (clear vinyl with pic on it) 2.99
Lots more Pic Discs in our catalogue

CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT

12" EURYTHMICS S. Dreams I could give Baby's gone (P) 2.50
12" BOLLOCK BROS Horror Movies Enchantment (P) 2.25
12" SPANDAU BALLET Communication (4.28) (3.36) (P) 2.35
12" ORANGE JUICE Rip it up (E) A sad lament (E) (P) 1.99
12" BLANCMANGE Waves Bus. stops - 1 (P) 1.99
12" ABC Tears are not enough (7.48) Alph. soup (8.04) (I) (P) 3.99

WE HAVE TWO RECORD SHOPS IN WICKFORD
Adrians 'OLD SHOP' is packed with secondhand bargains. Rare promos, cheapies, '50s & '60s R & Roll originals plus many one-off goodies. OPEN 5 DAYS A WEEK (10-4. Closed Wed) Double your pleasure — visit both shops in one day.

RARITIES FROM ADRIANS OLD SHOP

7" ABBA On & On (Mix) 3.99. 7" ABBA When all is said 3.99. 7" APRIL WINE Gypsy Queen (P) 3.99. 12" ADAM & ANTS Antmusic Square 9.99 12" ADAM & ANTS S & Deliver Beat (P) 9.99. 7" BLONDIE Rapture (M & S) (P) 4.99. 7" BUGGLES Video killed 2.99. 12" BOWIE John I'm G. Years 12.50. 7" BLONDIE Hardest Part (P) 4.99. 7" BOWIE Joe the lion John 5.99. 7" B.W.WOW Chihuahua (P) 4.99. 12" B.W.WOW Chihuahua Prince (P) 7.99. 7" CARS All I Can Do 2.99. 7" FOREIGNER Head Games 2.99. 7" H. LEAGUE Don't you want me (P) 4.99. 7" D. HARRY Backfired (M & S) (P) 4.99. 7" BILLY IDOL Dancing with myself (M & S) 3.99. 7" BILLY IDOL Hot in city (P) 3.99. 7" JOE JACKSON Different for girls (M & S) 3.99. 7" JOE JACKSON Jumpin Jive (M & S) 3.99. 7" NILS LOFGREN Night Fades 1.99. 12" BILLY SQUIRE The stroke Big Beat 3.99. 7" S. BALLET Cut a long (M & S) 4.99. (All U.S. Promos) (M & S means Mono on one side & Stereo on the other) (P - Picture sleeve)
12" SEX PISTOLS B. Blow My Way (Clear Vinyl) (I) (P) 5.99
12" RAMONES Don't come close (Red vinyl) (Brit Orig) 4.99
12" YES Wondrous Stories (Blue Vinyl) (P) 5.95
7" BOWIE Beauty & Beast (Orig British Pic) 3.99
12" BILL NELSON'S RED NOISE Revolt into style - 2 (P) 4.99
12" P.I.L. Death Disco (P) (British Orig) 6.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire State Human (P) (British Orig) 6.99
12" AC DC Whole Lotta Rosie (1978 British Orig) 9.50
12" JUDAS PRIEST Ev Star (Clear vinyl) (drilled) 4.99
12" MEATLOAF Bat out of hell (Red vinyl) (P) (drilled) 4.99

Hundred of promos and rarities always in stock at ADRIANS OLD SHOP

POSTAGE & BEST PACKING 12" or 10" ... 1 = 90p, 2 = 1.25, 3 = 1.50, 4 = £2, 5 or more = 2.50 ... 7" up to 4 = 60p, 5 or more = 80p. Cassettes ... Same as for 7". OVERSEAS P&P 12" OR 10" ... 1 = 2.20, 2 OR 3 = £3, 4 TO 8 = £1 each, 9 to 20 = 8.50. 7" ... 1 or 2 = 1.10, 3 = 1.40, 4 = £2, 5 or more = 40p each, 13 or more = £5. Cassettes ... Same as for 7". SOUTHERN IRELAND Please add 25p for every £1 (on cost of records & postage) to cover rate of exchange.
PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES
(Postal orders mean quicker delivery)
ALL RECORDS ARE BRITISH UNLESS MARKED IMPORT (I)
P = Picture Sleeve. E = Extended version

OVERSEAS
- *We've been sending records Overseas for years
- * You can send off to us with confidence
- * Orders despatched within 24 hrs of payment
- * We look forward to hearing from you

THE RECORD SPECIALIST

12" O.M.D. Genetic Engineering 4 Neu (P) 2.25
7" O. JUICE Rip it up - 3 (dble 7" (I (poster sleeve) 1.50
12" D. MODE Balance right My secret garden & See You & Satellite & Tora (all live) Numbered Limited Edit. (I) (P) 1.99
12" D. MODE Balance (2 mixes) Gt. Outdoors Tora live (P) 1.99
12" M. McLAREN Soweto Like Scratchin' (P) 1.99
12" BIG COUNTRY Fields of fire (2 vers.) Angle Park (P) 1.99
12" BAUHAUS Telegram Sam (P) 2.25
7" FLOCK SEAGULLS I ran Pick me up (Jap) - lyrics (I) (P) 2.99
12" TEARS FOR FEARS Change (E) Change Conflict (P) 1.99
12" CHINA CRISIS Christian (5.55) Greenacre baby - 1 (P) 2.25
12" YAZOO Other side of love (Red vinyl) - lyrics (I) (P) 3.99
12" TH. TWINS Love on side (7.22) No talk in (5.48) (P) 2.35
7" TH. TWINS Love on side - 3 (dble 7) (P) 1.50
7" U2 N.Y. Day Treasure Fire Brick Day without (dble 7" (P) 1.50
12" U2 N. Years Day (E) - 3 (P) 2.25
12" ECHO & BUNNYMEN Cutter Way out Zimbo (P) 2.50
12" NEW ORDER Temptation (- flex) (I) (P) 2.25
12" N. ORDER E.G. Green-Mesh C & Whispers (I) (P) (- flexi) 2.50
12" CURE Let's go to bed Just one kiss (P) 1.99
7" TEARS FOR FEARS Mad World Suffer Children (dble 7" (P) 1.99
7" CURE Hanging Garden - 3 (dble 7") (gatefold pic) 1.75
12" SOFT CELL T. Love Where did our love T. Dub (P) 2.50
12" J. DIVISION Transmission (P) (- free flexi) 2.25
12" J. DIVISION Atmosphere (P) (- free flexi) 2.25
12" NEW ORDER Ceremony (new mix - new pic) (- flexi) 2.25

ADRIANS RECORDS HAS BEEN APPOINTED AS AN OFFICIAL STOCKIST OF THE NEW COMPACT DISC

DURAN DURAN DURAN DURAN DURAN DURAN DURAN

12" DURAN Girls on film (2 versions) Faster than light 2.25
12" DURAN Planet Earth (2 versions) Late Bar (P) 2.25
12" DURAN My own way (2 versions) Like an angel (P) 2.25
12" DURAN Careless Memories Fame Knanada 2.25
12" DURAN Save a prayer Hold back the rain (remix) (P) 2.25
12" DURAN Hungry (night) Careless M. (live) (P) 2.25
12" DURAN P. Earth (6.17) Khanada Fame Girls (5.30) (Jap) - lyrics (P) 5.99
12" DURAN Hungry (5.14) Girls (E) Hold back (6.50) Own way (I) (P) 4.99
12" DURAN Rio (Part 1) My Own Way (P) 2.25
12" DURAN Hungry (5.30) Rio (6.36) Planet (6.20) Girls (5.45) (I) (P) 3.49
12" DURAN Rio Pt. 2 Hold back rain (remix) My own way Hungry New Religion (Night versions) (Jap) - lyrics) 8.95
7" DURAN Hungry Careless live (Diff pic) Rio Chauffeur (Diff P) Girls on film Faster (P) Planet Earth L. Bar (Diff pic) My own way Like Angel (Diff P) (All Jap Imports - lyric inserts) ..... each 2.99
7" DURAN Hungry (5.14) Hungry (4.11) (I) 1.85
L.P. DURAN Rio (Splendid Jap Import - lyrics) 10.95

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY
- *WE DO NOT ADVERTISE RECORDS BEFORE THEY ARE AVAILABLE
- *We do not advertise new releases as "limited editions" unless they really are limited editions
- *All records are British unless marked import (I) so you know exactly what you are buying
- *All records etc are sent in strong, top quality protective packaging
- *We do not issue credit notes (except overseas) or alternatives, unless you ask. If we cannot supply exactly what you require — *We refund your money*
- *All records advertised are new

ADRIANS GIGANTIC CATALOGUE No 32
plus SUPPLEMENTS 1,2,3,4,5
An absolute MUST for all collectors ... over 12,000 'collectables' and rarities listed. ... lots of them only available from us. If you would like one send 50p - Large SAE. Europe 2 IRC. Elsewhere 12 IRC. Or you can ask for a FREE copy when ordering.

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

7" BOWIE CROSBY Little Drummer Boy (Jap) - lyrics (P) 2.99
L.P. BOWIE Rare Bowie. Ragazzo Solo (S. Oddity in Italian) R & Round 73 Panic (live) Crystal Japan Helden - 6 more (I) 3.99
BOWIE BOX SET PORTRAIT of a Star (Lodger. Heroes & Low albums - insert - 12" x 12" Colourprint in pic box) (I) 14.50
If you like Bowie, then you'll like our catalogue. We are known throughout the world as the Bowie specialists.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

12" FUN BOY 3 Tunnel of love Lunacy Legacy (P) 2.35
7" THIN LIZZY Cold sweat (- live 7" Angel Don't believe) (P) 1.50
7" O.N. JOHN Tied up Silvery Rain (I) (P) 1.85
12" ABBA Under attack You owe me one (I) (P) 3.99
12" ADAM ANT Goody 2 shoes Red scab (I) (P) 3.99
12" JOAN ARMATRADING Drop the pilot (P) 1.99
L.P. DAMNED Strawberries (Splendid Jap) - lyrics) 11.50
7" CLASH Cool Confusion Should I stay (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 1.85
7" CLASH 1st Night Should (Diff pic to Brit and above) (I) 1.75
12" V. MORRISON Cry for home Summer in Eng. Sts. day (P) 1.99
12" MEN AT WORK Who can it be now Any for tennis (I) (P) 3.99
L.P. M. SCHENKER Live at Budokan (Jap dble - lyrics) 10.50
12" PAT BENATAR Shadows of the night (Pic label) 2.35
12" P. BENATAR Live for love Need lover You know how (P) 1.99
12" DEEP PURPLE Black Night Strange Kind (Rare British 12") (P) ... 2.25
7" JAM Saturdays kids Heatwave (I) 1.50
7" JAM Entertainment (Now released as British pressing & pic) 1.40
7" JAM That's Entertainment (Original import issue & pic) 1.35
12" KAJAGOOGOO Too shy (E) Too shy - 1 (P) 2.25
L.P. STRANGLERS Xcerts: Rattus (Both Gatefold sive) (I) ..... each 5.99
7" ULTRAVOX Reap The Wild Wind (Clear vinyl) (P) 1.99
L.P. E. COSTELLO Almost New Toy Accidents Alison Can't Stand Green Shirt Pump It Up What's so funny (I) (Ltd Collectors LP) 7.50

RARITIES FROM ADRIANS OLD SHOP

7" ABBA On & On (Mix) 3.99. 7" ABBA When all is said 3.99. 7" APRIL WINE Gypsy Queen (P) 3.99. 12" ADAM & ANTS Antmusic Square 9.99 12" ADAM & ANTS S & Deliver Beat (P) 9.99. 7" BLONDIE Rapture (M & S) (P) 4.99. 7" BUGGLES Video killed 2.99. 12" BOWIE John I'm G. Years 12.50. 7" BLONDIE Hardest Part (P) 4.99. 7" BOWIE Joe the lion John 5.99. 7" B.W.WOW Chihuahua (P) 4.99. 12" B.W.WOW Chihuahua Prince (P) 7.99. 7" CARS All I Can Do 2.99. 7" FOREIGNER Head Games 2.99. 7" H. LEAGUE Don't you want me (P) 4.99. 7" D. HARRY Backfired (M & S) (P) 4.99. 7" BILLY IDOL Dancing with myself (M & S) 3.99. 7" BILLY IDOL Hot in city (P) 3.99. 7" JOE JACKSON Different for girls (M & S) 3.99. 7" JOE JACKSON Jumpin Jive (M & S) 3.99. 7" NILS LOFGREN Night Fades 1.99. 12" BILLY SQUIRE The stroke Big Beat 3.99. 7" S. BALLET Cut a long (M & S) 4.99. (All U.S. Promos) (M & S means Mono on one side & Stereo on the other) (P - Picture sleeve)
12" SEX PISTOLS B. Blow My Way (Clear Vinyl) (I) (P) 5.99
12" RAMONES Don't come close (Red vinyl) (Brit Orig) 4.99
12" YES Wondrous Stories (Blue Vinyl) (P) 5.95
7" BOWIE Beauty & Beast (Orig British Pic) 3.99
12" BILL NELSON'S RED NOISE Revolt into style - 2 (P) 4.99
12" P.I.L. Death Disco (P) (British Orig) 6.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire State Human (P) (British Orig) 6.99
12" AC DC Whole Lotta Rosie (1978 British Orig) 9.50
12" JUDAS PRIEST Ev Star (Clear vinyl) (drilled) 4.99
12" MEATLOAF Bat out of hell (Red vinyl) (P) (drilled) 4.99

Hundred of promos and rarities always in stock at ADRIANS OLD SHOP

**POSTAGE & BEST PACKING 12" or 10" ... 1 = 90p, 2 = 1.25, 3 = 1.50, 4 = £2, 5 or more = 2.50 ... 7" up to 4 = 60p, 5 or more = 80p. Cassettes ... Same as for 7". OVERSEAS P&P 12" OR 10" ... 1 = 2.20, 2 OR 3 = £3, 4 TO 8 = £1 each, 9 to 20 = 8.50. 7" ... 1 or 2 = 1.10, 3

BAG OF CONVENIENCE

Adrian Thrills spins, tumbles and dries readers' mail.

To the matey who was slagging off JoBoxers.

For once we are on the side of Adrian Thrills. We too believe that the 'Boxer Boys' deserve to make it big. If you have ever seen them live, you would realise that there is no fucking pose about them, their clothes or their music. Can't people for once stop being so cynical and recognise a good thing when it happens? The JoBoxers are friggin' A!
Max, Jax, Ver and Ger, Reading.
A? Ay? Oh, right — A! Right friggin' on! — AT.

Dear narrow-minded Gary Crowley, I thought you should be informed as to why you got such a poor response the other Sunday at Paul Weller's coffee club. We were expecting a gig with The Questions as the main act but instead we found ourselves listening to endless jazz-funk records.

Well, Gary, that hall was filled with mods. They wanted some mod music. The groups they wanted were The Jam, Small Faces, Troggs etc, but you had brought only jazz-funk. Don't say you didn't know that mods were going to be there, because that should have been bloody obvious.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not a mod, but I went to hear mod music. Fortunately The Questions more than made up for your incompetence.

One more dig, Bananarama mimed badly. Tracey, although she also mimed, showed that she has great talent. I wish her and The Questions the best for the future.
Alison Hawes, New Eltham, London SE9.
As an outsider — don't get me wrong, I'm not a mod — it seems to me that Weller's attempts to break down a barrier or two and encourage a more open-minded and refreshing musical attitude have fallen on stony ground as far as Jam fawners go: talk about narrow-minded! Gary Crowley, meanwhile, is about as far away from jazz-funk as Weller's new Style Council are from the Troggs (Reg Presley! Do us a favour!). Have some sympathy for Groovy Gal, Alison. His face is currently the same shade of red as his hair and he's only doing his job — AT.

With regard to Gavin Martin's review of the new U2 album 'War', I am writing to contest two things that he said.

Firstly, he claims that Bono never states his beliefs "strongly or provocatively enough". But to insert the affirmation "*But the battle's just begun/To claim the victory Jesus won*" into a context where religion is the excuse for politically motivated murder is not only strong and provocative, it is also very apt. Mr Martin says that the track 'Sunday Bloody Sunday' is hardly what the world needs now. I think it is exactly what the world needs now.

Secondly, and most crassly, he makes the mistake of assuming that today's young unemployed in the inner-city hell-hole will remember the likes of Van Morrison, Otis Redding and Aretha Franklin. This is 1983, not 1973, or even 1963. I doubt if some of them have even heard their names, let alone their music.

U2 are not another example of rock music's impotence and decay. They are about here and now and will be embraced by thousands of kids' hungry hearts. They are the only band that offer the alternative of honesty mingled with unselfish love needed to break the vicious circle of greed, materialism and despair in which our society is gripped.

They offer this alternative in a form of music that possesses considerable power, skill and joy. Of course, U2 aren't perfect. I think they themselves would be the first to admit as much. But they are unique, fighting a solitary crusade to restore hope to people's lives. In attempting to describe their irrelevance and unoriginality, I'm afraid Gavin Martin has only described his own.
Chris Baker, Wilmslow Road, Withington, Manchester.

Having just listened to U2's 'War' for the first time I turned to Radio One for some light relief. On tuning in I was convinced that I was hearing the polished tones of Dollar's 'Mirror Mirror'. However, further listening revealed it to be none other than OMD's 'Genetic Engineering'.

Is this important?
Trevor, York.
No, not now, although if you'd scanned a certain hack's singles column a couple of weeks back, you might have noted that the OMD disc was said to funnel all its beeps and android squeaks into a chorus that resembled just that very Horn-rimmed horror that you speak of — AT.

I notice that you lot are so hard up for ideas that already we're being treated to punk revivals and retrospectives. What a joke! If you want evidence that punk has never been away, just look at the indie charts and rival comics.

If you wanna get your teeth into a relevant, authentic revival (of an attitude, not musical cloning), then cop for Beat music as in The Milkshakes. Wild Billy Childish and his team seem to have escaped all but Cynthia Rose on your paper. I suggest you all get hip to a bandwagon that no-one has boarded yet.

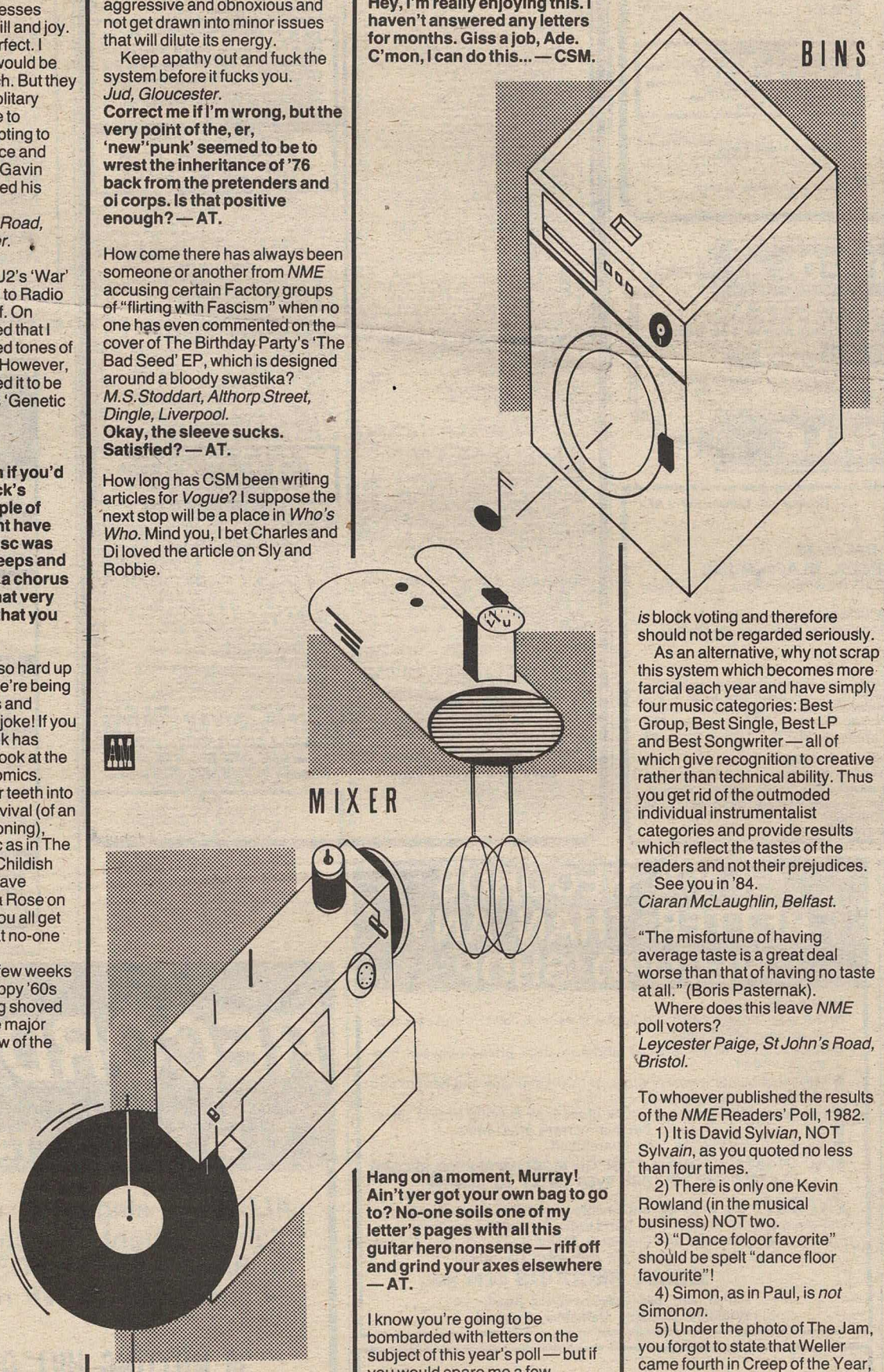
Mark my words, in a few weeks you'll have loads of crappy '60s soundalike bands being shoved down your throat by the major labels. So here are a few of the real ones, before the canning starts — The Stingrays, Route 66, The Cannibals, The Prisoners and The Deadbeats. They have all been gigging for ages to the delight of beat maniacs like me. You can call it trash rock, junkabilly, garage meccanobilly for all I care, but it's all beat music. Check it out. You won't be disappointed.
Mild Mickey Mono, Paddington.

I'd just like to speculate that 1983 is going to be a good year for punk. But if the new punk is to succeed, it must take the current punk and oi groups with it and not disown them. It must also stay aggressive and obnoxious and not get drawn into minor issues that will dilute its energy.

Keep apathy out and fuck the system before it fucks you.
Jud, Gloucester.
Correct me if I'm wrong, but the very point of the, er, 'new' 'punk' seemed to be to wrest the inheritance of '76 back from the pretenders and oi corps. Is that positive enough? — AT.

How come there has always been someone or another from *NME* accusing certain Factory groups of "flirting with Fascism" when no one has even commented on the cover of The Birthday Party's 'The Bad Seed' EP, which is designed around a bloody swastika?
M.S.Stoddart, Althorp Street, Dingle, Liverpool.
Okay, the sleeve sucks. Satisfied? — AT.

How long has CSM been writing articles for *Vogue*? I suppose the next stop will be a place in *Who's Who*. Mind you, I bet Charles and Di loved the article on Sly and Robbie.



Hang on a moment, Murray! Ain't yer got your own bag to go to? No-one soils one of my letter's pages with all this guitar hero nonsense — riff off and grind your axes elsewhere — AT.

I know you're going to be bombarded with letters on the subject of this year's poll — but if you would spare me a few minutes...

After the arrival of punk in '76 I hoped that we had finally seen the back of the infamous "rock polls", especially those categories for individual instrumentalists, since it had been proved that technical brilliance did not automatically mean creative flair. Correct me if I'm wrong, but does not the format of the *NME* Readers' Poll cater for technical ability, including as it does individual categories for guitar, bass and drums etc?

That such categories are now irrelevant and outdated is surely proved by this year's poll which places all three members of The Jam in the ridiculous position of being considered the most technically gifted musicians in their respective fields.

Only the blindest of Jam fans would disagree with this point and their massive show of loyalty to their heroes merely goes to show the hollowness of the Poll's value. Such block voting is meaningless and proves nothing except that it *is* block voting and therefore should not be regarded seriously.

As an alternative, why not scrap this system which becomes more farcial each year and have simply four music categories: Best Group, Best Single, Best LP and Best Songwriter — all of which give recognition to creative rather than technical ability. Thus you get rid of the outmoded individual instrumentalist categories and provide results which reflect the tastes of the readers and not their prejudices.

See you in '84.
Ciaran McLaughlin, Belfast.

"The misfortune of having average taste is a great deal worse than that of having no taste at all." (Boris Pasternak).

Where does this leave *NME* poll voters?
Leycester Paige, St John's Road, Bristol.

To whoever published the results of the *NME* Readers' Poll, 1982.

1) It is David Sylv*ian*, NOT Sylv*ain*, as you quoted no less than four times.

2) There is only one Kevin Rowland (in the musical business) NOT two.

3) "Dance floor favorite" should be spelt "dance floor favourite"!

4) Simon, as in Paul, is *not* Simon*on*.

5) Under the photo of The Jam, you forgot to state that Weller came fourth in Creep of the Year, as well.

6) I don't see how Weller can have the best haircut of '82 when it is at least ten years out of date!, and:

7) In my opinion, the only good thing The Jam ever did was split.
Niko, Somerset.
Regarding your fourth point, I'm sure the Clash bassie could perfect a neat reggaematic riff along the lines of 'The Sound Of Silence' if called to do so, but Art's mate he most certainly ain't! — AT.

Why are *NME* readers such devout "Jam" freaks. Their music is simple *bull* and nothing they have produced since 'In The City' even qualifies as Muzak.
Alex, Runcorn.
PS. How come a paper over 12 years old is still called 'NEW'?!
We lost the old one — AT.

Send your letters to GASBAG, NME 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

After watching *Top Of The Pops* last week I reckon Bonnie Tyler should be done under the Trades Descriptions Act.
Barry Hercules, Star Fleet Command, Hull.

Mari, why did you have to bring that sour Julie girl with you and on our first date and all...?
Keronuac fan, Torquay, Devon.

As part of his ongoing campaign to *Guardian*ise the *NME* Spencer attempts to maul *Molotov Comics* presenting it as a brutal Stalinist attack on "all poetry and poets that went before"!!! This is silly. It would seem to me that the Ranters and new poets have had no choice but to disown the elitist coffee morning 'poetry' groupies lest they get tarred by the same brush, and poetry once again slips back into its old cosy hidey-hole.

I have seen *Molotov Comics* sold on demos, RAR gigs, pubs, clubs, universities, discos, Yops Courses, and Right To Work marches. The only place I have ever seen a copy of *New Departures* is in the foyer of the ICA. Nuff said?
Megan MacDonald, Edinburgh.

Two footnotes to Neil Spencer's admirable 'Visions In The Wilderness'. Amongst all the "powerful work and japes by scores of poets" in *New Departures 15*, he remarked on Heathcote Williams' lengthy and disrespectful Blakean blasts against the heavy holier-than-thou anti-sex missions further beclouding Thatcher's hard and heartless reign. The first of the two, 'A Letter To The Times', from which Spencer quoted, is in fact by yours truly, not Heathcote. As it sets up to be an impassioned wail from Our Lord Himself at the way His name and messages (even unto God is Love) are taken in vain by His most official — and officious — representatives in this age, it seemed only just to give Him the by-line, not me, a mere mortal mouthpiece. Plus having been often slagged for self-promotion, I was trying to keep a low profile.

Second point is that *New Deps* has no distribution to speak of but mail order. Anyone spending two quid will get number 15 — LKJ, Hockney, Steadman, Burroughs and all — sent by return of post from...
Michael Horovitz, New Departures, Bisley, Stroud, Glos.

Hurray, I'm famous, it was I who told Don Watson that you spell brilliant with a b at the Hammersmith Stranglers concert. Unfortunately I forgot to spell the whole word for him.
Alex "Weller Hater", Runcorn.

A big thank you to Andrew Tyler for his well-researched and informatively written report on drugs. The most coherent thing on the subject in the press for ages — more journalism, less egotistical drivel.

Don "The Cockroach" Watson really does seem to have it in for anything that might be construed as being a Young Marble Giants offshoot, doesn't he? I've heard of petulant children but this is ridiculous...I'm sure I ought to mention JoBoxers...
Piers Letcher, London SW12.
As the best new band this side of Collapsing Bohn Brainstorms to get an '83-stylee *NME* cover-story, I'm sure you should. Unfortunately, we haven't the time. — AT (in *de-rigeur* 'Boxer Boy' bloth bap and braces).

Illustration: Andy Martin

AH-SO! Frank Chickens, right?
Well it just so happens it ain't Frank Chickens, smart-ass. Nor Alf Roosters, Charlie Cocks or Bert Hens. They are, in fact, Japan's top teen sensaticns of 1956, exhumed for your edification from the fathomless cobwebbed depths of the NME picture archives.
Left to right: Izumi Yukimura (whose name means "Clear Water, Snow Village"), Chiemi Eri ("Brain and Beauty") and Hibari Misora ("Beautiful Sky Lark").
And you thought Frank Chickens was a ridiculous name?

T-ZERS

HO YUS, me old beauties They're back...and twice as infantile! Once again it is our proud pleasure to present to you our weekly conflagration of fiction, fable, fibbery, fabrication and falsehood; your one and only parade of pointless jokes and pork pies the size of Wembley Stadium; the caring, sharing, foolproof, foolhardy, super, soaraway, scurrilous...er, sorry, what was it we were talking about again, oh yeah... your wild and whacky weekly *T-Zers* column.

This week's host, bringing the meat that matters to you in your home, in the pub and on the bus to work, is the very witty and utterly wonderful...er, quick, who is it this week?...ah yes, the king of cock and bull himself, the mean, the moody, the magnificent **Colonel Dot!**

Right, to...er, right, to where?... ah yes, to work!

FROTH AND FROLICS abounded as that happy crew the **Fun Boy Three** began their British tour in Leeds on Saturday. Having parted company with manager **Rick Rodgers** on the eve of the trek, the funsters are now employing a certain Mr **Pete Hadfield** in the capacity of tour manager. Hadfield, intriguingly, is also personal manager of one **Jerry Dammers,** and rumours of a reconciliation in the old ranks are flying thick and fast.

Such talk is being further reinforced by the inclusion in the new FB3 live set of a fingerpopping version of 'Gangsters', introduced onstage by **Hall** as "a number that we wrote when we were in **The Selecter**". And there was old Colonel Dot thinking that it was an update of an ancient **Prince Buster** tune.

Other additions to the Funboy's livery by the time they reach London will be **Bananarama**, who are to supply backing vocals on some of the older songs from the Funsters first album...

Other forthcoming collaborations include **Jah Wobble** and **U2**'s **The Edge**; **Nick Cave** and the very wonderful **Collapsing New Buildings**; **Altered Images** and **David Bowie.** The last of these pieces of information could well be one of those infamous *T-Zer* fibberoonies, but as it came from the lips of **Clare Grogan** herself, Colonel Dot disclaims all responsibility...

OTHER MINIONS of the Dot fraternity were not so lucky. No fewer than four Dots were dismissed from the ranks, following a series of horrific howlers in this space last week. Grovelling apologies are due to all of the following: **Le Beat Route, Marc Almond, Dick Strange** and **Kevin Turvey**...

The boss cats of Le Beat Route were most peeved to read of their demise in last week's column. Their hip and hot Friday night spot is to continue as usual, despite the removal of doorman **Ollie** and deejay **Steve Lewis.** We stand corrected...

Pix for that **Strange** film were taken by **Bob Bromide** *supported* by **David Corio** we are informed...

Mr. **Almond** is also asked to accept our humble, meek, sycophantic apologies for the mistake concerning his vital self; no, Marc *wasn't* wearing a **Hitler** T-shirt on the **Mambas** Israel tour. While the howler about **Turvey** and co. was enough to leave even Colonel Dot with a distinctly pinkish visage. Contrary to the expose of duplicity and coercion that we reported last week, Turvey and his **Bastard Squad** *did* actually play Sheffield Poly. What's more, they dragged about 850 breathless punters into the hall for their three hour cabaret marathon and even accepted their agreed fee for the privilege. The culprit responsible for the slight commented that he hoped his drooling review in this week's live section would serve as a fraction of the apology Mr Turvey and his team no doubt deserve...

We'd also like to apologise to **The Au Pairs** for the review which appeared in last week's issue. The group did not play the date concerned in Liverpool, and their new line-up and repertoire were inaccurately described. A full review of the Au Pairs in Sheffield will follow next week...

Phew! Can we get back to the tittle-tattle now? Good. How about a **One The Juggler** snippet? Well, The Jugs, as avid *T-Zer*ites will know, are currently in Israel, where one of their gigs was rudely interrupted by the sound of guest saxophonist **John Scott** — of **Alberto** and **Mamba** fame — slipping offstage and onto his instrument, wedging a mouthpiece in his jaw during his trip. A visit to a nearby hospital was necessary to remove the offending bit of brass...

The The, meanwhile, kicked off their month-long Marquee residency by compiling a supergroup described by one observing Dot as "the **Blind Faith** of the **Bohn** generation". Up on stage with mainman **Matt Johnson** were **Orange Juice**'s **Zeke Minyika, Thomas Leer, Robert Rental, Kid Montana, You've Got Foetus On Your Breath** and guest vocalist **Marc Almond,** who even strapped on a geetar to help make up the ten-piece axe-orchestra which gave a new meaning to the word sludge-rock. Witnessing this truly histrionic occasion were various **Birthday Party** people, **Orange Juices, Malarias,** and a **Liaisons Dangereuses.** And ex-**Wire** man **Graham Lewis** was having so much fun that he let down his pigtail...

Perry Haine's psychedelic moonstompers **King** were so eager to please the A & R spies from Island that they played two sets at Warwick University after the talent scouts had missed their first soiree. No doubt they'll be playing for them again at The Fridge in Brixton this Saturday...

John Foxx has just scored the goal of the month, no make that the original music for **Antonioni**'s new picture *Identification Of A Woman,* and **Stevie Wonder** has composed the title toon for the new **Francis Ford Coppola** flick *The Outsiders*...

The futurist's utopia **Studio 21** is now open during the afternoons — the capital's only afternoon venue — to give fans a chance to see new bands play free of charge during daylight hours...

Latest *NME* star of stage and screen is graphique artiste **Ian Wright,** our swarthy LPs page illustrator, who made his TV debut on last week's *Tube* alongside fellow artworms **Peter Barret,** the former gay rights campaigner, and **Simon Halfont,** the visual stylist behind the Respond stable...

The stubbled hulk of **Jah Wobble** is one of the few things capable of assailing one of Colonel Dot's minions with jokes too chronic for even *T-Zers* to recycle. (Example: "Still going round with that old bag?" Who is? **"Father Christmas** ...hahahahaha") Amidst the guffaws, Wob is also well chuffed with the response his 'Invaders Of The Heart' have been receiving: "I've sold 10,000 copies of my mini-LP, looking likely to do 20,000 all told, which with my overheads means I'm *coining it* in," quoth the farmer **PiL** lock. Further cause for celebration came last week with the arrival of a baby Wobblette. "I was hoping for a boy," admitted the Wobbley One. "I wanted someone I could train to go straight into the Brazilian team at the age of 11. That's the only problem — Spurs are having such a diabolical season..."

Maybe Wob can console himself with this quote from Liverpool manager **Bob Paisley:** "We might have the odd pudding in our team, but it's nothing compared to some of the dough-nuts I've seen in some of the other sides!"...

BEFORE THERE are any complaints about the above *T-Zer* having absolutely nothing to do with music, Colonel Dot would like to point out that it leads nicely onto the next item which concerns the closure of the **Left Bank Bistro** in, you guessed it, Liverpool ...Landlords have repossessed the venue from promoter **Neil Tilly,** although Neil hopes to bounce back shortly with another similarly intimate venue for new and untried bands...

Ultravox drummer **Warren Cann** and electronics whizz **Hans Zimmer** unveiled their orchestrated adventure story Spies at the London Planetarium recently, complete with laser show. The, er, gig attracted a packed house. All of them stars no doubt, what?...

Grace Jones currently Living Her Life with Australian martial arts champ **Hans Ludgren**...

Smokey Robinson became the latest celeb to be 'honoured' with his own star up on Hollywood Boulevard...

Spandau Ballet expanding line-up to include two female backing singers for their forthcoming British dates...

Blossoming beat combo **The Milkshakes** — stars of this week's *Gasbag* — have launched an appeal to fans and foes, encouraging them to bring along their little sisters to all Shaking shindigs in coming weeks. Whether this will enhance their reputation as flavour of the month remains to be seen...

WEA are producing 'United States' as **Laurie Anderson**'s next album...

And **Bob Dylan** is reported to have ditched **God** on his new LP, according to producer **Mark Knopfler,** who says that he hasn't heard a trace of anything "sacred" on the master's new work...

Colonel Dot is meanwhile tipping Gospel Music as one of this season's exotic flavours...

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer
Deputy Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Production Editor
Jo Isotta
Associate Editors
Paul Du Noyer
Andy Gill *(Films/LPs)*
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr
Contributing Editor
Charles Shaar Murray

Staff
Adrian Thrills
Gavin Martin
Chris Bohn
Graham Lock
Paolo Hewitt
Art Editor
Richard Krzyzak
Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn
Peter Anderson
Contributors
Nick Kent
Phil McNeill
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Paul Morley
Danny Baker
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Ian Penman
Lynn Hanna
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman
Serge Clerc
Richard Cook
Paul Tickell
Barney Hoskyns
Lloyd Bradley
Ian Wright
Amrik Rai
Kristine McKenna
David Dorrell
Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel
Research
Fiona Foulgar
Editor's Secretary
Wendy Lewis

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2535
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Deputy Ad Manager
David Flavell
(01) 261 6206
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

Publisher Eric Jackson
IPC Magazines Ltd
Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden

KNOCKABOUT COMICS.

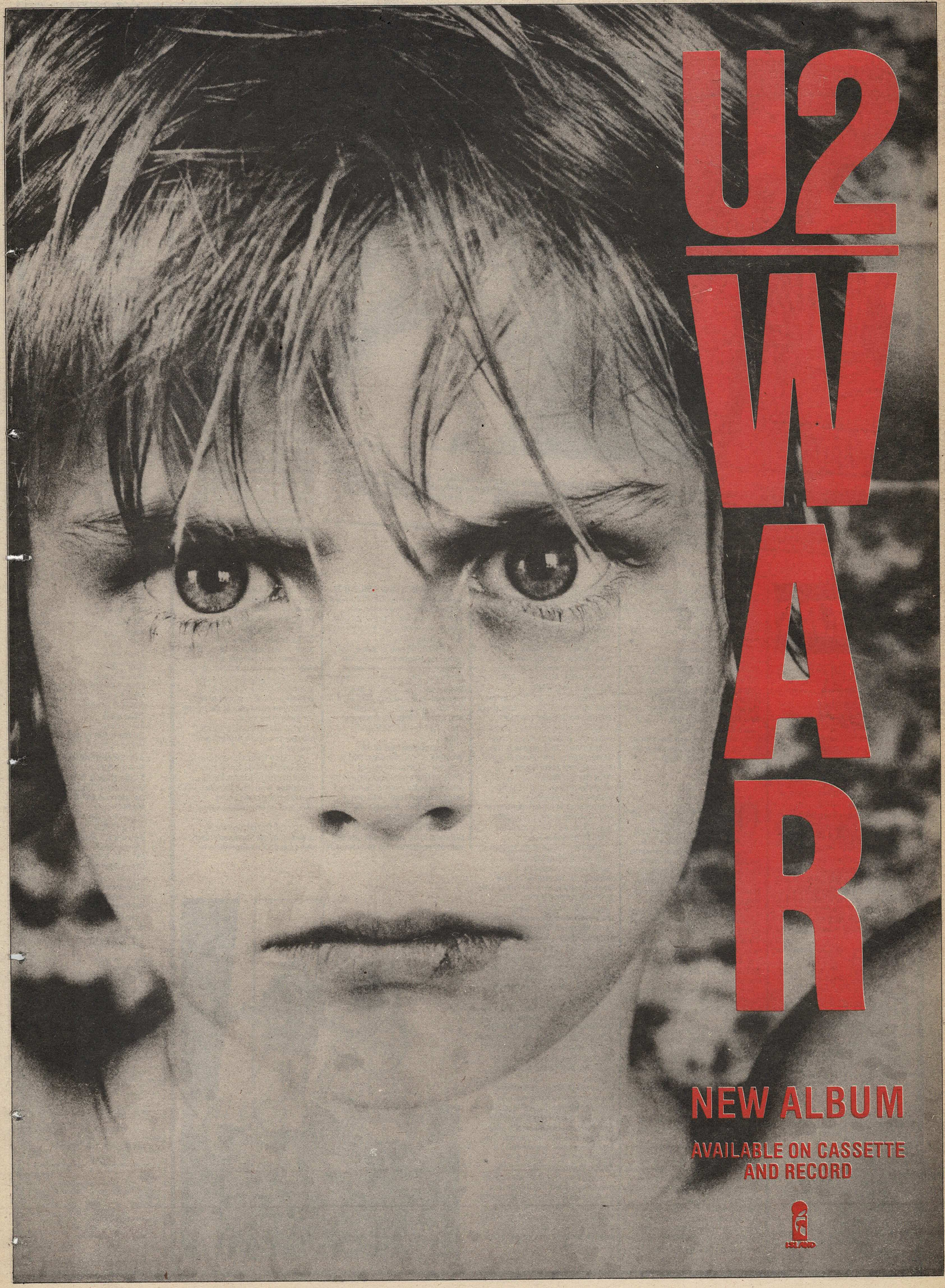
HEY LOOK!!

THE FREAK BROTHERS
Freak Brothers No 1 ..... £1.10
Freak Brothers No 2 ..... £1.00
Freak Brothers No 3, 4, 5, & 6 each £1.10
Freak Brothers No 7 ..... £1.20
Fat Freddys Cat No's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 each .90
THOROUGHLY RIPPED full colour £5.50
RIP OFF No. 11. Best Comic strips + the Freaks in colour £2.95

KNOCKABOUT COMICS.
Knockabout No's 1,2 & 3 ..... each 90
Knockabout No4 OBSCENE ISSUE £1.10
LAZARUS LAMB (featured in CITY LIMITS) £2.75
Thunderdogs; from the Bizarre mind of Hunt Emerson £1.10

Books From **KNOCKABOUT**
HARD LINES: New Poetry and Prose, edited by Ian Dury £2.50
Judge Dredd + other in Series ..... each £4.00

ADULTS ONLY
Please send for free Catalogue of all our comics books badges and
T. SHIRTS
Dept N.
KNOCKABOUT COMICS. 249 KENSAL ROAD. LONDON W.11.


U2
WAR
NEW ALBUM
AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE
AND RECORD
ISLAND